

## 1948 ARCHBOLD CAPE YORK EXPEDITION

Daily Journal

G. M. Tate

Wednesday, 28 January 1948. It had not been my intention to open this journal until after the departure of S.S. Marine Phoenix from San Francisco on 30 January 1948 but the circumstances of the journey across the continent from New York to San Francisco were sufficiently unusual to justify my doing so.

We left New York (H. M. Van Deusen and G. M. Tate) by the Commodore Vanderbilt, New York Central, at 4:45 PM on Saturday, 24 January 1948. There had been a fairly heavy snow fall, about five or six inches, the thermometer was 18 degrees and falling. The train was in poor condition and should not have been allowed to leave the station in her condition. Van and I noticed on our way to the diner for a meal, that all light was off in one of the sleepers; service in other departments was disrupted and by the time the train had reached Harmon, normally about a forty minute run from New York, we were three hours late. Van and I turned in fairly early, waking about an hour before we were due in Chicago to find that we were still at Cleveland and were then six hours late. Things went from bad to worse and lunch was given to us "with the compliments of the New York Central." Had we known before lunch, we would probably have eaten more.

Shortly after lunch we were switched into a siding, waiting there for another hour while the coach without light was cut out. We moved on but just before we reached South Bend, we backed up a very considerable distance and waited there for about twenty minutes. Several passengers who had been sitting in the lounge car at the rear of the train, stated that we had struck something, the women saying it was four children and the men an automobile which had tried to race us to a level crossing. It was rumor, of course, as the train was about fourteen cars in length and anyway the people sitting at the rear could not see what the front hit. No broken bodies or machines being found, we moved on again and arrived in Chicago nine hours late. It was dark when we reached La Salle Street and the light in our coach, which was supposed to go right through to San Francisco, failed then. We were informed that we should have to get out and take taxis over to Union Station and those people who had unpacked had to pack up again in the dark. The switch was finally made and we went out from Union Station on the Burlington Zephyr, an excellent train, bound for Denver, where we would have to transfer again. The conductor of the Zephyr did not seem favorably impressed at receiving twenty-three unexpected passengers and having to find space for them but he got us in somehow. We had an excellent dinner and the prices, service and everything else were much better than on the New York Central. We were due in Denver at 8.30 the following morning.

Next morning, the 26th, I roused about 5 A.M. and, going to the washroom, found a fellow passenger, who wished to get off at McCook, Nebraska, and had asked for a 5 A.M. call. He was incensed at the porter who had failed to wake him, but had roused under his own steam, dressed and was waiting to get off the train. The porter then came in and told us that the train had been at a standstill most of the night, was four hours late and the McCook passenger could go back for that length of time to his bed. The passenger's face was the only funny thing I saw during the whole of the trip.

We reached Denver five hours late, in zero temperature, snow falling and twenty inches of it predicted. Actually though the delays had approximately equalled what would have been our normal lay-over time both at Chicago and at Denver and we got away from the latter city for the trip over the Rockies at about the scheduled time. Snow was falling and most of the time there was no



visibility at all. The windows iced up and when we scraped they iced almost as fast as we could rub the film away. Could not observe much of the scenery though what I did see was grandly picturesque. The run from Denver to San Francisco was without much event and we arrived at Oakland and the S.F. Ferry on time.

Several of the passengers were English families en route for California, Australia or New Zealand. I think England will profit by the departure of some of them and those who stay in California will not be of any great value to the U.S. One family named Whitear, father, mother, daughter of eighteen, son of twelve, openly boasted of their smuggling of jewelry, both from England and into the U.S. Pa Whitear being plied with beer in the lounge car by some soldiers who were travelling, on the last night sang nasally "God Bless H'America" and then tried to put on the porter's hat. "I 'ave a mania for 'ats" said he. It confirms my belief that England is cutting off all those parts which she does not consider trustworthy and of advantage in case of trouble, Egypt, Palestine, India and the Whitear family.

Van and I settled in at the Hotel Whitcomb in San Francisco, glad to be able to stretch our legs. I have one or two small purchases to make and have just had a call from Colonel Slack, shall be spending the evening with him and Eleanor, his wife, both friends chiefly of Major Rowe, so shall close this for the present, bringing it up to date before leaving San Francisco on Friday.

It might be worth adding, before I close, that people here in S.F. are shivering in the grip of a cold wave, 50 degrees; the papers warn them that there may be rain at the weekend, it now being Wednesday, with the probability that there will be more within a few weeks.

Thursday, 29 January 1948. Last night was taken around San Francisco by Colonel and Mrs. Slack and had very pleasant time. Visited show places, St. Francis Orchid Room, Top of the Mark and ended up after riding cable car, at Italian place named Veneto's, for dinner. Everything drowned with garlic and woke myself during the night by my own odor. This morning went down to Matson office. No mail there and no change in time of embarkation but discovered what I have been wondering about S.F. The place is unfinished. There are several branches of "Painless Parker", a dental chain which I knew in Brooklyn in 1913 and 1914 but have not seen since then until now. What I have discovered is that San Francisco reminds me of Manhattan as it was in 1913.

This afternoon am going out to Redwood City, about thirty miles from San Francisco, to spend the evening with Prof. Spurr and Van is dining out with friends. I shall not be able to write anything in this tomorrow so shall close at the end of this page and start in earnest after we sail.

Prices in San Francisco seem in general to be somewhat lower than comparable things in New York but in the matter of articles we have for the expedition, my costs still are lower than anything I have seen anywhere else.

Am lunching with Col. Slack tomorrow and now shall close the U.S. part of the hournal.

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Friday, 30 January 1948. Yesterday afternoon went out to Redwood City to see Bill Spurr at Stanford. Saw Marine Phoenix at pier while passing in bus. One funnel, well aft, and looks ~~little~~ like Great Lakes grain boat. Bill took me around Stanford, showing me his office and general lay-out of University. Then went up tower of Hoover Library but collection of first war placards is not yet on view. Met his new wife, Hallie, and three month old daughter, Patricia, and got back to hotel at 10.30 PM last night. This morning started packing and Col. Slack called for me at 11.45; took me to lunch at St. Francis Yacht Club, introducing me to another retired Colonel, McCullough, associated with Jim in real estate business. Beautiful club and had excellent lunch, then returned to Shitcomb about 2.30, finished packing and checked out. Boarded Phoenix about 3.45 with no trouble of any sort. Ship was built in August, 1945, evidently on war contract; markings such as "gun room mess" still showing. Alongside us was another Matson ship, Matsonia, bound for Honolulu, much larger than ours and well found from outward appearance. She is in the luxury class whereas we are utilitarian only, if that. Found young man in his berth sick but no doctor called to see him until well after we had sailed; then he was given a sleeping draught and forgotten for the rest of the night. Ate a hearty meal, however.

There are six men including Van and myself in our cabin, all apparently bound for Sydney. Our sailing was delayed for about half an hour because the Matsonia had to be taken out first. Van and I were invited to sit at the Captain's table, second sitting, and feel duly pleased. On our going on board were given letters from the Matson Line apologizing for the condition of the ship and stating that they had limited the number of passengers to 552. Obviously it would be impossible to get any more on anyway. Passengers are about as mixed a group as I have ever met. Some nuns and pastors, many children and young parents and shall learn more about them later.

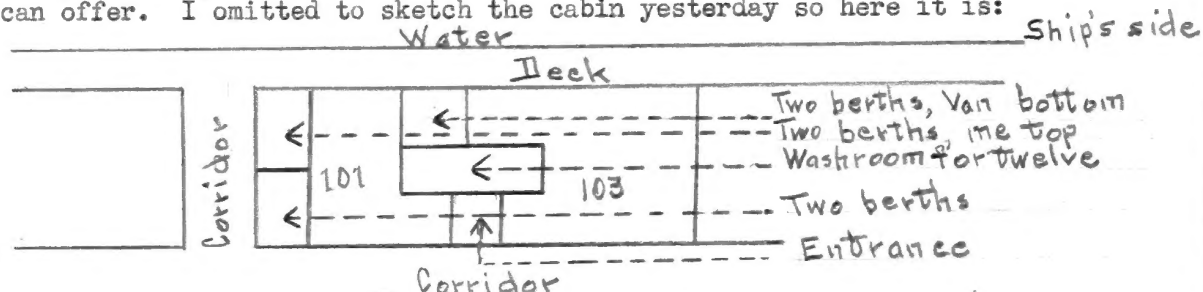
The captain, Johansen, a Boston Swede, according to Len, did not appear for dinner but there are only about a dozen places at his table and no children; the other tables are for about forty persons and are jammed. We are fortunate. Dinner was good, plain food, well cooked but the saloon is much like an army mess, with the kitchens in the centre and the tables all around. Evidently constructed originally for queueing purposes. Our table steward good and service quick and courteous. By his accent perhaps Dutch or Danish. Reflection of San Francisco lights still to be seen in the sky behind us when we turned in at 10 PM after setting watches back an hour.

Saturday, 31 January 1948. The Phoenix is a roller if ever there was one. Our bunks run thwartships and one slid during the night from end to end of the berth. Passengers pretty well decimated this morning and obvious sights of distress on decks and companion ways. Our ailing cabin mate woke from his sleeping draught enough to eat orange juice, parsley omelette, toast and coffee, so I judge it is not Virus X and shall not spend much more time on him. Capt. Johansen still has not appeared but imagine we shall see him for dinner tonight if not at lunch. Twelve men have to share our meagre washing and lavatory facilities so the line started to form about 6.30 AM. There were six persons at our table for breakfast, all on the elderly side and evidently seasoned travellers, but of our cabil, only Van, myself and the man above Van have stayed up; the others have suddenly died again. It is now 10.15 AM and Van is busy watching some Albatross which are following us. He confided to me that the one thing he would like to do just now would be to fish for one of the albatross and spend the day dissecting it. Odd people, these scientists. Got a letter from Rita on board yesterday enclosing a clipping from the World-Telegram describing me as a snake-and-bug man, so I had better start developing the scientific outlook,



I suppose. Just for the record, I shall ~~try~~ to draw a plan of our cabin and the one next to it. They have a common entrance and not a sign of a door anywhere in the place.

Sunday, 1 February 1948. Yesterday's swell has ceased somewhat during the night and this morning the sea is very ~~quiet~~ quiet. Everybody is out pretending that they are the best of sailors, impervious to anything the sea can offer. I omitted to sketch the cabin yesterday so here it is:



Our cabin mates are not particularly interesting but one old Scotsman, recently retired, has just spent six months in California, is now about to spend six more in Sydney and then will continue around the rest of the world. Capt. Johansen arrived for dinner last night and is pretty much as Len described him; he is not a bit interested in his ship and is simply looking for the day when he can leave her. This, by the way, is the last run of the Marine Phoenix on this charter and her place is to be taken by the Aorangi, which carried me and the 2nd Medium Regt., R.C.A., from Halifax to Glasgow.

The weather is distinctly hotter now than it was yesterday and tomorrow I shall discard my heavy clothing and get into slacks and sport shirts.

The departure from San Francisco was my first experience with colored paper streamers from ship to shore. I was under the impression that it was done only at Honolulu but apparently it is an old west coast custom. The ship being still in her wartime grey, the colors were very effective besides being rather touching. A strip is such a tenuous thing on which to hang one's departing emotions. Now, with the advent of calmer seas and warmer weather, the decks are pretty crowded and practically everybody except Van and me has a portable radio. The only place we can get away from them has no seats but it is worth standing to have a pleasant silence.

Neither Van nor I has reached the point of knowing anybody's name though we have been introduced to several, mainly the people at our table. I suppose as time passes we shall get to know them but so far have felt no urge to be on any better acquaintance. In a week the nearness of land will supply a little more excitement; we are due at Pago Pago on the 10th, Suva on the 13th, Auckland on the 16th and Sydney on the 20th. The short jumps between ports will keep us animated but I am feeling desperately the need of exercise as, as I always do, I am eating with gusto and in quantity. However, six weeks from now and there will be a very different story, I'm afraid.

The sick lad in the bunk below me was in hospital for ten days before embarking at San Francisco, he tells me, but has had a very nice trip, visiting England, Holland, Sweden, the U. S. and back to Australia. Somewhere along the line he heard of our expedition and broke records by being the only man who has not asked to join us.

Last night there was a bingo game, in which I did not indulge, and today, Sunday, the daylight hours are filled with divine services of various kinds,

1. The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year.

2. The second part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year and the progress of the work during the year.

3. The third part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year and the progress of the work during the year.

4. The fourth part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year and the progress of the work during the year.

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6. The sixth part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year and the progress of the work during the year.

7. The seventh part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year and the progress of the work during the year.

8. The eighth part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year and the progress of the work during the year.

9. The ninth part of the report deals with the results of the work during the year and the progress of the work during the year.

followed by a movie at night. Before very long I can start getting mail ready for despatch from Pago and am very anxious to hear from Len regarding any new developments. We hope to spend two nights in Sydney; I have written for reservations at the Carlton Hotel, and there might be mail from him as well as from the U.S. waiting us there. This is being written in a hot, dark little room and I am not able to see the keys very clearly so doubtless there will be many typographical errors. The readers can simply figure them out for themselves. I'm quitting for the day now.

Monday, 2 February 1948. Probably the time has now come to write a few impressions of the ship as Van and I have just returned from a visit to the bridge. Capt. Johansen was not there but we were shown around by Mr. Gobel, the 3rd mate. The navigating equipment and safety devices seem to leave nothing to be desired and a great many of the instruments are quite new to me even in name. There is, however, something missing to one accustomed to ships and seafarers say twenty years ago. It is in the organization somehow and probably is the influence of the C.I.O. and A.F.L. For example one rarely hears an order given to a deck-hand and in fact one rarely sees a deck hand or even a deck steward. The cabin steward shows up in the morning to make up the berths but somehow I for the impression that after that he is through until the following morning because John L. Lewis says so. One of the very junior officers is in charge of our lifeboat, which will be too bad; describing the boat's position, he pointed at a grating and said something about "this thing, I don't know what it is called". Poor staff work, I think.

There was a slight fog this morning and we only logged 377 miles during the last 24 hours, as compared with 409 during the previous 24. Now the sea is taking on a heavy swell again and there will probably be more decimation.

It really is shameful how some of the passengers are wedged in; one man, Wilmot, an Englishman who is doing something in connection with educational matters in conjunction with the Dominions, is one of eighty men in a single dormitory. A lady at my table told me of a woman, evidently in a similar place, who has had no sleep since our departure from San Francisco, who was found by a passenger, not a steward or stewardess in a state of collapse on one of the companion ways. The only thing in the favor of the line is that they gave warning of conditions in advance.

There are a surprising number of G.I.'s who, with their Australian wives and one or more children, are returning to Australia. The propaganda to that end must have been very cleverly worked out.

The weather up to this point has been continually overcast and somewhat chilly; at the moment there is no change and we continue to run into rain squalls and get very rare glimpses of the sun. I am working hard to cut down the enormous supply of paper-back who-dun-its so that I can sometime get my clothing packed decently and be able to lift my luggage without the aid of a crane. I think, when we reach Sydney, I shall give the room steward half of his tip and tell him he will get the other half when all our stuff is on the wharf.

Tuesday, 3 February 1948. With twelve men using our small lavatory equipment, there is something of a crowd in the morning. This morning I think I was twelfth as I decided there would be a lull between first and second sittings. I was wrong and now do my shaving and showering between three and four in the afternoon. It works very well.



Van and I spent a large part of the morning in one of the forward gun turrets, to which we are given free access on account of our scientific need for observation. The sun was hot and strong and both of our faces are quite red from it. The temperature in the dining saloon this evening was 86 degrees and for the next week at least it will get hotter. We are beginning to get better acquainted with some of our fellow passengers also, and at this stage of the game there is not much to write about save them, their activities and other such trivialities. For example there is the Rev. Weems, in our cabin; he spent the first two days in his bunk and explained to me that it was because he had worked so hard at digging post holes the day before our sailing that his stomach muscles strained and unable to retain any food. That's all right, and it's none of my business where the Rev. Weems spends his money, so to speak. But there is a Mrs. Weems and a young son who is travelling with her. The boy calls for his father every morning when we are getting dressed. They go out together and a few minutes later Mrs. Weems comes barging into the cabin shrieking for her son. Wrapping ourselves in some sort of covering, we explain that he has gone out with his father; she looks us up and down to make sure that the son and father are not hidden under whatever blanket or other covering we have concealed our nakedness with, snorts and leaves. It happens every morning.

We do not cross the date line until some time between Pago Pago and Suva. Capt. Johnsen says that the air mail service from Suva is more frequent than from Pago Pago but I think I shall mail this from the first port anyway. It will be two or three days before we reach Suva and I can make enquiries at the Post Office at Pago anyway.

During the day we saw some flying fish, which prove that we are now in tropic waters. There have been albatross following the ship almost since the second day; and we had both albatrosses and gulls then but the gulls have dropped out of the race now. Our nearest land at the moment is the Hawaiian group, about five hundred miles away. Our day's run now is averaging something under 400 miles per day.

Wednesday, 4 February 1948. The temperature in the dining saloon at breakfast time was 90 degrees but did not rise at all during the day, in fact was 88 at dinner time. There really is not much else of any importance to record during the past twentyfour hours. Deck sports started this afternoon and men and women in various stages of nudity have been running all over the ship. They do not quite realize the ferocity of a tropic sun, I think, and there will be some sore backs tomorrow.

The food continues to be very good but not much else about the ship deserves and very favorable adjective. Time drags considerably and I am deeply indebted to the many people who gave me who-dun-its and crossword puzzle books. The small group with which Van and I spend most of our time does not constitute enough players to make up a bridge four.

I think I can close this up and start a few letters for mailing when we reach Pago on the 10th.

Thursday, 5 February 1948. Another hot day today, 91 degrees in the dining saloon, but there will be at least another ten days of this and not much drop after that as it will be warm in Sydney at this time of year. Then when we move up to the Cape, it will get warmer again and I might as well prepare ~~my~~ myself now for the fact that it will not again be below 80 until I am practically back in the U.S. again. Van was slightly under the weather this morning and did not get through his breakfast or lunch. Seems fairly fit again this evening and I judge it to be a slight touch of sun.



This evening before dinner I broke out one of my bottles of whisky and had a couple of drinks with Wilmot, an Englishman who is doing some form of educational work and is concerned with the establishment in the Dominions of bureaus such as the British Library of Information in New York. It is odd that while there are such places in most of the Foreign countries as well as the U.S., nothing of the sort has been set up in any of the Dominions. It Wilmot's job to look after their establishment in Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, etc. Another couple with whom we fraternize are Mr. and Mrs. Speight; they have just completed a world-wide trip promoting Australian goods and Speight has some very good stories to tell. One of them is connected with the sale of gall stones from cattle to Chinese firms, who make sundry mysterious drugs of them. Van found a Chinese place in San Francisco which sold dried lizards, also for medicinal purposes; he tried to buy one but was refused because they were a sholesale house. A remark of Speight's concerning the willingness of English lads, who travelled all over the world during the war, to settle down in Bradford as weaver's assistants or color boys in a dye works has given me an idea for another opening for the article I slanted toward the National Geographic. Since the N.G. doesn't like the idea, I have to get it in shape to offer to somebody else.

Friday, 6 February 1948. Tonight about 1 AM we shall pass within about ten miles of Christmas Island, an uninhabited bit of land approximately one thousand miles south of Honolulu. While not particularly a bird sanctuary, it shelters many thousands of sea birds of various sorts, some of which are now flying around the ship making rasping noises at us.

About the only other activity worthy of note for the day is a fire and life-boat drill this afternoon. The fire drill of course was for crew only and a thin trickle of water was produced from the fire hoses. For the boat drill passengers had to assemble at boat stations, complete with life belts but there was no effort made to examine the fastenings of the belts or to explain how they should be worn. I think this is the only passenger ship I have ever been on where there was no 11 AM inspection by the Captain; somehow, however, one does not expect it here.

Wilmot and I finished off my first pint of whisky before dinner tonight and I think I shall use the reaminder for one party to which I shall invite Mr. and Mrs. Speight and Dr. Lilley, an Australian Govt. doctor who has just concluded a round of hospital inspections in Canada, the U.S. and Mexico.

Saturday, 7 February 1948. Just after I had finished last night's entry Van came into the writing room with a tern which he had caught while it rested on the ship., Later he got a red-footed booby; he made various measurements and then let both birds go. No doubt they were from Christmas Island.

At 11.15 AM this morning we crossed the line. There was no particular celebration other than a toot on the ship's whistle but several people got up to look out through the portholes and there was the usual discussion about the bump. One woman insisted that the water was much higher, whatever that meant, and a great many people detected a drop in temperature immediately..

This afternoon, having nothing better to do and hoping that it would help to pass the time, I entered the contract bridge tournament. Got into the round of eight without any great difficulty and feel that I am not a bit out of my class.

At the moment Van is writing voluminous notes about his birds of last night, sitting across the table from me.

There must be at least 150 children on the ship and all of them between one and five years old. That is, none are more than five though there are several of

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3. The third part of the report deals with the social situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's social development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is easy to read. It is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's social development.

4. The fourth part of the report deals with the political situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's political development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is easy to read. It is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's political development.

only a few months or weeks. The cabins on B and C decks, with no direct ventilation, are far too hot for either children or mothers to sleep and in consequence they are running around the decks up till all hours of the night, their little brassy voices making the evening hideous. Fortunately they are all at the first meal sitting so we can escape them there for a few minutes each day, and they are not permitted on the sun deck. All the lounges are crawling with them.

Sunday, 8 February 1948. This must be closed up and ready for mailing by tomorrow ~~night~~ night as we are due in Pago Pago at 8 AM on Tuesday, the 10th. There are to be buses to drive people around the island, I understand, but think I would prefer to walk and see the sights. The buses are to take people out to a place where native dances are being held but it does not appeal to me and I think I can ~~ferret~~ ferret out more interesting things than the trippers benefit by myself. This, therefore, will be mailed without any particulars and opinions on Pago Pago. Those will be mailed from Fiji. Likewise impressions of Fiji will be mailed from Auckland and comments on Auckland will be sent off after arrival at Sydney.

Monday, 9 February 1948. The closing entry must now be made and this made ready for mailing tomorrow. Last night Van got two sooty terns which struck parts of the ship and dropped on deck and this morning Gobel, the third mate, came in to the cabin to tell us that he had procured another one during the small hours of the morning. That one turns out to be something that Van does not recognize and is probably due to become our first specimen, in spite of my urging that we are not bird collectors but mammal people.

only a few days ago. The weather was very warm and sunny. I went to the beach and played for hours. The children were very happy and played for hours. The weather was very warm and sunny. I went to the beach and played for hours. The children were very happy and played for hours.

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Tuesday, 10 February 1948. A very heavy rain squall occurred during last night, long before bed time, and the inadequacy of this ship was very evident. There are not enough either of rooms for the passengers to sit in nor of chairs for them to sit on, in the event that they are unable to sit on the decks. Last night also was Wilnot's birthday and the final Imperial has now gone.

At dawn this morning Pago Pago was in sight and very lovely; it is a precipitous island, rising almost sheer from the water and is very mountainous. I should estimate some of the peaks at about eight or nine hundred feet but all are totally covered with a lush growth of green vegetation. The ship docked on the dot of 8 AM, according to schedule and there was a native band, actually drawn from members of the U.S. Naval Base, to play us in. Van had his glasses on the shore line all the way and did not stay on board for breakfast.

Meals were served at the usual time so Wilnot and I did not get on land until about 10AM. The main dirt road was lined with natives, all with something for sale but there was nothing that interested me enough to warrant carting it around for the next nine months. My souvenirs will be bought on my return trip unless I see something that seems particularly lovely and desirable.

The Naval Base and dock installations all seem to be made of corrugated iron and there is a branch of Burns Philp here; seemingly it is in the hands of a native so I imagine it is one of their very smallest stations. The few roads are all of baked dirt and the dock itself consists of a wharf not jutting out into the harbor but running along one side of it. There was a destroyer at anchor a few hundred feet ahead of us. The waters of the harbor were dotted with native canoes, very simple craft consisting of a hollowed-out log, with an outrigger attachment on one side.

The natives are of the usual Polynesian type; physically well built and proportioned and apparently very good tempered. The souvenirs they had for sale were mainly shell necklaces, and not very different from the things one might see along the Jersey coast, and pieces of tapa cloth. The latter would make interesting wall tapestries and I might get some but the prices were atrocious. They dropped considerably when sailing time came near, of course, but I think I shall find stuff no worse later on.

The houses of the naval personnel were like many summer cottages I have seen, with open walls, shaded by split bamboo and raised slightly on cement blocks. Those of the natives were in many cases simply circular roofs, with curtains of tapa dropping down to the ground; during the day and probably whenever there is no rain, the curtains are rolled up. Clothing for the women was largely the well-known Mother Hubbard but many of the men still wear the lava lava, a skirt-like garment wrapped around the waist, and a sort of pajama jacket.

The port is said to have been shelled during the war but there are no scars; certainly it would be a difficult place to bomb as it nestles so closely under the shelter of the mountains.

Wilnot and I wandered around together, finally ending up at a beer place; no liquor is obtainable on the island, as far as we were able to find out. The beer place was cool, clean, as are the people and in fact all the village, and comfortable but we moved on to another. There we were met by the proprietor who told us mysteriously that his place was full, and it certainly was, to the point of smelling, but that he would direct us to the "best place in town". We both expected to be shown into the local red lamp when he sent us up a narrow lane

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and instructed us to go in the "place with the bicycle in front of it" but it turned out to be a much less crowded and more pleasant joint than the other. There we had a little more beer and then wandered as far as we could go up the side of the nearest mountain.

Returning from our climb, we walked along the harbor shore and there were caught in a sudden very heavy rain shower, after which we returned to the ship, it being lunch time. Immediately after lunch we hoisted the anchor, took our hawsers aboard again and started off for Fiji, travelling about WSW. We cross the date line tonight and therefore Wednesday, 11 February 1948 will not appear in this journal at all. Tomorrow is Thursday, 12 February 1948.

Temperature ashore was ~~about~~ about 92 and in the dining saloon it was 95.

Dr. Lilley engaged one of the local chiefs in conversation and was told that the Samoans feel they are being exploited by the U.S. It is not a new story, of course, but the feeling may have been rather intensified by the fact that British Samoa has recently been raised to the status of Crown Colony, and is self-administered.

We steamed out of the harbor at 2 PM and a plane circled overhead and then headed away in the opposite direction from ours. I was able to ~~read~~ <sup>send</sup> some air-mail away and trust it was being carried on that plane.

Thursday, 12 February 1948. The island on which Pago Pago is situated is named Tua Tula, just for the record, and on waking this morning we were abreast of another island Nauafua, a not very large place planted extensively with coconut palms. It was about seven or eight miles on our starboard.

The newspaper this morning contained the disturbing news that all the railways in the state of Queensland are on strike and the government proposes to fight them. We cannot take any chances in the matter of getting to Cairns so I wired to a friend of Wilmot's (radioed, of course, not wired) at the British Education Council to make plane reservations for us from Sydney to Brisbane on the 23rd. Copy of the radio follows:-

Thomas, Britcoun, Sydney.

Assistance requested please reserve two air passages Sydney Brisbane 23rd February names Tate and Vandeusen excess baggage hundred pounds. Wilmot.

Full address: A.J. Thomas, British Council, 104 Hunter Street, cor. Phillip.

I can get a letter off to Len from Suva tomorrow to keep him informed and should receive word of any new developments on my arrival at Sydney.

This has to be finished this day in order to be ready for mailing at Suva. We arrive at 8 AM and leave at 11, everybody having to be back on board at 10.30 AM. If I have breakfast on board, there will not be time to do much else but mail my letters. Frank, the cabin steward, just came in to ask about landing baggage at Sydney and in several respects the trip seems to be drawing to a close. We had a birth on board a couple of nights ago and in general the passengers have been behaving very well, everything considered. There have been many things happen that should not and many things have not happened which should have and for which the line is extremely culpable; they have fully lived up to their reputation for taking as much and giving as little as possible.

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Friday, 13 February 1948. Last night about 8.30 PM we passed the first light at the Fiji group and this morning at 6.30 we began to enter Suva harbor. On our right there was a quite populous and large town and on the left rows of formidable mountains faded back into the distance. Most of us, myself included, had arranged to omit breakfast on board, preferring to take a chance on what we could get ashore as our time was limited to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours. My cabin mates were all up and wandering around when I got up.

There were not very many people on ~~deck~~ the dock ~~when~~ when we tied up and two ocean-going ships at the wharf before us, showed that a steamer here is not the novelty it is in Pago. A few Fijian native police were there, dressed in blue tunics with silver buttons, white lava-lavas with scalloped bottoms and nothing on their huge fuzzy knots of hair.

Last night Wilmot feeling it to be a matter of duty, had radioed to the Director of Education at Suva who was at the dock to meet him. I was included in the party and we were taken to his house, a lovely cool and open sort of place on a headland overlooking the sea, for breakfast. We were introduced to his wife and had an excellent breakfast, after which our shoes were cleaned for us as we were to be presented to his Excellency, Mr. Brian Freeston, the Governor of Fiji. I was wearing khaki trousers and shirt and was considered appropriately dressed; Wilmot had an old blue shirt and tweed trousers and had to be given a tie and a linen coat. Hayden, the Director of Education, evidently had carte blanche on all taxis, of which there are many in Suva, and our progress from breakfast on was a glorious ride ~~and~~ around and through the beautiful grounds of the Residency.

Wilmot had educational business to discuss with Hayden and His Excellency so I was turned over to a Major Sears? to be taken care of. After the business had been concluded, the Governor drove us around in his official car with the Union Jack attached to the front. Sentries sprung to attention and presented arms all over the place, we were able to buy a bottle of whisky for 12/-, and in general we had a most delightful time. I am grateful both to Wilmot and to Hayden.

Back on board shortly after 10.30 AM and away at 11 AM. The opening in the coral reef, which I had not seen on our way in, was clearly marked though the sea was very quiet and breaking only in small ripples over the reef. Once through the reef the pilot was dropped and we steamed away; now it is 2.30 PM and we still have islands in the distance east and west of us. The Governor of Fiji has an area of about 250,000 square miles under his control.

There must be a population of several thousand in Suva and Indian indentured labor is becoming something of a problem. The Indians were brought in some years ago and are an industrious lot, good workers and breeders. The Fijian native, is a delightful and cheerful soul but does not like to work. Consequently the Indians now outnumber the native Fijians and worry them somewhat. The approximate figures of population run something like 130,000 Indians, 128,000 Fijians and 30,000 whites. The Fijians, while worried slightly, seem perfectly willing to let the white population worry about the Indians.

Burns, Philp have a very large installation here and run a large (almost) department store. I had neither time nor need to introduce myself there particularly in view of ~~my~~ our very short stay. Compared with Pago, however, Suva is a bustling metropolis though further out on its island, Vita Laveu?, the Fijian becomes a very primitive fellow.

1. The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It is a summary of the work done and the results achieved.

2. The second part of the report deals with the specific work done during the year. It is a detailed account of the work done and the results achieved.

3. The third part of the report deals with the financial statement of the year. It is a summary of the income and expenditure of the year.

4. The fourth part of the report deals with the general remarks and conclusions. It is a summary of the work done and the results achieved.

5. The fifth part of the report deals with the general remarks and conclusions. It is a summary of the work done and the results achieved.

6. The sixth part of the report deals with the general remarks and conclusions. It is a summary of the work done and the results achieved.

7. The seventh part of the report deals with the general remarks and conclusions. It is a summary of the work done and the results achieved.

8. The eighth part of the report deals with the general remarks and conclusions. It is a summary of the work done and the results achieved.

9. The ninth part of the report deals with the general remarks and conclusions. It is a summary of the work done and the results achieved.

I was able to get letters away by air, including one to Len to tell him of our proposed flight from Sydney to Brisbane but there was nothing more in the paper this morning about the strike. There is, however, an ominous paragraph dealing with the consumption of gold reserves by the British Commonwealth and the stock market slump in London and New York does not seem to ease at all.

Another general alarm for boat drill has just rung so I had better close this up for the present. The boat drills seem to be held after departure from each port, presumably as instruction to whatever passengers were taken on at that port. Auckland comes next so there will be only one more drill, I trust. We are due at Auckland on Monday, the 16th.

Saturday, 14 February 1948. Fairly heavy swell running all last night and today, with strong head winds but temperature quite a bit lower and comfortable. Highest record during the trip has been 96 degrees $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Morning paper reports strike still going on in Queensland so hope that plane reservations have been obtained. Wilmot went to bed last night with a temperature of 103 but seems well today and talks of getting up for dinner this evening. Auckland passengers, of which he is one, are beginning to start their packing now and there is at last an air of approaching the end of the trip. For myself, shall be glad to do and get on with the job.

No land in sight today, of course, and next land sighted will be North Island, New Zealand. There is a report going around to the effect that nobody will be permitted ashore in Auckland other than disembarking passengers; I rather doubt it myself but possibly others will be held on board until N.Z. passengers are cleared by customs.

Van tells me that the flash bulbs he is carrying will explode if plane reaches 12,000 or 15,000 feet. Shall have to check this but there are no hills more than 4,000 feet between Sydney and Brisbane and probably we shall not reach any altitude more than 10,000 at the outside.

Will finish and get this installment ready for mailing tomorrow and write regarding Auckland from Sydney. Speight, who I learn, is a Swift Company man, has offered the services of his firm should we have any difficulty in obtaining plane passages. Burns, Philp, too, would help, I am sure, though we have had no contact with the Sydney branch.

Sunday, 15 February 1948. Strong head winds and heavy swell continued all through the night and this morning. Our departure from Auckland tomorrow has been delayed one hour and probably we shall be that much behind in our arrival. Sydney passengers are being allowed ashore after all New Zealand passengers have been cleared by the Customs and Immigration people, and children under 16 years are to be held on board on account of severe outbreak of Polio in Auckland.

This evening we shall have a final party for the members of our table and consume what is left of the two bottles of scotch we were collectively able to procure at Suva.

Wilmot and I estimated the income per trip for the Marine Phoenix at about a quarter of a million; we were unable to figure expenses and costs but are convinced that there is a mighty fine profit shown.

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Monday, 16 February 1948. This morning I woke to see from my porthole, to the starboard, what looked like abrupt hills rising direct from the water but after the haze of dawn cleared I could see that the ship was in the middle of a large, land-locked bay. The sea had moderated but we were about three hours late in making our dock and breakfast was served at the usual hour and sittings. Passengers for Auckland had to have their baggage ready by 8 AM but that was the only preliminary preparation.

After breakfast we steamed slowly along the bay which gradually closed in; finally we made a sudden turn to starboard into an inlet from the bay and Auckland lay before us, on both sides of the inlet. It looked a busy place. On our left was a flying boat basin and on the right the Navy Yard, in which two cruisers and a destroyer were at anchor. A press boat came out ~~and~~ to meet us and I was interviewed by a couple of pleasant lads whose subsequent article in the Auckland Star was restrained and reasonable.

Something over a hundred passengers left the ship here, including Charles Wilmot, whose brother, I found out, either was or is Minister of Supply in England.

The business of taking baggage down to the dock and the process of examination was the most disgracefully sloppy job I have ever seen in connection with anything pertaining to the sea. Baggage was shot from a chute, many pieces were ripped and torn and the men who received the bags on the dock just dumped them anywhere. The letters of the alphabet were not separated as they have been in any other port I have ever seen, but grouped A-E, F-K, L-P, and Q-Z. Thus the baggage of at least seven persons was all piled up in one heap. The unloading is done by the dock workers, who are highly and horribly unionized and as it was noon when the baggage reached the dock, they quit work then and nothing further was done until 1 PM. Wilmot, Van and I went ashore together and Wilmot decided to come back later in the afternoon rather than wait for his stuff to reach the wharf. A room had been reserved for him by his agent at Wellington but to his dismay he found that he could not get a drink there as he was an honorary, but a subscribing member of the club in which the room was.

We went a little further and found a beer bar in the Grand Hotel, which could have been almost any one of many inns in England that I have been in. After our beer we had an excellent lunch, Van mailed our letters and went up to the Museum, a War Memorial, while Charles and I went over the town and ended at the Art Museum. The paintings were pretty bad but the things concerning New Zealand were of considerable interest.

The town itself is rather on the dingy side and the prices of articles in the shop windows was very high. The dollar is worth 6/1 but even at that rate of exchange I would estimate the prices that I saw as the same or higher than in New York. Some of the passengers who have returned from visits to New York, London, Paris, etc. will, I imagine, have some difficulty in readjusting to New Zealand small-town conditions.

As far as I can tell, we have not taken on as many passengers as we disembarked, at least judging from the empty seats at dinner. We are now heading north, retracing our track of the morning for a time, and then turn due west. Instructions have been given to batten down tight so heavy weather must be expected. Crossing the Tasman Sea we shall receive the full force of weather straight from the South Pole as there is nothing between us now and the Antarctic. However, we are due in Sydney at 8 AM on the 20th and then the next chapter of the journey starts.



Tuesday, 17 February, 1948. The light in the reading and writing rooms is so poor in the evening and also during the day that I have been writing this in the cabin for the last few days. We are the fortunate possessors of two portholes. I think I omitted to say that this hell ship is certified for only 248 persons; we have 552 passengers plus whatever the crew is.

This morning we rounded North Cape, New Zealand, and headed due west for Sydney, about 5 AM. On looking out about 7 AM, the sea was almost glassy, with an underlying heave and swell. There was hardly a ripple disturbing the surface but the bows of the ship passed through an arc of something like 25 degrees.

On our starboard, three rugged crags stuck up from the water. They are called the Three Kings and are joined together by a line of smaller separated rocks, the whole looking something like half a lower jaw. There are no inhabitants and according to the chart are the last bits of land we see until the coast of Australia heaves into sight sometime during the night of the 19th.

My stock of who-done-its has made the journey somewhat less tedious for many of the passengers but it has been monotonous in the extreme. I wonder how I have managed to fill fourteen pages of this, but at least it is practice and I have learned in the past how quickly one loses not only extent of vocabulary when on a job like this, but even the ability to write at all. No matter whom I may bore, I shall try to avoid that. The Smithsonian men, who left New York on January 24th by one of the Port ships and are not due in Brisbane until March 6th, should be almost speechless by the time they reach there.

Wednesday, 15th February 1948. A strong wind blew all night from the north through the portholes of our cabin, making it necessary for them to be closed. Oddly enough the wind from that direction seemed to compensate for something and there was less motion to the ship than any night since leaving the U. S. In the afternoon, things were enlivened by a school of whales, a shoal of porpoises and several birds which careered around the ship, making noises.

In the morning we were honored by a ~~xx~~ visit from Capt. Johnson and staff; it was the first official inspection there has been on the ship during the trip.

There probably will be little to write about tomorrow except the landing instructions. Should just comfortably fill this page and have it ready for mailing ~~in~~ at Sydney on the next day.

Thursday, 19 February 1948. The "Terrible Tasman" has completely failed to live up to its reputation and the passage, now almost completed, has been accomplished with no trace of bad weather. Last night's weather was simply a repetition of the day previously; a strong wind from the north counteracting the motion of the ship.

At noon we were reported 224 knots from Sydney and are due there about 5 AM tomorrow. Breakfast is advanced an hour and tickets for medical inspection have been issued. I hope our delay at Customs will not be too great and that I can get my urgent calls made during the afternoon as nobody is likely to be in his office on Saturday or Sunday. Anyway, the voyage is now over and we can begin to think and make plans for the real work.



Friday, 20 Febraury 1948. When I first woke this morning, disturbed by loud voices outside the cabin, the lights of Sydney were lining the ~~distance~~ horizon to our west. I went back to sellp, finally rising about 6.30 for medical inspection. We had been issued with numbered tickets though I cannot tell why. The tickets were taken up as we passed the doctor and there had been no attempt made to get us into numerical order. The diseases specifically looked for were typhus, plague, smallpox and yellow fever and apparently they all show on the forearms somehow. That was the only part of our bodies exposed, other than our faces.

After the medical inspection we were directed into the lounge where the immigration officers held forth but there was no single way into the place and mobs of people collided from three directions, ending in a milling mass like a cattle stampede. After that I returned to the cabin, Van having to register as an alien and appear before the police, to find that my express orders to leave all our bags there had been ignored and they were out on the deck mixed in with everybody elses.

Finally we we were buttonholed by the press and made to talk and have our pictures taken, after which the plank was put across and passengers were allowed to disembark. We located our letters with some difficulty and then Van went aboard again to extract our belongings; fortunately he was able to find and bring them to the head of the gangway where I met him and put them under our respective letters. Then, after having made a little broadcast, I brought out my Dept. of External Affairs letter and asked the broadcasting man to introduce me to the chief Customs Inspector, a man named Latham, who procured inspectors for us and rushed us through as I told him we had to depart for Cairns as rapidly as possible.

There were no taxis on the dock and I had to walk some distance away from the pier to find one but did so and after that it was plain sailing. Our room at the Carlton Hotel was reserved, though it is far from elaborate; apparently in Australia if you want a room with a bath, you say so. However, we have separate and comfortable looking beds and there is a wash basin in the room.

We sent off some mail and then lunched, after which we set about the important chores there were to be done. First we called at the British Council and found that plane reservations to Brisbane had been made for us. There will be little difference between that and rail fares as we should be eating a day and a half by train whereas the plane does the journey in one and a half hours. Then we went up to the Australian Museum and I found that the missing documents covering George's freight shipment had arrived later and I need not have worried after all. Then we saw Mr. Troughton, one of the leading mammalogists, with whom George has done a lot of work, returned to the British Council, and were invited out for drinks by Mr. Thomas, the local representative, to his house. Van left me then as he had some private letters to present and I returned to the hotel to write this up after having a refreshing shower. That brings me up to date.

There was a terrific storm here last night and even sixty miles out at sea we were able to see the glare of the lightening. One inch of rain fell in about five minutes, they tell me; it has been a humid, moist day and now looks as though another storm might bread at any minute.

A letter from George reached us on board before disembarking but there was no news and it had been written on February 5th. I expect some word from Len tomorrow.

There is a great deal of talk about the  
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people in the world. It is a  
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basis of all power and authority.  
The people are the ones who  
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government. They are the ones  
who elect the representatives  
to the legislature. They are  
the ones who pay the taxes and  
support the government. They are  
the ones who are responsible for  
the future of the country.

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It seems rather odd after all these days of crowded cabins and rooms to be sitting alone and comfortably typing this. Newsboys outside are calling special editions, there is a reasonably cool breeze blowing in through the window which may indicate that the storm has already broken somewhere in the vicinity and in a few minutes I am going out for cocktails, a thing I have neither done nor tasted for three weeks.

A letter from Charles Wilmot waited me at the British Council and I was glad to have it though there was little news of any sort in it. I am sorry that we shall not see him before our departure. He is expecting a visit from some high ranking English friends in August; we shall probably be working inland from Cooktown then and I have suggested that he bring them up to see Australia in the rough. He thinks that they would not enjoy it.

Have to close this and get dressed now.

Saturday, 21 February 1948. Had an amusing experience yesterday when sending off a couple of Samoan post cards to Museum friends; native girls were depicted and the man at the Post Office looked at them and said "There's a slight technical difficulty here." He referred to the state of nature in which the girls were photographed but finally let the cards go. Another peculiarity of Sydney is that the pubs all close at 6 PM., though drinks can be obtained at hotels after that hour.

Had a delightful evening with Thomas; his wife is a Canadian girl and they met and were married during the war in North Africa. Have arranged to dine with them tonight and go to the ballet, which is organized by the British Council. One of the things that I did not expect to do in Australia.

Have just called Mrs. Speight and shall be seeing her and Robin for dinner tomorrow night. And now for business of the morning.

After breakfast Van and I went first to the Rationing Bureau but were unable to get our coupons, this being Saturday. Then we presented our letter of introduction to Edward Lumley & Co., insurance people, the letter having been supplied to me by Lumley & Co. of New York who are associated with Page Hufty, Dick's brother-in-law, who handles the A.E. insurance affairs. Met Mr. Creighton-Brown Jr. (the letter was addressed to his father), Mr. Harrington, recently out from the English branch, and Mr. Rennick. They recognized me from my picture in yesterday's paper and were very helpful, calling their Brisbane representative and advising him, Mr. Spence, to look after us.

After that, while on our way to present our letter to the Port Line, we bumped into Jack Thomas who informed us that all was set for the ballet, this evening, and then reached the Port Line office. Our letter was general, not to any person, but we saw Mr. ~~Archer~~ George A. Archer and discussed our return trip. He of course could not predict anything but has registered us with the American Pioneer Line as well as his own. The Port Line ships, after reaching Sydney, do not return to New York but continue via the United Kingdom. Questioned about fares, it turns out that we could travel that way, trans-shipping in England to a trans-Atlantic ship for New York, for just about the fare we paid from San Francisco plus our trans-American expenses. Questions to be asked in this connection are the matter of freight, though Archer says they have a good and frequent freight service, unfortunately

is very much the same as the one which I have just described. It is a very simple and direct method of determining the position of a point in space. The only thing that is new is the fact that the point is now in a different position. This is the only thing that is new. The rest is the same as before.

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carrying no passengers, and also what can Matson do for us.

There was a call from a Mrs. Dixon while I was out last night and on calling her this morning I found that she had entertained George, Dick Archbold and Len during the 1936 and 1938 expeditions at her Port Moresby place, evacuated during the Jap attack on New Guinea.

A telegram in from Len last night read as follows:

Tate, Carlton Hotel, Sydney.

Just arrived from Peninsula Burphil (Burns, Philp) has your reservations Cairns train leaving Brisbane twentyfifth stop Urge you hasten Brisbane and if rail strike still on make own arrangements air or boat for Cairns through burphil stop. Expect be here over weekend

Brass care Bank Wales, Cooktown

to which I replied this morning

Leonard Brass, Bank Wales, Cooktown, Queensland

Wire received due Brisbane 1320 Monday stop Will see burphil leave Brisbane Brisbane 25th rail or air

Tate

These things of course are put here in detail in case of future reference, as with our interviews with the Lumley and Port people.

After the above had been completed I returned to the hotel to get this stuff and some mail written while Van went to register himself with the Alien Bureau. From the moment I shall stop but expect a call about 2 PM from Troughton of the Australian Museum. Van and I both wish to visit the place but feel we would prefer not to bring Troughton into the city for that purpose. Shall have to be tactful when he calls.

Sunday, 22 February 1948. Closing this for mailing tomorrow as time will be short before departure of plane. Had extremely pleasant evening last night - dinner at Gleneagles, followed by Ballet Rambert, dancing Giselle, Blue Bird and Gala Performance. Were presented to Mme. Rambert at end of performance.

Our party consisted of Jack and Ann Thomas, Miss Shirley Grant, who is conducting the tour of the Old Vic Company through New Zealand, and Van and self.

Rose later than usual this morning, refreshed and rested; breakfast at hotel, which, by the way, is included in our night's hotel bill, is a little later than weekdays. During the meal had a call from Robin Speight and shall be meeting them at 7.30 this evening, again at Gleneagles. I am spending the day completing mail, journal, letter to Sydney Tribune and on odds and ends; during this afternoon shall visit Museum and look over the herpetological and ethnological exhibits particularly. Van says this type of display is old-fashioned - everything jumbled together and nothing of the diorama form of exhibit or habitat that we have at A.M.N.H. Very likely Museum is unable to modernize on account of lack of funds.

The ballet performance was the largest attendance known for Sydney last night and greatly surprised all concerned. Culture is supposed to be sweeping Sydney and evidently it is stylish to go to the Ballet. It should be a good augury for the Old Vic as both Olivier and Vivien Leigh will be present in the cast. Their repertoire is to include "School for Scandal". "One of Noel Coward's best" said one of the reporters to Jack Thomas when told of it.

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Monday, 23 February 1948. Before shifting our locale to Brisbane, I shall add a little more about Sydney. Yesterday afternoon we separated forces, Van going to the Botanical Gardens whilst I took a turn at the Museum: I found it to be fairly complete so far as Ethnology goes but woefully lacking and incredibly poorly arranged in other sections. Even in ethnology one would find Egyptian and Peruvian relics stuck in the Australian aboriginal room. After leaving the Museum I listened for a while to the band in Hyde Park, visited the Anzac Memorial, which impressed me much more than did the other people inside it, and wandered back to the hotel. There is a complete closeUp on Sunday, even movies being shut, which is too bad. There is a picture "Frieda" which I would like to have seen but it may be in Brisbane.

Prices of foodstuffs are considerably lower than in the U.S. but in other things, notably, shoes, they seem at least as high as in New York. Almost all the shops are advertising for help and the people we have in conversation with all unite in damning the current Labor government and say that even with a greater population, there is no hope under the present regime.

The heat this afternoon was stifling but the fact that there is an overhang from the shops along the main streets gives one some shelter both from rain and sun.

I find the accents of the people somewhat odd; there is definitely an English pronunciation but the voices are shrill and nasal. Other oddities are no butter on Sundays for lunch and the fact that almost all the newspapers are of the tabloid variety.

We had a very pleasant evening with Robin and Mrs. Speight who are not only extremely nice people, but may also be of considerable help to us when the time for departure comes. Swift & Company are of course very big shippers and have considerable influence with the steamship companies and I think if we need it we shall have Speight's assistance.

Now for Brisbane. We checked out of the hotel about 10.15 after I made a call on old man Creighton-Brown, of Lumley & Co. Everything went smoothly and there was little excitement about the air passage even though it was the first time I had flown. To me it is just another mechanical method of transportation about which I know nothing and therefore do not worry. There were one or two bumps but nothing alarming and a heavy bank of cloud obscured a lot of the scenery. We followed the coastline pretty closely all the way.

I was mildly tickled to arrive at the Lennon Hotel at exactly the minute and day that I had mentioned when I wrote them from New York on January 16th, and was extremely pleased with the hotel itself. It was MacArthur's headquarters during the war and a great many of the American features have been retained. We share a room but have a private bath and shower and do not have a quarter of a mile of passage to walk ~~xxx~~ along whenever we wish to go. Also the place is air-conditioned throughout and it has a pleasant cocktail lounge. It may be the latter or any of the other pleasant things that has put me in a beneficent mood but I immediately liked Brisbane just as I immediately disliked Sydney.

We lunched on the plane so as soon as we were settled in and had sent clothing for pressing and shirts for laundering, we went out to make some calls. First on Mr. Spence, who is  $\phi$  Creighton-Brown's Brisbane agent and very nice to deal with. He is taking us calling on the shippers, John



Burke, whose ship will take us up to Thursday Island. After that we went to call on Burns, Philp, Brisbane, and received some news that was not of the best. Our freight, which reached Brisbane on January 26th has only today been shipped; that explains Len's silence. No doubt he does not know even now when the stuff will reach Cairns but I learned from Mitchel, of B-P, about the steamer today. Further, the Wandana, Burke's ship, will not leave Brisbane until the 6th of March and Cairns about the 11th. Actually there will be no time lost as there will be space between the arrival of the freight and of the Wandana for us to do our repacking. Mitchel said he had been receiving very heated letters from Mr. Dupain, our Cairns (and B-P's) agent, no doubt inspired by Len.

There is no sign of a let-up of the rail strike so I asked B-P to book passage for us by air to Cairns for Wednesday, which, I hope will be forthcoming. That also has prevented the shipment of our freight by rail.

Tomorrow, after Spence has introduced us to Burke's, he is taking us to see C.T. White, the Government botanist under whom Len served, and then to lunch. Those will complete our business calls and if we leave on Wednesday, there will not be much time for anything more anyway.

As a fitting ending to the day, which seemed somehow to be full of accomplishment though we did very little personally, we went to the movies and saw "Frieda", the picture I had hoped to see in Sydney yesterday.

If we get away as I hope there will be a gap of about ten days before the freight comes in. Most likely George and Van may do a bit of local collecting; I shall have to meet the bank people and do various business odds and ends, and anyway my collecting gear is with the freight whereas both George and Van have some with them. From the point of view of economy it will be advisable for us to get away as soon as possible. Our Sydney expenses were higher than elsewhere as we had some entertaining to do, but it will pay us in the long run.

Tuesday, 24 February 1948. The ship "Time" which was to leave with our freight yesterday evening was reported this morning as delayed again on account of a seaman falling into the river and being drowned. The ship incidentally was carrying fifty tons of flour to a small town, Mackay, which was one of her stops. There is starvation in Mackay and this morning's paper, in addition to reporting the delay of the Time, announced that there was now no bread at all in Mackay.

It is still morning. Van has been out to register with the Queens-land police and I am awaiting a call from Mitchel, of Burns Philp. We had a very restful night in our air-conditioned room and enjoyed the privacy of our bath to the full. Spence is to call for us with the Lumley & Co. car at 10.30 and I hope by that time the call will have come in from Mitchell. Apart from holding up Spence, I want to know if we have the reservations for tomorrow's plane to Cairns.

Mitchell telephoned at 10 AM to say that they have two seats on the 2.30 plane tomorrow, due Cairns 9.25 PM. Wired Len as follows:

Dupain, Burphil, Cairns.

Please inform Brass quote Due Cairns airport 2125 Wednesday arrange accommodation two.

Geoffrey Tate.



Sent the message to Dupain in case Len and George should not be there. Then, I hope, Dupain will take the necessary steps.

For clarity's sake, I should have said that Dupain is the representative of B-P in Cairns, I suppose. After the foregoing had been completed, things began to happen with a certain amount of rapidity but I shall finish the day off before getting to that.

Mr. Spence arrived on schedule at 10.30 and took us first to the Botanic Gardens to call on Dr. White, under whom Len served his apprenticeship. White was away on a protracted vacation and we were unable to see him though we met his two i/c, Francis, and his two assistants, Blake and Smith. From there we went to see Jack Burke, the ship operator, about whom more later. Then Spence took us to lunch at Tattersall's Club, the local bookmaking place, then to a very lovely spot, One Tree Hill, from which we had an excellent view of the whole of Brisbane and of the mountains to the south and west. Our next call was on Dr. Mack, director of the Queensland Museum, most helpful and keenly interested in the expedition. The museum itself was in woe-ful shape and Mack has years of work laid out in front of him to bring it into some form of modernity. He has two assistants, Vernon and McCanna, the former of whom will join us at Portland Roads and make that part of the trip with us. Both are good lads, from first observation, but they will fit in the story in due course.

Now, in order to get things straightened out, I have to recapitulate our plans to some extent. Our freight was to be sent to Cairns where we were to repack certain parts of it, getting the whole of it on the Burke ship "Wandana", and dropping at Cooktown and Portland Roads that part of it which we did not need for the Tip. The Wandana was to leave Brisbane on March 6th and Cairns on March 11th. Our freight reached Brisbane on January 26th. That seemed clear and easy to manage at first but what happened was that the rail strike stopped any form of transportation of freight other than by sea and the "Time" was the only steamer available. She has been a jinx ship; her round trip started last October when she left Brisbane for Sydney and return, after which she was to proceed north to Cairns. She had an accident in Sydney Harbor and had to be flooded. Then her crew went on strike after the ship had been salvaged in Sydney. Finally she got to Brisbane and was to leave last night, as I said, with our freight buried under some thousands of tons of other freight, but she was delayed by the seaman who fell overboard. She is not due in Cairns until the 15th or 16th of March, four days at least after the Wandana was supposed to leave, so unless something happens, that connection will not be made and there will be a loss of six to eight weeks before we can get to Thursday Island.

However, there is a loop-hole. Owing to the coal strike, Wandana is out of fuel though apparently Time has some. Wandana today is at Cairns, southbound, and succeeded in getting enough (ten tons, Jack Burke told us) to get to Townsville. However, there is no coal in Townsville and Wandana may be held there, still southbound, until after the rail strike is ended and coal is carried that far north by the trains again. It seems reasonably certain that Wandana will be delayed in her southbound trip and consequently will not reach Cairns northbound on the 6th, as scheduled. The whole thing boils down to the question "Will Wandana be delayed long enough for Time to reach Cairns and for us to unpack and repack?" We can do that part of the job on board Wandana, if only we can get the stuff there by Time before Wandana arrives.

There was a telegram in from Len on our return reading:  
 Jeffry Tate, Lennon's Hotel, Brisbane  
 Dupain advises your expected arrival tomorrow night please try bring me one pound cigarette tobacco from burphil  
 Len.

There are many people who are not aware of the fact that the world is not a flat surface, but a sphere. This is a common misconception that has persisted for centuries.

For many years, people have believed that the earth is flat. This is a common misconception that has persisted for centuries. In fact, the earth is a sphere, and this is a fact that is well established by scientific evidence.

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No reply is needed and I shall see him tomorrow, now I know where he is.

Wednesday, 25 February 1948. Visited Burns Philp in morning and was able to procure two pounds of cigarette tobacco, Can getting another pound while he was out. Called on Spence to bid him farewell, lunched at Lennon's and caught 2.30 PM plane, which left one hour late. Trip was without incident, stops being made at Mackay, Townsville and finally Cairns, where Len met us with truck. Len has lost a little weight and looks very fit and well. Had no word of George's arrival.

Our route was almost entirely coastal but dusk came down shortly after leaving Mackay and were unable to note much of the scenery.

We are domiciled at Hides' Hotel, a roomy structure much like any other tropical hotel. Made of wood, balconied, beds fitted with mosquito nets. Len had drinks waiting for us as the bar closes at 10 PM, and we turned in somewhere about 10.30.

Thursday, 26 February 1948. Roused at 7 AM by maid with a cup of tea and after breakfast went around town, meeting first the director of the local natural history club, Mr. Ernie Stevens. Then to Burns Philp, to learn that SS Time is now due here about the 9th of March. If that is correct, we shall just make the Wandana connection, even if she is running to schedule.

Met Dupain, manager of Burns Philp, who have a large establishment here, and his department managers, Ormsbee, groceries and liquors, Roy, hardware, Hanson, meats, and McKenzie, who looks after the various agents. Then to the bank, where we met Handow, the manager and Trenier, the accountant. Walked around the town for a while and returned to the hotel for lunch.

While at breakfast a wire came through from George from Townsville, saying he was taking the first plane; he should be with us tonight.

There seems to be a lot to do in the way of organization but so far we have not really had a chance to go into much detail. Len has engaged Jetty Joe McLoughlin, but there are the usual things such as withholding income taxes, even at Thursday Island. I shall have to give all that in greater detail when I know more about it all.

Cairns itself is at the base of a bay between two fairly high headlands, forest covered for the most part. It has a population of several thousand, I should judge, and is a clean, nice little place. As with Sydney and Brisbane, the stores all have overhanging balconies which give a grateful shelter from a pretty hot sun. I have not yet been in any of the stores and shops but their windows are well dressed and attractive. The population of course is practically 100% white. The town is only about three feet above sea-level and there is an unkempt sort of park, with a few shade trees, along the water front. Many of the houses, including Hides' Hotel, are fitted with balconies or iron-grilled verandas, the windows are always open, let one have the benefit of whatever air there may be circulating around.

I have not yet found out what commodities are short, other than tobacco, and B-P's warehouses seem to be fairly full. All those details and others will be found out in due course and set down here.

One of my first duties will be to set up a book-keeping system covering our activities; our bank account will be both in pounds and dollars; Len and I both have separate funds and a workable system will have to be installed.

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After lunch Len and I went over to B-P with our food and equipment lists and it seems that we can get practically everything we are in need of. Coupons will have to be turned in for those things that are rationed and Len got a letter from the Protector of Islanders authorizing the issue of rice for native helpers. It is not available to whites.

The Cairns Naturalists' Club held a meeting in the evening at which Len was to speak on Nyasaland. He made a nice talk. Van and I were introduced to the members, about twenty of them, and many of them remembered a visit and talk in 1938 by Richard Archbold, while Guba was at anchor here.

About mid-afternoon a telegram came in from George saying he was due in the same plane that Van and I were on. It was a little more than an hour late, as was ours, and George was fit and in good shape on arrival. Now, at last, we four have met and the personnel anyway is complete.

Friday, 27 February 1948. George and Van went out with a local crop inspector, Gilbert Bates, to look around the country a bit, while Len and I went ahead with the work of straightening things out. Bates is just under fifty but has been living on the Cape for the last thirty years. During the last war he was instructing U. S. and American troops in bush travel and jungle fighting. He is a symphony in red, white and blue - his skin is burnt brick red, he has a clipped white mustache and his language is blue.

Owing to the delay in arrival of our freight, it is necessary to get certain things in order to make local collecting trips and here the shortages are beginning to show up. There is not a single shot-gun cartridge in Cairns; they have to send to Brisbane to get the .303 rifle I want for myself, there are only two gallons of formalin in the town, which we have reserved, such things as that.

George brought several specimens in with him last night, which have to be laid out for drying, and when they came in this afternoon, he and Van had procured some insects for me. I have directed them to collect stuff for themselves as I have about three days work before I am ready to start that sort of thing. I believe we have been invited to attend the local Orchid Club this evening. People are so very hospitable that it is hard to get even a few minutes to oneself or to get work and letters done.

During our wanderings around we have run into several far from complimentary criticisms of the Commonwealth Government and its protection of labor at anybody else's expense. There has really been a tremendous job done in the effort to establish minimum wages and scales, called the Award. Here's what happens to Jetty Joe, our cook. He is engaged at an Award wage of £ 7-2-0; he must be given a tent 7 x 7 x 8, with a 12 foot fly above it; he is entitled to vacation with pay at the rate of two weeks per year; he works only a 40 hour week for his £ 7-2-0, and if he works on Saturdays or Sundays he must receive time and a half. That's what he has coming to him, gross, but he doesn't get it. I start by deducting 7/6 weekly from his pay for income tax; I am allowed to deduct £ 1 - 5 - 0 for his food and we can fire him on three days notice. Poor old Joe and poor old us, all of us victims of a machine which so complicates things that never again will either Joe or I know who owes who what.

It would almost be better for us to try somehow to do our own cooking, except that unquestionably it would fall on me and even the most willing of camels sometimes gets its back broken by that last straw.

After lunch I went over to the office and found that the  
latter part of the day had been very busy. I had a number of  
visitors and had to attend to a number of matters. I was  
very busy and had to leave the office at a late hour.

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Saturday, 28 February 1948. All hands except myself left at 6.45 AM this morning with members of the Cairns Naturalists' Club for a jaunt lasting overnight. I shall get details of the places visited when they return. I answered four applicants for jobs and got the books in shape for work. I shall try to get all bills cleaned up as of March 1st. Things prior to that date, when we were scattered all over the place can be considered as odds and ends but now that we are together and presumably will remain so, it would be well to get ourselves systematized.

I have a fairly heavy cold in my head, which seems to have been working up for the last few days. Presumably the modern airconditioning of Lennon's in Brisbane was too much for me. Anyway, there will be no more air conditioning for some time to come now.

Later in the afternoon I took a look at the swimming pool and sat on the little park overlooking the mouth of the bay for a while. Then returned to the hotel, did a little more work and got some letters written. Tomorrow I may try to wander along the shore in one or another direction.

This turns out to be a big evening for Hides Hotel, the installation of a string orchestra, no less, and a most radical move, according to the waiters. Accompanying it is the opening of a cocktail bar and there is a Communist orator outside in the street busily engaged in haranguing nobody. The whole populace has gone to the movies to look at Anne Sothern.

Sunday, 29 February 1948. Had a good night's rest and the cold is considerably ~~improved~~ improved. It is now about 2.30 PM and the boys have not yet returned but I think I shall get this finished and close up my letters.

After breakfast I decided that I would take a walk in order to break in my field boots but what actually happened was that the boots pretty near broke me in. I have had no walking of any kind really since embarking on the train in New York and it is good that I was not out over the week-end. I wanted to reach a point which forms the northern side of the Cairns bay but was unable to get there as the way was barred by mangrove swamps, set in deep cozy mud. Foiled there, I scaled one of the hills to the north of Cairns and then started back but found both feet blistered. The return took me about twice as long as the outward journey and was something of an ordeal. Shall have to do some walking every day until I harden up a bit.

The heat is oppressive and except ~~in~~ for the periods spent under the shower I think I have been sweating constantly since arriving here. On returning from my walk I looked as though I had had the swim, which was my original objective in trying to get out to that point. There is a nice-looking beach there but I guess I shall have to hire a boat to get there.

Most of the houses are built on piles, to let the breeze circulate under as well as around them. They are made of wood, the walls being chiefly of lattice or trellis, and have ~~flat~~ roofs of corrugated iron.

I think I covered somewhere <sup>and</sup> around eight miles this morning, leaving at 9.30. The hills to the back ~~are~~ north and south of Cairns, even at that hour had the tops in the clouds though they cannot be much more than a thousand feet at the most. They form part of the Great Dividing Range, which appears on the maps and runs right up to the very tip of the Cape. It will be very interesting once I get my feet into shape to contend with them.



Monday, 1 March 1948. Very hot and steamy night with no breeze whatever and some rain which increased the humidity. Have not yet reached that comfortable stage when I sweat for an hour and then am dehydrated and sweat no more.

Called at Howard Smith, S.S. Agency and learn that there is nothing new in the matter of the arrival of Time. Still due on the 9th. Called at Saml. Allen and Sons, large firm and agents in Cairns for Spence of Brisbane, who had written to them about me. Good contact. Capt. Barnum, young German seaman, (Name is Gunther Bahrenemann, I find) skipper of the Yalata, small ship about 89 feet in length, recently on Cairns-T.I. run. May be useful to us if Wandana does not perform according to schedule.

George, Len and Van had a good trip over the week-end, Len getting a vine which has only been found twice before and George getting some bandicoots and other things that Van is now working on in the warehouse put at our disposal by B-P. They also brought in a tree snake and multitudes of insects for me but I steadfastly refuse to do anything about them until I have the business side of things properly in control.

Dupain, manager of B-P, is going away for ten days on Wednesday and our affairs will be handled by Pierson, chief clerk. This memo just to help in remembering Pierson's name.

The rail strike is partly over since the Queensland Govt declared a state of emergency. Some men have returned to work but quite a small minority, according to the paper. Instead, the Cairns dockhands and wharfies have now gone out and the SS. Belinda, which arrived last Friday, is still not unloaded, nor has the work of unloading yet begun.

Tuesday, 2 March 1948. Pretty busy in morning ~~removing~~ running around getting various odds and ends finished and getting food and stuff for a trip to Chillagoe which George and Van are making from tomorrow for ~~about~~ about six days.

Introduced myself at Saml. Allen's and consider them good alternative source of supply for things which may not be available at B-P.

Several army and navy barracks along the wharf are being taken over for use as a museum for Cairns in the days to come and one of them has been placed at our disposal for all purposes, mainly preparation of specimens as they are brought in from the small side trips. It is much more comfortable and suitable for our purposes than the tin shed B-P gave us, though we shall have to use the latter when and if the cargo comes in. The strike news does not improve at all and the tie-up, so far as we are concerned, is somewhat serious as our budget is limited and we are spending much more than we expected to do in hotel bills. The small side trips help a little in cutting down expenses, of course, but certain forms of equipment, which we have on board Time, have ~~been~~ to be purchased in order to equip the side trips. One thing that has happened and which may have a decisive effect on the strike is that all the beer has been consumed. Other places are practically out of much more serious commodities and a threat of a general strike is looming up. So far as the outlying places such as this are concerned, this is a general strike; no matter what there may be available in Brisbane, it cannot be brought here by any method except air, which would run costs completely out of range.

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Wednesday, 3 March 1948. Heavy rain which started yesterday afternoon, beat on the corrugated iron roofs and balconies of the hotel, and still, this morning, there is a slight fall, which expands into heavy showers every so often. The atmosphere is steamy and humid and as I write, my fingers sweat and the drops slide down my forearms and drip from my elbows.

George and Van left at 7.30 this morning, George going to Chillagoe, to the bat caves there, for a day, and Van to a place called Sutte Gap. Both will take up residence with road-making gangs during their stay at their respective posts. Len spent the morning at the experimental agricultural station at Mareeba which Gil Bates is to take over, while I continued working on the books and organization. We are planning a rearrangement of our supplies but will have to plot it out before the arrival, if any, of S.S. Time.

Thus far I have run against no Somerset Maugham characters although otherwise the setting is appropriate. The brothel system is accepted in Queensland, as in France, with bi-weekly  $\phi$  inspections but in Cairns the street which used to house them has been cleaned up and there no longer is any red lamp district.

A grizzly-bearded, parchment-faced old gent who lives in the hotel turns out to be one of Queensland's leading jurists in the past, the various men whom we meet and beer with are mostly in some form of government employ, in agricultural, road-making, or experimental departments. Shorts or white linen clothes are the usual thing, with the women wearing printed cotton with a minimum of chic both in the design and in the wearing. At Hides Hotel, the male guests are expected to wear coats for all meals and ties also for dinner. With such a climate it seems to ~~me~~ me that even the Old School can be duly upheld with some less constricting garment than a tie. However, when we finally leave here, all that will be a thing of the past. The only settlement of any size, Cooktown, which we may touch on the last leg of the trip, was once quite a flourishing place when the Palmer gold fields were newly discovered, but now it has dwindled to less than a couple of hundred population, most of whom are over seventy.

During Len's recce trip, while he was at Thursday Island, he told me of an evening at the hotel there, which was run by a woman. She got drunk, fell and split her head and when Len came down next morning he found a pool of blood at the foot of the stairs and a little puppy, with both feet in it, busily lapping it up. The hotel woman took a day off and the following day appeared wearing a turban.

The delay we are experiencing here is annoying in many ways. In order to do any collecting locally it is necessary to purchase many things of which we have large stores in S.S. Time; even apart from that, while collecting of anything is better than nothing, it still is not what we came for. Then also money, which could be much more profitably spent on other things, is being used for hotel bills and living expenses, when we expected to live on our own supplies and in our own tents. However, it is not to be expected that any expedition can be run without any hitch and certainly this is not a result of any culpability on our part. But one cannot tell what is being done about the strike and the reports are quite conflicting - one source says it is ending and another states that more and other trades will be going almost any minute. This morning's papers say that PERHAPS the strikers will allow Time to proceed from Mackay, where she has been since last Friday, but a shortage of bread in Cairns is developing and soon there will be acute need, if not starvation, in many smaller and less accessible places. The announcement by the Queensland Government of a state of emergency, seems to have made no difference whatever.



Thursday, 4 March 1948. Again heavy rain all last night and much of the morning but oddly enough, in spite of the intense heat, we are all putting on a great deal of weight. Len looks plump, Van aerated. George has added 10 lbs. and I am over 200. Probably a month or so of field conditions will make a great difference in all of us.

I don't quite know where the time goes to; Len and I seem to do very little and yet the day passes with amazing rapidity. This morning I got in the last of my February outstanding bills and am happy to say that we are still solvent, though this strike is making severe inroads on our balance. This afternoon I visited Burns, Philp to pay our bill to date, called at the museum and had a yarn with Wilson and Old Tom Baird, and here it is practically 5 o'clock. A number of flying men, stationed in New Guinea for the last six months, have arrived here and are they disgusted with the strike. No been available.

The excessive perspiring seems to have washed or bleached out all my rich dark red complexion. That too should return before very long.

Absolutely nothing new in the way of the strike ending; last night Len and I strolled along the wharf and there was S.S. Bedelia, still unloaded, although it is six days since she tied up there. Doubtless, if people get hungry the strike will be broken by force and now the paper reports great shortage of bread in Townsville, next town to Cairns. Cairns itself seems to have good stocks of all commodities, except cigarettes and tobacco.

In the evening we were driven out by a Mr. Harvey to see another man, Mr. Hansen, who has some unique knowledge about Mt. Finnegan, a point which we shall cover from our last base at Cooktown. It is a table-topped mountain, usually under clouds or mist, and the working of it will require a few days of extreme discomfort.

Friday, 5 March 1948. Rain most of the night and during the morning, which seems to be the regular times. No suggestion of an ending of the strike yet and the weather may bring George and Van back almost any time. It is a little cooler, however.

There is so much to be done, once we can get hold of our gear, that it is utterly exasperating to have it so near and yet so far away. It still is at Mackay, just two ports away from us, and if only it could be got to Townsville, we would personally interview the local Labor board and tell them the conditions. Such things as grinding of the machetes and axes, splitting of collecting equipment, distribution of ammunition, will all take time, though we certainly should be able to get those things done before the arrival of the next north-bound ship, once we can start.

I have noted with interest that the Australians all seem to have a sort of morbid pride in their venomous snakes; they do not tell their stories for our benefit at all, but sooner or later in any conversation the subject will arise. All have had, or claim to have had, hair-breadth escapes, which still have a morbid fascination for them. There are also the stories of the aborigines, on whose lowly position in human life, the white Australian loves to dwell. The Gape black seems to be herded onto reservations rub by the Missions as much as possible but they are all a nomad crowd and will not stay. At certain times of the year the urge comes and they simply pack up their little belongings and go "walk-about". There may be a few dangerous ones lying around here and there but we anticipate no trouble from that source at all. We hope to get two or three to join us at Rhursday Island and make the complete trip with us, provided the walk-about urge does not take them away from us.



7-1-20-  
Saturday, 6 March, 1948. Last night, after dinner, Len and I went around to visit some old friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, whom he had not seen since 1932.

This morning Gil Bates called for us and we started out in his Bedford truck for Mossman, about fifty miles to the north of here. The road was of Bitumen, good going, and followed the coast very closely. At times we were barely above sea level and only a few yards from the water, then we would come to a bluff over which the road led, and would find ourselves five hundred feet above the water, gazing almost straight down on it.

Truck trouble began to develop after some crossings of streams which flowed down from the mountains, which rose three thousand feet abruptly on our left, and shortly after we had passed the half way mark, a sort of look-out spot commemorating Capt. Cook's visit in 1779, something fell out from inside the truck and there was a succession of fearful bangs. Gil decided that we had better not try the remainder of the trip and we came all the way back to Cairns in second gear. On taking the truck to a garage, nothing could be found wrong with it.

The evening passed with little event except a brawl between Capt. Bahrnemann, of the Yalata, who was drinking with us, and a drunken first mate who wanted to know where Behrnemann came from. It was diverted but the first mate was far too far gone to know what he escaped. Bahrnemann is a lad about twenty-eight and still an ardent Nazi; I judge him to be of the young, tough and cruel type which we ran into in the war, very fit physically, and I think he would have devoured the first mate, who had a broken wrist anyway.

The dance hall opposite my window is in full swing but I shall close this and try for some sleep. Gil comes again tomorrow and we try again to reach Mossman. Incidentally, there is no habitation of any sort in that fifty miles of road between there and Cairns.

Sunday, 7 March 1948. Gil arrived bright and early again this morning with another truck and we reached Mossman without incident, other than pleasant ones. I was greatly impressed with the view from the high bluff over which we travelled on the winding and climbing road. The beaches were a series of golden scallops, the sea was completely unruffled and the whole area looked like the place that I have dreamed of in which to end my days.

Mossman is a little hamlet of perhaps a thousand persons and is backed by mountains ranging from three to four thousand feet in height. Gil is going there again tomorrow on an inspection of the sugar cane plantations in the district, and of course is well-known anyway: he dug out Mr. Lane, who is in charge of the small plant which supplies Mossman with its electric power and light. Lane drove us up the mountain to the plant, buried deep in the forests of the mountain and drawing its power from a rushing stream which cascades down the mountain side. It would be another good collecting site for us; the trouble of course is that we have no camp equipment available and very little collecting gear.

On our return from the mountains, we stopped at the local lawn bowling club where we were regaled with beer and tea, the former being more or less bootleg as beer is not supposed to be sold on Sundays. None of us knew anything about bowling and therefore were not invited to take part in the games, which suited us well.

January, 1948. Last night, I was in bed, and I was  
thinking about the things that I had done in the past.

There was a time when I was a young man, and I was  
full of life and energy. I was full of ideas, and I was  
full of dreams. I was full of hope, and I was full of  
faith. I was full of love, and I was full of life.

But now, I am old. I am full of wrinkles, and I am  
full of gray hair. I am full of sadness, and I am full  
of pain. I am full of regret, and I am full of  
fear. I am full of loneliness, and I am full of  
despair.

The things that I have done in my life, they are all  
gone. They are all forgotten. They are all lost. They  
are all dead. They are all buried. They are all  
under the ground. They are all in the past.

And now, I am alone. I am alone in the world. I  
am alone in the night. I am alone in the silence. I  
am alone in the darkness. I am alone in the void.

And now, I am old. I am old in the face. I am  
old in the heart. I am old in the mind. I am old in  
the soul. I am old in the spirit. I am old in the  
body. I am old in the blood. I am old in the bones.

And now, I am dying. I am dying in the night. I  
am dying in the silence. I am dying in the darkness.  
I am dying in the void. I am dying in the pain. I  
am dying in the fear. I am dying in the loneliness.

And now, I am dead. I am dead in the night. I  
am dead in the silence. I am dead in the darkness. I  
am dead in the void. I am dead in the pain. I am  
dead in the fear. I am dead in the loneliness.

Monday, 8 March 1948. This day occupied mainly with routine things, getting soil ready for mailing, some small purchases of ~~ex~~ equipment and finally a call on Samuel Allen & Sons, rival firm to Burns, Philp, and local representatives of John Burke Shipping Company. They represent also Lloyd's and Lumley's and Spence of Brisbane, had sent them a letter about me. They have a reputation for being able to get hard-to-get items so I put them on the job of finding an 18" camp oven, a thing that B-P had failed on. They are to let me know in two days. The manager, Mr. Bedowsky, called in about 6 PM for a drink or so, and in general they seem much more anxious for business and much more obliging than B-P. I have opened an account with them for possible future eventualities.

In the evening George and Van arrived back, after having had fair luck in their collecting. After dinner took their specimens over to the space in the museum allotted to us and worked on them for some time, after which we all turned in.

Tuesday, 9 March 1949. This morning it was decided that Van and I would go either tomorrow or the next day to Mossman, pitch our camp in the Gorge at the power plant, and stay there for five or six days, or until the time seems somewhat nearer Cairns. She was reported as still being unloaded at Mackay in the morning paper, but it did say that as she was carrying food, the wharfies would start work unloading her.

Since for all these side trips, we have to purchase equipment until our own stuff comes in, today was spent in a flurry of purchasing of collecting gear. Tow, for the filling of specimen bottles, is not available at all and we have had to purchase hemp rope and unravel it. My foot caved in and I have had to contrive some sort of pad. Other things had to be bought and there was no time to get ready for departure tomorrow; instead we shall leave on Thursday.

The Naturalists' Club held another meeting this evening, at which George spoke, making a comparison, scientifically, of Australia and South America, not so much comparing the countries, but describing how the natural denizens of each country happened to get there. Tomorrow, for us, will be spent getting supplies for the trip, food, etc., and cleaning up this day's journal, ready for mailing before I leave for Mossman. There is a lot to be done here still, cataloguing specimens already brought in, both as gifts by the locals and the things in my departments that George and Van have brought in from their jaunts, but I don't quite know when I shall be able to get at it.

Also bought three second-hand bicycles for our use on the trails on the Cape, if and when we get away from Cairns.

Wednesday, 10 March 1948. It has been a rushed morning and afternoon but I want to get this closed and ready for mailing. Van and I will probably be in the Mossman River Gorge for seven or eight days, unless something unexpected in the way of a break in the strike should arrive. There is nothing in the morning paper to indicate any such thing.

Had to purchase not only rations for us but also camp utensils, cutlery and cooking outfit, all due to the strike and tie-up of our stuff. We leave Cairns at 7.55 tomorrow morning and should reach our camp site, at the electric plant, shortly after noon. It will not take long to get the tent up and a meal prepared, after which we shall get to work. Our traps are few and our armament one old shot-gun with a hole in the barrel, other than the muzzle, and no safety catch. It is crude equipment but we'll do what we can.



Thursday, 11 March 1948. The white of this paper is attracting myriads of bugs of all degree, mostly low. Van and I got away from Cairns at 7.55, reaching Mossman at about 11 A.M. Harold Lane met us and drove us up to the power station, where we are settled for a period of a week to ten days, all depending on the strike and the Time.

The power station has a caretaker, an oldtime bush man from the Daintree section, where a river, Cobb River, was named after him. The name, naturally, is Cobb, Jim Cobb. Our camp, pitched in a clearing planted with paw paw and bananas, consists of one tent for our sleeping accomodation. We do our work in a sort of out-house, attached to the station, which is a corrugated iron shed housing the machines which supply Mossman with its light and dielectrical power.

It was noon when we reached the station and after Lane left, we whipped together a lunch of bully, bread and tea. I had brought in our rations some lemon crystals and Van contrived a sweet lemon drink, not too unpalatable. Just before going to bed I shall try some of it laced with rum. The rum should certainly improve the lemon and I can merely hope for the vice cersa.

In the afternoon we went up to the intake of water, which moves the turbines and set a line of traps there, also catching one or two various other things and after that returned, very hot and sweaty, for a most delightful swim in the river, a pleasure which we shall not, unfortunately, be able to allow ourselves in the rivers further north, unless they too are rapid and bouldery and inaccessible for crocs.

Gil Bates, who has been working on the cane fields, came up for a few minutes in the evening with Arthur Taylor (see last Sunday's notes, I think) and a couple of abbo field hands. They brought us a well-sized brown snake and had found the remains of a taipan, measuring about seven feet, which had been run over by trucks until it was too mutilated to have any value. Sic semper taipanus.

For the present our meals come out of cans and supper consisted of canned beef stew and peas, on toast, followed by pineapple jam, taken by the spoon from the can. I have hung our larder from a high cross piece so it will be safe from ants and at the moment I am waiting for some water to heat so we can do the washing up. Lane comes up here about 8 every evening for his final inspection and after his departure we shall take our fine side-shooting gun and torches and see what we can find. The field hands who came up with Gil have promised us a platypus; they are rare this far north and would be very welcome additions to the collection, but if only we had our own equipment we really could do some good work.

About the worst thing in this part of the scrub, taipans, brown snakes and shatnot included, is the stinging tree, or nettle tree. It inflicts, merely if one brushes up against it, a most painful and lasting irritation and rash and has been known to put men hors de combat for weeks. Fortunately it is distinctive and cannot be missed by daylight.

Five hundred cigarettes, marked "botanical samples", came in from Spence, in Brisbane, last night. I split with Len and we mutually blessed Spence and praised his name.

Friday, 12 March 1948. Last night we went out jack-lighting and did not get even one pair of eyes. Can got two specimens, both rats, in the line traps he wet when he went out to collect and re-bait them this

Thursday, March 27th. The hills on this morning are covered with a light frost. The temperature is about 40 degrees. The wind is from the north. The sky is clear. The water is calm. The hills are covered with a light frost. The temperature is about 40 degrees. The wind is from the north. The sky is clear. The water is calm.

The power station has a capacity of 1000 horsepower. It is located on the river. The water is used to generate power. The power is used for the city. The water is calm. The hills are covered with a light frost. The temperature is about 40 degrees. The wind is from the north. The sky is clear. The water is calm.

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morning and I went out afterward, going up beyond the water in-take into virgin scrub. Got plenty of insects but no sign of any reptiles until this evening when two snakes came marching right into camp. Both were taken but we do not yet know what they are. They are in formaldehyde and neither of us cares to examine them until they are thoroughly dead.

The power house, beside Jim Cobb, possesses three cats and several toads as residents. One of the cats caught and consumed a large cockroach last night, eating up a final leg which had dropped off the roach with gusto and licking its chops. One of the toads came hopping around from wherever it lives and squatted looking at me and pulsing its throat; every now and then it would dark out a long tongue and lick up some insect, again turning its eyes toward me and eyeing my cup of rum and water with a certain amount of contemps.

The second engineer, Thompson, came up this morning and is due again some time this evening. Lane returns tomorrow night for his shift of visits and is bringing up some food for us. I have gone to town, ordering a two pound steak, tomatoes, cabbage, etc., and have thought of other things and listed them for Thompson to take back tonight and give to Lane.

Len telephones this afternoon (being a power-house, we have a telephone here) while I was out; evidently not very much news but we may see George here on Monday.

In addition to the two snakes, there were two lizards in Van's traps early this evening, so it has been a good day for herpetology and entomology.

Above the water in-take, the Mossman River rushes and cascades over and among a mass of great boulders. I followed the stream for about a quarter of a mile and then left it, working approximately south from it and forcing my way through a fairly thick scrub; ferns, tree and otherwise, were in abundance and the floor of the forest is much matted with vines and fallen trees and branches. It is advisable to use care as in the event of a broken leg or some such thing, a search party would be required to find a person and there is nobody to form such a party. The trees are fairly tall and many have vines and lianas falling to the ground, as in South America, but they do not attain the great girth of the S. A. trees. However they are laced together with lawyer cane, a thick cane furnished with sharp, barbed spikes, and form a barrier most uncomfortable to be bushed in.

Saturday, 13 March, 1948. The morning was much of a repetition of yesterday; I went to the same area and managed to make my way across the river but there is of course no sort of trail on the opposite side and the scrub is such that even if one had some equipment, it would be next to impossible to do anything except lay a trap line.

Van got five mice or rats or something in his traps when he went to clear them this morning; in the afternoon I was invited to and made a member of the Mossman Bowling Club and Harold Lane, wife and daughter came up in the evening. Lane is to show us some of the bush trails tomorrow afternoon but I doubt if we shall profit by them very much. The Time is said to have reached Bowen and to be unloading there. The story is well-authenticated and if it is correct she may reach Cairns Thursday and most likely we shall be recalled.

Lane brought up some rations I had asked for and we had a substantial meat dinner tonight. Jim Cobb has gone down to Mossman for today and tomorrow. Mrs. Lane is about the first good-looking woman I have seen, but has the fault of all of them, bad teeth.



I had to make a little speech at the Mossman Club, during the interval for tea, and have a nice little badge attesting to my membership.

Sunday, 14 March 1948. Van got four or five specimens in his traps again this morning and was busy most of the day skinning them. As a result Harold Land and I went up the mountain alone. There is an enormous sheer cliff, perhaps about seven or eight hundred feet in height which forms the summit of the mountain on whose side we are camped. Nobody, Lane tells me, has yet reached the base of that cliff and I can well understand it. The scrub we passed through for two hours this afternoon was dense and hard to penetrate though there was an old blazed trail which we followed. The cliff is about seven miles away and offers a challenge which I, for one, will ignore completely.

On our visit to the swimming hole we found it populated with children from the Abbo Mission between us and Mossman. Lane had a pair of swimming trunks so he was alright; Van dived in with his shorts on and found them around his knees when he came up. I went away somewhere else and found a nice, bath-shaped pool hidden behind a boulder where I could soap myself and rest with my feet up at one end of my bath.

Thompson, Lane's assistant, whose evening it was to come up and look over the power plant, tells me that S.S. Time is reported as having left Bowen for Townsville. The next stop will be Cairns and I doubt if we shall be here after Wednesday though I don't know the distance between Bowen and Townsville or Townsville and Cairns.

Monday, 15 March 1948. The morning was much as usual and there is little to say about it. Van is having poor luck with his collecting and I dabble around, not knowing whether I am doing well or not, nor if what I get is of any value.

We had a very enjoyable and much needed bath and swim at Noon and during the morning I washed my shirt. Len called from Cairns just before we returned from our swim to say that he would be coming out in the evening. Gil Bates drove him but we have not yet had a chance to discuss plans for our future. S.S. Time either is in Townsville or on her way, she has left Bowen anyway, and I suppose we shall probably return to Cairns about Thursday.

A heavy storm developed about 8.30 P.M. and is going on now; the river will not be passable tomorrow, but there is no need to pass it anyway. Len brought up another tent with him, fortunately, but has not yet erected it. Our camp is in a cleared garden and will be somewhat muddy. The three cats are huddled together in what shelter they can find but I have no doubt that the toads are enjoying themselves thoroughly.

George is somewhere to the south and east of us at a place called Devil-Devil Creek. His original plan of circling around and joining us here at Mossman is off, but I have not heard what plan has been substituted. However, it is good to know that we are approaching the last obstacle, the arrival of the ship and the re-packing, before we start on the job we came to do.

Tomorrow evening Gil Bates and Art Taylor, the man who sponsored my membership in the Mossman Bowling Club, will probably come up for a while in the evening, making a bit of a change and the camp a little livelier. I shall not be sorry to return to Cairns; this is the half-way sort of thing that I dislike so much. The real job, in the real scrub, gives one more of a feeling of accomplishment.

I had no more. I left the house and went to the street. I had no more. I left the house and went to the street.

...in March 1933. ...the house and went to the street. I had no more. I left the house and went to the street.

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...the house and went to the street. I had no more. I left the house and went to the street.

Tuesday, 16 March 1948. Len and I spent the morning in an area some distance up the river from camp, having varying collecting luck each. Van got only one specimen in his line of fifty traps and is feeling downcast about it.

The afternoon is clouding up again, as it did yesterday, and it looks almost certain that we shall have rain, though the symptoms have not yet commenced. They are the accumulation of flies around the lamps and the entry into camp of the snakes. Last night the snakes did not arrive, though the rain did. The flies made up for them though; they flowed in like a stream, bumping into the light and falling in as constant a stream to the ground until there was a large puddle of flies wriggling there, wingless from their contact with the heat of the light.

The rain arrived during the late afternoon; Van and I were out, he returning with nothing whereas I had one good dragon fly and three leeches.. They had picked me up somewhere in the woods and refused to let go. Finally the application of a cigarette end did the trick, but they leave a huge gap in one's flesh and seem to have some venom which stops coagulation, so that one bleeds for hours after they have been removed from the flesh.

The rains continued almost all night and at 6.30 P.M. Jim Cobb took a reading, apparently his job includes reading the rain fall, and at that time there had been a fall of over two inches, in less than that number of hours.

Wednesday, 17 March 1948. This is something of an anniversary for me, in that I left New York to enlist for the second war on this day and left Kingston, Ontario, for overseas also on St. Patrick's Day. However, nothing much happened. We went in separate directions this morning, I going down to the aborigine village, Van following his trap line, and Len following the Mossman River. Len and I joined up later in the morning, returning to camp together to find Van there and we all went down to the pool for a swim.

It was my day to do the cooking and I was late getting away in the afternoon but went up to the in-take, my favorite spot. My equipment is rather sketchy, consisting of a butterfly net, a killing bottle and a club. Seeing a butterfly, I put down both bottle and club, and of course then ran across a carpet snake, I could see only the last four feet of him and, not being quite positive that he was a carpet snake, made no effort to grab him with my hands. By the time I could get my club and return, only his tail was showing and while I landed on that with force, it did not prevent him from going wherever he intended to go, down a gully below some thick bushes, apparently. I did not follow him there, still, and even now, not being sure he was only a carpet snake. He must have been about eight feet, total length.

In the evening, Gil Bates, Art Taylor and Harold Lane arrived, the last being on his regular job at the power house. The balance of my rum vanished but fortunately Len came up heeled and the party was quite successful. Van has taken Lane out hack-lighting, Gill and Art have returned to Mossman, Len has gone to bed, after reading me all the news from The Cairns paper, so I might as well bring this to a close.

Tomorrow will be our last full day at Mossman River Gorge as we are planning to return to Cairns on the Friday bus from Mossman. S.S. Time sends in varying reports but she should reach Cairns some time during the first half of next week. My fingers are hitting the wrong keys with such consistency that I had better close up.

Thursday, 10 March 1944. I am in a room in the building in which I am working. I am in a room in the building in which I am working. I am in a room in the building in which I am working.

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The building is a large, old, stone building. It is a large, old, stone building. It is a large, old, stone building. It is a large, old, stone building. It is a large, old, stone building.

Thursday, 18 March 1948. Len and I out this morning, first up to the in-take and then down the branch river as far as we could go. Separated at a good collecting spot and after about a half hour's work I managed to break my way down the stream to the spot where Harold Lane and I crossed last Sunday. Len came along a little later, as I waited and rested there for a while, having had a bad spill and broken a bottle which he had been carrying in his pocket.

We had a number of visitors during the evening; Art Taylor and his wife arrived in, bringing with them a very nice cake, baked entirely in our honor. They had been with Gil Bates up to Devil Devil and had seen George there. Harold Lane also came, having sent his linesman up during the afternoon with a loaf of bread and a pineapple for our tomorrow's meals. Both Arthur and Harold have made reservations for us on the bus that runs to Cairns, and since the Mossman agent is the lad with whom I bowled last Saturday, we should have no difficulty in getting both ourselves and our gear on the bus.

According to the Cairns paper, which I have not yet read, the strike has broken out with redoubled fury and the strikers in Townsville have refused to load the Time. Everything seems to happen to that ship and she is known as a hoodoo all along the coast; just why, nobody knows, except that she is a sort of whipping boy and if anybody wishes to vent spite against anything, they show it by giving a severe kick in the stern to Time.

It is now 10.45 P.M. and our guests have left; Len and Van have gone out jack-lighting, since Art brought up another gun, and I am sitting here holding the fort with some difficulty. This time tomorrow we shall be back in Hides Cairns Hotel, if that means anything.

Friday, 19 March 1948. I failed to mention the most important thing about yesterday; Art Taylor brought up a pound and a half of tobacco, which they had purchased by some devious means known only to themselves. We were in desperate straits, Len having about ten cigarettes and I four and neither of us with anything in our pouches.

Last night Len and Van got a large wallaby, redeeming to some extent the mammal collecting average for our first camp, hereafter known as Mossman River Gorge.

This morning things were somewhat rushed as Art Lane was to call for us at 1.30 and Van had to get his traps in and his wallaby skinned before that time. Len was limping somewhat from his tumble of yesterday and did not go out of camp at all; I went up to my favorite spot, the water in-take, and gathered in one or two odds and ends. Harold arrived on time and drove us to Mossman where, somewhat to our surprise George joined us for a few minutes while we were waiting for the Cairns bus. We had not expected to meet him until we all arrived at Cairns.

In celebration of the return of the hunters, I experimented with the nearest thing I could find to a Manhattan, brandy and Italian vermouth. It arrived nestling at the bottom of a huge goblet, evidently the local idea of a cocktail glass, and did not resemble a Manhattan to any noticeable degree. It was ~~reviv~~ revivifying, however. Our dinner was a large and slow one, slow on account of its size, and it tasted very good.

Strike news is still bad and the men in Townsville have refused to unload S.S. Time. Of course she cannot leave Townsville for Cairns until she has discharged and we are as uncertain as ever.



Saturday, 20 March 1948. The morning was filled with odd jobs, ~~later~~ to be completed before the town closed down for the weekend and in the afternoon Van and I spent our time at the Museum, the place which has been loaned to us for storage and working, while Len and George drove out with Gil Bates to look over the land in the neighborhood of Bellenden Kerr, a mountain to the south of us.

Van and I occupied ourselves for the bulk of the afternoon and I, finishing first, returned to the hotel to find a placard on the elevator asking that it be not taken to the second, or top, floor, where our rooms are. On inquiring I was informed that a wedding was to be held on the first floor. (I had better explain here that the floors run Ground, First and Second) and that when the elevator stuck, it always did so at the second floor. To circumvent that, the thing was not to be taken that high until after the ceremony.

I bathed and cleaned up, by which time Van had come in, and we went down to the first floor for a drink. That was the scene of action, and the bridal party was gathered there, the bride dressed in a vivid crimson net gown. Being Saturday, the Cairns string orchestra was playing on the landing between the ground and first floors and signals were passed to them to play the appropriate music for the wedding in between other numbers rendered for the diners on the ground floor. Van and I sat sipping our drinks and watching in the lounge on the first floor, amid wedding visitors all dressed up with hats on, when the first break occurred, in the shape of a man in a bathrobe with a towel around his neck, who arrived in our midst looking for the shower room. A little later "Here comes the Bride" struck up and the wedding guests rose and stood still, only to be parted by the same man, returning wringing wet from his shower. Then it was found that signals had been crossed anyway and the bride had not moved from her post behind the elevator shaft. That ended the ceremony for us and we went down for dinner.

In the evening we went to the movies and saw "Appointment with Crime" and "Home, sweet homicide", altogether a pretty bloody evening.

Some time during our absence Len and George returned, not too impressed with Bellenden Kerr, so the coming week is still uncertain.

For future reference it might be as well to bring the strike situation in here, as far as we know it. The S.S. Time is still at Townsville and only a part of her cargo for that port has been unloaded. New South Wales is now on strike in sympathy with Queensland, but we need concern ourselves only with the latter. At the best possible, Time could not reach Cairns until the end of this week, and in that event would arrive at Easter, during which period Australia closes from Thursday until the following Tuesday. No work could be done during that period and the only hope, which is not even a faint chance, is that our freight might be unloaded prior to Thursday. Then we, at least, could get on with our repacking.

This situation also brings up the long range effect of this on the expedition. Money is being used up - we have applied for reservations homeward for October but it is conceivable that lack of cash could force a return before then. On the other hand, if cash holds out we should put in this lost three weeks at the end of the trip. Things can simply be said to be remarkably indefinite.

Our results, with the sketchy equipment available to us, so far have been good, but we are all champing at the bit and desperately anxious to get to the right place and job.



Sunday, 21 March 1948. George and Van went out during the morning and for the day with Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, up to the Tully Falls, a lovely scenic spot. Len and I stayed in the hotel all the morning catching up with mail, etc., and consequently there is little to report just now.

Until something happens there is not likely to be much to write about anyway and if only I could tell what day it was without writing this thing daily, I would cease to do so for the present.

Monday, 22 March 1948. Today's news is far from good, in so far as the Time is concerned. Her agents report she is still in Townsville with only a part of her cargo unloaded. Her coal is all consumed and they are no longer able to keep the ship's lighting system working although there are tons of coal on the wharf. Worst of the lot is the fact that three of the crew have been discharged for subversive activities and it is on the cards that when all the other strikers return to work, the seamen will go out.  
take

With Easter coming up, we shall ~~have~~ no particular steps though we are planning a camp for all four of us, either at Bellenden Kerr or at a point north-west of Cairns or both. If, after the Easter period is over, there is nothing new in strike conditions, we must consider the possibility of borrowing or procuring enough equipment somehow for two or three of us to start work in one of the areas which fit our original plans. It will be difficult as so much of the equipment is irreplaceable, by any method whatever; even the matter of food would offer quite a problem, but the whole situation is becoming quite serious.

One or two trains ran today and some equipment of George's, which he had left at Rockhampton when he flew up, has arrived. That gives us a little more to work with. The rifle I ordered from Brisbane also came in but the ammunition could not be shipped by air and is following at some date by freight.

Tuesday, 23 March 1948. The morning paper came out with the good news that the strikers at Townsville had decided to continue with the unloading of the Time. That, to us, brought us three possibilities, (1) That we leave our gear aboard the ship for the rest of the trip. (2) That we try to have it unloaded at Townsville and sent up by rail. (3) That we have it unloaded at Townsville and have it sent up by road. In the matter of (1) we learn that the ship really is being unloaded and that there will be no delay in rebunkering but that now five men of the crew have been laid off and the remainder of the crew may strike as a result. In any event the unloading cannot finish before Thursday, Easter then intervenes and if they are able to fill the crew, the ship cannot possibly leave before next ~~Thurs~~ Tuesday or Wednesday. It is a twenty hour run from Townsville to Cairns. In the matter of (2) the railway people say that if the stuff is set down on the Station platform at Townsville, and if there is a freight train, they will get it up to us, but the railway men are now on the verge of striking and there is no guarantee of any trains at all. In the case of (3), as with (2) also, we have no knowledge of whether the stuff is so loaded that it can be shifted at Townsville anyway, and if it can the freight charges by road would be very high.

Burns Philp's man in Townsville was to examine the ship today and ascertain if the stuff was in such a position that it could be unloaded but he telephoned that while he was on board the ship, he did not get below decks and will not be able to do so until Thursday. By that time of course it will be impossible to unload there anyway until next Tuesday. Dupain, of Cairns B-P, likes the idea of road travel and of course would get a fat fee from the transaction. I would hesitate to trust him with a bent nickel anyway.

[illegible][illegible]

In view of the fact that by no means whatever can we get at the freight until next Tuesday, it seems the most sensible thing to let the stuff remain in the ship, to me. Crew trouble may delay that, of course, but there will be no additional costs. In the case of rail, the delay may be just as long and we will be saddled with extra costs. In the case of road, we do not yet know that we can get the stuff from the ship at Townsville anyway, and the tracking costs would be extortionate.

In the meantime, we shall make a camp for four or five days over the Easter period at a place called Speewah, on the Clohesy River, northwest of here. We shall all be there and in addition Ernie Stevens and his brother may be with us for part of the time, if not all. I have to quit this and start on a food & equipment list, the equipment being the harder. I must avoid as much as possible purchasing stuff that is included in our freight, yet I must have adequate cooking and lighting means.

Len and George were out with Ernie this morning and afternoon selecting this area, Van worked in the Museum while I busied myself finding out what I could about the activities of S.S. Time.

A cyclone passed somewhere just south of us yesterday and as a result we had an extremely high tide last night. The water flooded the streets along the front and reached about a foot up the piles on which the Museum is constructed. Another six inches and a lot of the stuff we have already collected would have been jeopardised.

In my wanderings and enquiries I made the acquaintance of McLoughlin, District Superintendent of railways, Good, Cairns head of Howard Smith, Ltd., who run the Time, and, of course, Dupain. Each of them referred me to the other, at least by inference, and all three of them had a meeting this afternoon, accomplishing precisely nothing, according to their latest reports. The whole situation is something that not even the U.S. would put up with from its labor leaders. It is all blamed on Communist influence, of course, as such things are everywhere, yet one cannot conceive such things happening in Russia itself.

Wednesday, 24 March 1948. A lovely new precedent has been set by the Townsville wharfies - they are unloading the Time but are receiving an extra ten shillings an hour, known as "stench pay". A lot of her cargo consisted of vegetables, which owing to the efforts, or lack of them, of the strikers, have gone bad. The workers demanded therefore an increase of about 150%, before they would return to the ship to work her, on account of the evil smell of the rotting cargo.

There is not much to add to remarks previously made; we may receive some sort of information from Townsville tomorrow relative to the costs and possibility of shipping the stuff by road but are inclined to let it remain on the ship and take a chance on its arrival. There are pros and cons to both methods of shipment and the third, shipping by rail, is as dubious as either of the other two alternatives.

Today was spent, so far as I was concerned, in preparing for the five day camp over the Easter period, which will receive the name Speewah Camp, Clohesy River. Rations have been purchased, all necessary supplies are being borrowed, when possible, and we should not be out of pocket as most of the stuff I have got consists of expendables, such as batteries, collecting materials and so on. The costs of rations will be much more than offset by the money saved in hotel bills.

By the time we return, probably some time on Tuesday, there may be something definite, and perhaps even good, about S.S. Time.



Thursday, 25 March 1948. The day was fairly active in the assembling and packing of equipment for Speewah Camp and we have an inordinate amount of stuff, considering the fact that we shall be back here on Monday. However, an extra man is joining us, making it seven and we are providing the food for all hands so we shall come back lighter than we set out.

Latest developments in our main journey are good but again hinge on the Townsville situation. The B-P man at that town telephoned that he had been on board Time and had been unable to locate our cargo, but there was still a lot of Townsville stuff not yet unloaded. The wharfies are stringing the job out as far as it will go, particularly with their extra "stench pay" and it was to be expected that they would not finish the job before the Easter holidays set in. Also the report given to me only yesterday that there would be no trouble rebunkering has now been replaced by the statement that there will be a great deal of trouble. To set against all that, there is a truck coming by road from Townsville on Wednesday night, if our baggage can be found and loaded on the truck, and the Yalata is scheduled to leave for Thursday Island about the Saturday following so there is a faint possibility that we may be able to get away about the end of next week.

Arthur and Mrs. Taylor came down from Mossman for the evening, and had dinner with us at the hotel. They have just left and we are getting ready to turn in ourselves. The weather has been stifling again the last couple of days; the Museum, which is our workshop, is like a Turkish bath and sweat ran down my body in streams all day, while I was working there. The weather added to the uncertainty of everything makes the whole situation that much more trying on all hands.

Len is still limping from the tumble he took during the Gorge Camp and complains that the pain is moving down his leg. I hope there is nothing seriously wrong.

We depart for Speewah about 9 A.M. tomorrow.

March

Friday, 26/1948. Gordon Stevens and Alf Reed called for us about 6 (sic)

A. M. this morning and we started first for the Museum to load gear, and then set out along the Kuranda-Mareeba road over the range. After about two hours driving we turned off the good Bitumen road onto a bush track and ran into trouble with the light car in which Ernie and Mrs. Stevens were travelling. They had to get up a steep gully and managed it at the cost of a hole punctured in the radiator, which meant filling up with water every ten minutes or so.

Speewah is a clearing of several acres cut out of the deep forest and a house stands there, built on stilts about ten feet high. The owner, Mr. Beavers, has about five head of cattle, horses, chickens and ducks at a little stream, called either the Munonga or Upper Clohesy, runs near the house.

We separated into parties, some being well-equipped and others ill; I was one of the latter, of course, and went out with Van, later separating from him to search for death adders, which are said, with the usual Australian exaggeration, to be plentiful. The only thing I could find worth writing about was a scorpion, against whose whole tribe I have a grudge since one stung me on the Roraima trip. The other parties got nothing at all, and Van who set a line of perhaps thirty traps, found them all untouched on his night round. This is said to be native cat, the striped variety whose

Thursday, 27 March 1963. The day was fairly sunny in the morning but became overcast in the afternoon. The temperature was in the 40s and 50s. The wind was light and variable. The sea was calm. The tide was out. The sky was blue with a few wispy clouds. The sun was shining brightly. The air was fresh and clean. The water was clear and blue. The beach was sandy and smooth. The rocks were dark and jagged. The trees were green and leafy. The flowers were colorful and fragrant. The birds were singing and chirping. The insects were buzzing and humming. The overall atmosphere was peaceful and serene.

Friday, 28 March 1963. The day was sunny and warm. The temperature was in the 50s and 60s. The wind was light and variable. The sea was calm. The tide was out. The sky was blue with a few wispy clouds. The sun was shining brightly. The air was fresh and clean. The water was clear and blue. The beach was sandy and smooth. The rocks were dark and jagged. The trees were green and leafy. The flowers were colorful and fragrant. The birds were singing and chirping. The insects were buzzing and humming. The overall atmosphere was peaceful and serene.

Saturday, 29 March 1963. The day was sunny and warm. The temperature was in the 50s and 60s. The wind was light and variable. The sea was calm. The tide was out. The sky was blue with a few wispy clouds. The sun was shining brightly. The air was fresh and clean. The water was clear and blue. The beach was sandy and smooth. The rocks were dark and jagged. The trees were green and leafy. The flowers were colorful and fragrant. The birds were singing and chirping. The insects were buzzing and humming. The overall atmosphere was peaceful and serene.

Sunday, 30 March 1963. The day was sunny and warm. The temperature was in the 50s and 60s. The wind was light and variable. The sea was calm. The tide was out. The sky was blue with a few wispy clouds. The sun was shining brightly. The air was fresh and clean. The water was clear and blue. The beach was sandy and smooth. The rocks were dark and jagged. The trees were green and leafy. The flowers were colorful and fragrant. The birds were singing and chirping. The insects were buzzing and humming. The overall atmosphere was peaceful and serene.

Monday, 31 March 1963. The day was sunny and warm. The temperature was in the 50s and 60s. The wind was light and variable. The sea was calm. The tide was out. The sky was blue with a few wispy clouds. The sun was shining brightly. The air was fresh and clean. The water was clear and blue. The beach was sandy and smooth. The rocks were dark and jagged. The trees were green and leafy. The flowers were colorful and fragrant. The birds were singing and chirping. The insects were buzzing and humming. The overall atmosphere was peaceful and serene.

Tuesday, 1 April 1963. The day was sunny and warm. The temperature was in the 50s and 60s. The wind was light and variable. The sea was calm. The tide was out. The sky was blue with a few wispy clouds. The sun was shining brightly. The air was fresh and clean. The water was clear and blue. The beach was sandy and smooth. The rocks were dark and jagged. The trees were green and leafy. The flowers were colorful and fragrant. The birds were singing and chirping. The insects were buzzing and humming. The overall atmosphere was peaceful and serene.

Wednesday, 2 April 1963. The day was sunny and warm. The temperature was in the 50s and 60s. The wind was light and variable. The sea was calm. The tide was out. The sky was blue with a few wispy clouds. The sun was shining brightly. The air was fresh and clean. The water was clear and blue. The beach was sandy and smooth. The rocks were dark and jagged. The trees were green and leafy. The flowers were colorful and fragrant. The birds were singing and chirping. The insects were buzzing and humming. The overall atmosphere was peaceful and serene.

existence we very much doubt, country, but so far, in spite of our fairly large party, there has been no sign or trace whatever. In the evening George went out, returning with a brown snake, now in formalin, which I must look over when I finish this, but no native striped cat.

Alf Reed and I drew the assignment of dinner orderlies and turned out a very tasty dish of canned beef stew and celery, plus bananas, bread, butter and cheese, and tea.

Sleeping accommodations vary somewhat; Len is spending the night on a cot, under the house, George has his South American hammock slung on the verandah, Van is sleeping on the verandah floor and the others are draped around the place in various positions. I have the best of the lot. One of Mr. Beaver's possessions is an operating table, the first to grace the town of Cairns and dating back about seventy years, whose legs have been cut down; it has been converted into a cotch but the jointed part which in those days was elevated and propped up much as a deck chair is, remains and works. I have issued an ultimatum that if anybody gets any surgical ideas, he is in danger of my club, which at the moment forms my whole collecting equipment.

Saturday, 27 March 1948. This turned out to be a somewhat mixed sort of a day with some of us, including myself, suffering various minor troubles. To start Van complained of a pain in his lower abdomen and was off his feed. However, his traps turned in a fair collection, which did him a lot of good. George got through the day without any mishap, so far as the rest of us know, and has been rather patronizing. Len, Ernie and Gordon started up-stream to a junction named Stony Creek but got bushed and were away for about seven or eight hours, arriving back in a state of near-collapse. My own trouble came after dark; I had no light and got tangled up with some barbed wire, incurring two gashes across my chest and a deep puncture between my right thumb and forefinger.

The original plan this morning was that I should return to Cairns with Ernie and Gordon, get what information I could on the subject of Tiem and cargo and radio a message out to the rest at Speewah. It turns out however that George does not like the place as a hunting ground, so Ernie will come out to get us some time on Monday afternoon and we shall all be on hand when and if there is any particular news. Gordon, oddly enough, is working on the installation of a motor in Yalata, which ship, we hope, will carry us up to Thursday Island at the end of next week.

Saw my first cassowary in the open forest this morning but having only a stick and a butterfly net, there was not much I could do about it. Not that I would anyway because we do not want any birds.

Sunday, 28 March 1948. Out at 6 A. M. with George this morning; he had set a new trap line yesterday afternoon and we went together to the point where the line started, separating there, and I worked my way back until I struck the trail back from the hill I had climbed yesterday morning.

My bag consisted of one centipede, one green spider and one damselfly and to my mind that does not justify getting up at 5.45. Van got a smaller catch in his line, five assorted rats, and George picked up nothing in his new line. In some respects, I suppose, it is worthwhile getting everything in sight as it will all be new to the Bug Dept. but it also seems rather a waste of time, in that we are not where we are supposed to be. Once we reach our proper area, I surmise that collecting will be faster and more furious and everybody except Jetty Joe, if he has not by then taken another job, will put in very full days and nights.



In connection with Jetty Joe, a telegram came from about two weeks ago, asking if everything was still as arranged. He was somewhat disturbed by our delay probably, but Len replied explaining the trouble with Time, etc., so we still expect to find Joe waiting when we reach T. I.

Since yesterday's was the first cassowary I have ever seen in the flesh it might be an idea to put in a little bit of description of it. It was in scrub and didn't wait for me to make any close examination but looks very much like a cross between a very large turkey and an emu. The long neck is a metallic blue, the crest or comb and wattles bright red and the rest of the bird almost sooty black. Len tells me that the young are very good eating, and that will be about our only interest in them, for the pot.

George, in desperation, spent the time from 5.30 until 9 P. M. in the bush searching for at least a sign of the native cat. There was none, though he did return with a bandicoot and something else which I do not remember. For myself, the daughter of the house rendered a concert for her boy friend and me, playing a long series of old songs and tunes on the piano by the light of a hurricane lamp. There is no other form of light available. She was taught to play by a cousin and does very well. The nearest neighbors are about eight miles away, a journey of several hours through the scrub on horseback.

Monday, 29 March 1948. This will be our last day at Speewah as we are expecting Ernie Stevens to arrive for us somewhere about 3 P. M. I listened to the radio news, hoping for some word of Time but could learn nothing but the fact that Russia can make two atomic bombs whereas the U. S. can produce them in the necessary military quantity, and that the striking men at Rockhampton have decided to hold a meeting next Wednesday to decide when they will return to work.

George and Van were away early on their traps, Len has just gone out and I have finished my specimen packing, both bugs and reptiles, must have a bit of a wash and then must go out and procure enough to fill a partly filled box so must close this up for the present. As we had prepared rations for six men for five days and it turned out to be four men for three and a half days, there is quite a lot of food to be packed and taken back.

I notice that the only time I have referred to our hosts, I spoke of Mr. Beavers. That is wrong, the name is Veivers, there is a Mrs. as well as a Mr., a son, a daughter and a cousin all living there, in addition to whom the daughter, Ivy, had her boy friend staying for the Easter holidays. As might have been inferred from the description of their farm, they are definitely backwoods people, whose travel and horizon is limited to the village of Kuranda, which may contain two hundred souls. But they all have a good control of English and speak well and with good accents. Their attitude towards the war is one of indifference, I find; it is generally regarded as something which interfered with their running of the farm and none of them were in any branch of the service. They found a mild resentment to an Australian who was found concealed at the bottom of a well with a wireless transmitter, by which means he was communicating with the Japs, but I think they would not have lynched him or taken any very stringent action. Ivy, the daughter, had found the farm too quiet and had tasted the joys of Cairns, but had come back to relieve her mother of some of the work around the place. They treated us with great courtesy and consideration and seemed sorry when we left this afternoon. A present of some kind for Mrs. Veivers is in order.

Van seemed rather under the weather still on our return, Len has tick bites, George seems all right, and I have my barbed scratches. Now I must close to get these sheets mailed.

in conversation with Betty, who, I believe, was a friend of the family. I was sitting at the table and Betty was standing by me. I was looking at her and she was looking at me. I was looking at her and she was looking at me. I was looking at her and she was looking at me.

George, in conversation, says that the time from 5:30 until 9:00 p.m. in the house was very quiet. I was sitting at the table and Betty was standing by me. I was looking at her and she was looking at me. I was looking at her and she was looking at me. I was looking at her and she was looking at me.

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Tuesday, 30 March 1948. As was to be expected there was nothing new in the matter of equipment when Len called at B-P's this morning; we knew, of course, that no work would have been done during the holidays and the call was merely a matter of form. Later in the afternoon a telephone call came from Dupain to say that four of Time's holds had been almost emptied and there was no sign of our equipment. The fifth hold, said to be loaded with Cairns cargo, would not be touched in Townsville and doubtless it is there that our stuff is.

Heavy showers during the afternoon and evening did little to break the thick, muggy heat of Cairns; I spent most of my day running around looking for other kinds of meat supplies than those we have as my companions do not like what we have already purchased. The fact that there is nothing else to be procured does not seem to enter the matter. The search was fruitless and was simply a repetition of previous searches.

The little side trips, while productive of some specimens, do not do very much good and the enforced inactivity of our daily existences and the uncertainty of our future ones does harm to tempers and dispositions.

Van is still indisposed and went to a doctor this afternoon; the trouble, the doctor said, is some local form of colitis, whatever that may be, and Van was delighted with his medicine, a thick, creamy mess smelling strongly of vanilla.

Wednesday, 31 March 1948. And still the news is unreasonably bad. The unloading of Time should be completed this evening but for some reason not apparent, the coal re-bunkering is not to be carried out until next Monday and there is just a faint chance that she may arrive at Cairns a week ~~far~~ from today. It really is the most abominable thing and it happens in every nation, that one small body can hold up and do untold damage to the much greater balance of the population. To blame it on communism does not make any sense to me.

We shall probably go away tomorrow for six or seven days but I am not quite sure just where as nobody feels inclined to transport us and it is quite possible that the railwaymen may decide to strike again tomorrow. I think they have had their turn and gone back to work but they may be feeling a little tired now. The general idea is in the neighborhood of Bellenden Kerr, a mountain some sixty miles to the south of Cairns. I would hesitate very much in going out of telephone distance as it could be that the re-bunkering of Time might be carried out before next Monday. Anything can happen but it seems at present that our only chance of getting clear in time to take Yalata will be if the coaling is done sooner than expected. It would be too bad if, for the sake of a few local specimens, we were to miss the Yalata connection, through not being within telephone call.

The usual supplies of food have been laid in and I think I shall make a deal that I shall prepare all the meals if the others will do the washing-up and clearing-up. They have complained so much about the food that the only thing I can do is show them that it is good and palatable, provided somebody takes time and pains in preparation. Their method is to grab and open the first tin they see; if they happen to find the bully beef is nearest, we have bully beef until it is gone, during which time there is a constant tumult about unbalanced and monotonous diets.

Must take this out now and get some letters away or ready for mailing tomorrow. The usual evening storm (it is about 5:30) has started and there is a cool breeze blowing on my spine for a few moments.



Thursday, 1 April 1948. There was a fairly hectic rushing around in the morning in view of the fact that there was no train or rail-motor, which is a sort of trolley-car which runs along rails, to Bellenden Kerr. I dickered for a while with B-P who got hold of a man who wanted L6-6-0 to take us out. That seemed high and finally a man was found to do it for L3-10-0. He called for us at 2.30 at the hotel and we reached our destination about 5.30. It is a former can-cutter's camp, consisting of a large corrugated iron shed, divided into separate rooms and having a kitchen stove set up in one room. It is situated in the middle of cane fields, as might be expected, and our run after leaving the main road was rough.

It did not take long to settle, however, and Van and George set a short trap line while Len and I got the camp into shape and began to prepare the evening meal. Then a very serious oversight was discovered - I had packed everything but one of the other three had for some purpose rearranged the contents and all the plates had been left behind. I took my meal from a frying-pan and the others each had a vegetable serving bowl, looking something like the three bears except that the bowls were all the same size. We shall have to do something about it tomorrow as the chances are that we shall be here for six or seven days.

So far it is too early to give much in the way of impressions but we nestle close up under the slopes of Bellenden Kerr and it seems to be fairly cool, so far. No mosquitoes are apparent so far but almost every other kind of insect there is congregates about the lamp by which I am writing. There is a general feeling by all hands also that it will be well to watch one's step when walking around.

The strike news was unchanged when we left but about two miles away there is a house with a telephone; the occupants have promised to receive messages for us and Dupain has been advised where he can get in touch with us, should there be any change.

The others have turned in now though it is only 8.40; I think I shall read one of my who-dun-its for a while and then do likewise. By the way, those books are a God-send and I wish to record my gratitude to everybody who subscribed to my library.

Friday, 2 April 1948. There is one range of hills to our east and then the ocean; in other words our camp lies between the low coastal range and the higher second range which includes Bellenden Kerr. Len is preparing breakfasts during this camp and as he moved around the kitchen this morning, where I am sleeping, he roused me and I looked out. The rays of the sun were just appearing over the coastal range and hitting the top of Bellenden Kerr, the sky was blue, orange, gold and white with clouds and grey tendrils of mist roved down the mountain side to lose themselves in the green of the forest with which B. K. is covered.

Last night, for no particular reason, I looked under my bed and found a nice little black snake there; of course I had absolutely nothing to take him with and by the time I had found an old broom stick with which to clout him, he had disappeared. Probably he was harmless but I bear the advice of Herpetology well in mind.

George and Van did very well with their traps last night but my early insect results were poor and last night's snake was the only one seen by anybody. Later in the morning I had a little better luck and in the afternoon went up the foothills of B.K. to the point where water for the few shacks which comprise the village is piped down. There is a charming little glen there and a one inch pipe seems to supply everybody's needs.



The night last night was cool, even under a mosquito netting and although we are at no altitude. I had to pull a blanket over me after a while and George got up about 4 A.M., dressed and went back to his hammock. Some kind person gave Len a pair of sheets of which he is very proud; it has even been suggested that we take sheets up to the Cape when we finally get away but there has been enough havoc created with the budget without going into luxuries such as that.

The food which we are having this time seems to meet with more approval but it is simply, I believe, because I have supplied serving dishes instead of dumping each man's share on his plate. Psychology, that's the thing.

My stomach itches as the barbed wire gashes heal up but the hole in my thumb is still deep and open.

Just for the record, the name of the man who drove us out here, and who says he will be glad to take us back at the same rate when the time comes, is Woodward.

Saturday, 3 April 1948. There is not much to set down in the way of history tonight. Heavy rains last night just about ruined all trapping for George and Van; Len and I went up to the foothills of Bellenden Kerr, separating there, and Len went up to about 1,600 feet while I hit off at a tangent to get into scrub. Collecting, from my point of view, was poor though I managed to rid the world of another scorpion.

George established a new trap line, telling me that he had cut a very plain trail from where we enter the scrub over to Junction Creek. Len was late getting in for lunch so I went to meet him, passed him about half a mile from camp, he going in, and went to look at George's line. I was able to follow it for a short distance and then got hopelessly off it. Managed to force my way through thick growths of painful lawyer cane and eventually reached Junction Creek but was then faced with the job of returning. I followed the Creek down for some distance hoping that I would reach the open cane lands but the stream went into a gorge and I had to come up to the level of the high banks and return through the scrub. Herpetology was enriched by three leeches which were trying hard to work their way through my boots, I found on getting back to camp.

George and Len are going to try, with guides, to get to the top of B.K. on Monday, spending Monday night on the trail. Van has to take over George's traps and though they invited me, I see no particular point in trying to get to the top, just for the sake of getting there. I shall stay with Van and try to augment my collections, with which I am not pleased.

Some cane cutters turned in a blind-snake, the first of the trip, and Len told me he stepped on one during the morning but he and the snake retreated rapidly in opposite directions and did not meet again. Tomorrow George and I will go out together and he will show me that broad highway he cut through the jungle, which I could not find this afternoon.

Sunday, 4 April 1948. George and Len have just finished preparing their packs for their climb of Bellenden Kerr tomorrow and expect to take about two and a half days for the job. Van seems to want to go with them but to me the very sight of a pack is enough to make me shiver. They have not had to carry them for nine years.

George and I went out together early this morning to examine that line he cut in the scrub and I could not find. As far as I can judge, I lost it at a



river crossing and picked up a spur line, leading nowhere, which he had cut in order to lay out some traps. Not knowing that I followed the spur and afterwards got myself bushed on reaching the end of the spur.

Another nasty thing I find about the Australian scrub is connected with lawyer vine, that spiked and vicious thing that grows so profusely. The small young tendrils of it cling and tear at one and if removed by hand leave spines sticking in the flesh so small that they are not noticed or felt - until next day, when the flesh around the spot swells and festers. Just at the moment I have no fewer than seven such swellings.

Dupain is supposed to telephone some time tomorrow giving us word of Time but if I do not hear, I shall go to the nearest telephone on Tuesday and call him. If there is no particular news it is uncertain when we shall return to Cairns but I am prepared to pack up at a moment's notice myself and get back and on with the job. There is the matter of our passage north to be considered as well as the actual arrival of the freight.

Monday, 5 April 1948. This is the first really, consistently wet day we have had and incidentally is the day on which Len and George started their climb of Bellenden Kerr. They went up with two local boys who are acting as guides and had not been gone from camp a half-hour before the rain started. That was about 7.15 and it is now 2.15; the whole day has been a series of heavy downpours separated by lighter drizzles. George and I had hoped to signal by morse, using flashlights but now I can barely see the loom of the mountain. They will not get back until Wednesday, if they carry out their plan.

Van took over George's trap-line in addition to his own and for the first part of the morning was bemoaning the fact that he was not with them. Recently however, his moans have become less. The new trap-lines which both Van and George laid last night were quite productive and Van has a full day of preparation.

For myself, I have spent the morning soaking my hand in a bichloride of mercury solution; the barbed wire jag in it finally became infected, together with a couple of lawyer cane splinters which penetrated near the barbed wire hole. In any event, the weather has been such that I could do nothing in the way of collecting and I decided against the B.K. climb because I feel that the things to come will be rather harder and there is no point in burning myself out over non-essentials like that. Tomorrow, unless word has come from him, I must somehow get in touch with Dupain and arrange for our return to Cairns on Thursday, whether or not there is any particular word of S.S. Time.

I think this is the first time since leaving the Museum that I have touched a typewriter by daylight and it feels odd somehow.

Shortly before coming to this camp, we took delivery of three secondhand bicycles and Van and I ride gravely about our various duties. Len and George have not yet been persuaded to ride them, although they were Len's idea, but I find mine to be a great saving on the feet. Pretty well everybody rides them in Cairns but I find myself showing huge attention to motor traffic and judging carefully whether or not I can cross a road in safe time before a car perhaps almost half a mile away, which I see in the distance, can do so.

As I am more or less on the sick list and Van is so busy anyway, I am doing all the cooking today. We have just consumed a lunch of Vienna sausage, carrots, toast, marmalade, cheese, butter, tea and oranges picked from a tree growing behind the camp. I doubt if King George did as well and I am quite sure George and Len did not. Bully beef, under a rock overhang, likely.

I have been thinking about you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking about you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

Tuesday, 6 April 1948. Shortly after finishing yesterday's entry here, a boy came up from the village to say that somebody wanted to "see" me on the telephone; having been house-bound all day on account of my infected hand, I was disgusted at being caught half-way in a roaring rain storm but it was worth it, if the news I received is true.

First of all, the strike is finished in all departments, coal, rail, sea and wharfies. All are to return to work today. Secondly S.S. Time is supposed to leave Townsville tonight and reach Cairns early Thursday. It was Dupain who gave me that information and I had myself switched over to Cutmore and arranged for Woodward to call for us at 2.30 PM on Thursday and transport us back to Cairns.

The remainder of last evening continued the downpour in which I was caught and at times the rain beat so heavily on our tin roof that Van and I had to shout to make ourselves heard across the width of the table. Bellenden Kerr was invisible practically all of the evening and there was no possibility of signals being seen between George and me.

Van and I have one dry pair of pants and one dry sport shirt each, with no chance of getting anything else dry but our plight must be luxurious compared with the chaps up the mountain. It is not likely that they will be able to make fires as everything will be completely soaked, and the only shelter they will have will be under overhanging rocks unless they can contrive something from banana leaves and other foliage.

The rain this morning was not so incessant but there has been no sign of the sun and if anything is hung outside, one must rush out in a few minutes and bring it back in again. I have to go to the village again this afternoon and Dupain was to telephone again, after communication with his Townsville branch. To go, I shall put my wet clothes on again and save my dry stuff for my return. Shall cease this until I have the latest word, but it will be good to have our equipment. Even boots cannot be greased until we get it and mine certainly need that; I am afraid they will fall apart unless they are treated pretty soon.

Later, same day. Found a message waiting for me when I went down to the place where our telephone messages were received, stating that S.S. Time is due to start unloading at Cairns at 9 A.M. on Friday.

Mist over Bellenden Kerr in the evening prevented me ~~seeing~~ seeing any sign of George's light but, in case he was able to see mine, I sent the following message. "Strike over - Time unloading Cairns Friday morning - cannot see your light." I sent the message twice so if he could see my light, he and Len know the late developments.

It seems that we shall soon have a constructively busy time, though as yet we know nothing of ships to the north other than Yalata, which is supposed to depart from Cairns tomorrow.

Wednesday, 7 April 1948. This is our last full day at Bellenden Kerr and as with the last several, it has rained on and off all day. Van had average luck with his traps on his round this morning early but I did very little for myself. Reptiles are scarce so I have been putting most of my time on bugs, wandering around with net and killing bottle.

I had a few specimens in the bottle this morning and was after another; it escaped through a hole in the net and somehow the bottle was overturned, the lid came off and those in it went floating down the stream.



George and Len arrived in just about noon from their successful attempt against Bellenden-Kerr. Both looked very bedraggled and weary and had not been dry since their departure on Monday morning. Many bites of leeches were visible on them and several of the pesta fell from their clothing as they changed into drier stuff.

The climb had been pretty tough and the weather atrocious, of course; their first camp, Tick Camp, was at 3,000 feet and they spent both nights at that spot, reaching the summit and returning to Tick again last night. The whole of the trail apparently is through scrub, with lawyer vines and their attendant thorns plentiful, as the scratches on them denoted. They had contrived packs for themselves from old potato sacks and both had carried weights of about twenty-five pounds. Rain had rotted the straps of the packs and caused considerable trouble in un-balance of weight.

I fixed both up with some good hot food and again at supper time filled them up; it is not 8.40 but Len has turned in. George is reading one of my who-dun-its while I type this and Van works on his skins. The rain is pouring down again and not once have we seen the top of the mountain from this camp since our arrival here.

The name of the camp, which I think I have not before recorded, has been settled as Junction Creek, Russell River; permission to collect mammals on Bellenden Kerr itself was refused so all specimens taken are from the surrounding lowlands and from the Junction Creek camp. The refusal of a collecting permit is odd - it is based theoretically on the fact that Bellenden Kerr is a national park. Insects and plants may be collected there but nothing else and the remainder of the wild life is vanishing because fires are fairly common and it is illegal to put out a bush fire in a national park. However our worries will soon be over on that score; there are no more national parks north of here.

Thursday, 8 April 1948. There was a little more sunlight on this, our last day at Bellenden Kerr, but it was frequently broken by showers and in general this has been by far the wettest week we have so far spent in Australia.

Van's traps last night produced only five specimens and my reptiles were augmented by two large lizards. Nothing much was contributed to the cause of science during the day.

Woodward called for us at 2 o'clock on the button and we had everything packed and ready; the stream, however, which his car crossed with ease when bringing us up, was so high that he could not cross and we had to carry our gear out to the truck. It was not far but the slippery stepping stones across the brook put a bit of zest in it.

Returning to Cairns now is a quite usual thing for us and we feel rather like old inhabitants, resenting, or at least commenting on, new arrivals at the hotel who were not there when we went away. This time there are a number of Philipinos staying here. However, the staff always seems glad to have us return and our waitress usually produces double scoops of ice-cream for those who desire them. I will admit that our dinner tasted perhaps a bit better than those I have been preparing but also I defy any chef to produce from the cans I use, any more tasty dish than I produce.

S.S. Time is not yet in so we do not know much about the various reports that have reached us; that will have to await our investigations tomorrow, as will the steamer north from here and other related matters. In the meantime we shall have at least one good night's sleep.

large and small groups of people were seen in the streets and squares of the city. The atmosphere was one of excitement and anticipation. The people were dressed in their best clothes, and many were wearing hats and coats. The streets were filled with the sound of music and the sight of flags.

The people were gathered in groups, talking and laughing. They were looking at each other and smiling. The atmosphere was one of joy and happiness. The people were feeling good and were enjoying the moment. The streets were filled with the sound of music and the sight of flags.

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Friday, 9 April 1948. Right after breakfast Van and I went down to the wharf to make certain Time was there; she was, her hull red with rust and the gilt letters of her name black with tarnish. A few of the crew were leaning against her rail, throwing bits of meat to stray dogs and looking a bit sheepish though to give credit where due, they did not strike, merely enjoyed a lot of pay and idleness while others struck.

Unloading started about 10 A.M., by which time Len and I had called on Dupain, of B-P, and received his promise that everything to hasten things would be done as soon as our stuff showed up. Then we investigated ships leaving for the north and gathered a lot of information, none of which is entirely definite. John Burke's ship, Wandana, is not due to leave Cairns until the 23rd (she is just now at Brisbane and leaves there on the 17th); another Burke ship, Cora, is supposed to leave Cairns for Thursday Island next Tuesday or Wednesday but has no passenger space, though she could carry the cargo; another ship already mentioned, Yalata, is still up the stream and also expects to leave about ~~Thursday~~ Wednesday, a week later than she had previously expected; Len has engaged two plane reservations for next Wednesday and four for the Wednesday following, in case we are unable to travel with the freight, as would be the case with Cora, though we are all exceedingly reluctant to let the stuff out of our hands again.

The main thing is to get the freight out of the ship and in our hands and then we can make final plans.

There seemed to be quite a bit of work to be done during the day - finishing touches to collections, and of month settlements with the bank and our various accounts, dinner for Gil and Mrs. Bates who are going away on Monday for about two weeks, and so on. We ended up at an exhibition of Queensland wood and timber which bored me so much that I went out to sit on the step of the place and almost fell asleep. I rectified that by getting back to Hides Hotel and sleeping there.

Saturday, 10 April 1948. Van watched the docks this morning and came back with the report that never before had he seen such quantities of peas and jam and that no part of our cargo had yet emerged. Of course the wharfies stopped work at noon and do not start again until Monday.

George and Len are both suffering somewhat from the leech bites they acquired when climbing Bellenden Kerr and George had medical attention for his this morning. I have had one or two but high boots, laced outside my trousers have kept me pretty free from the loathsome things. They are black, about the size and color of the lead in an ordinary pencil and about an inch long at first. They show a horrid eagerness as they writhe towards whatever piece of flesh they think they would like, and if left to their own devices, swell up almost to the size of my little finger. With some of them, you can feel their first puncture but most attach themselves without betraying their presence at all. After being detached, which is best done by applying a lighted cigarette, they leave behind them a hole about a quarter inch in diameter, which bleeds profusely. They seem to inject some form of venom which retards coagulation and Len particularly just streams with blood from one of their bites. In rain forest they are in abundance and will attack the face, neck or any other part that is exposed.



Sunday, April 11 1948. This has been a pleasant day, with nothing being required to be done very urgently. It is about the first day we have had when we could really slack and take things easy.

Len spent most of it at our warehouse, straightening out his plants; Van went out to Green Island, a spot about fifteen miles offshore from Cairns; George loafed around during the morning and went out bat-hunting with George Brooks, the local dentist; I wrote letters all morning and in the afternoon went out to see a Rugby game. Shortly after 5 PM Len and I went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Dupain, where we were invited for cocktails. I had hoped that as Mrs. is the leader of society in Cairns we might really get a cocktail, but it turned out to be Scotch and soda. Not that I sneer at that by any means.

The dentist, George Brooks, holds a good dental degree but is far more interested in natural history than dentistry. I had to have some minor repairs made on Friday, going to his office twice. Each time George left the victim in the chair, once with his mouth stuffed full of what looked like cotton bandage, to come out and talk expeditionary affairs with me. I have to see him again on Monday to have a cleaning job done and am wondering what effect his interest in the expedition will have on his fees.

Dupain was in good form and would, I think, be good fun out on a party. He knows the South Pacific well and has spent all his life at the various Burns, Philp branches, serving in the small islands as well as in New Guinea and on the mainland.

Tomorrow we start waiting again for our stuff to come out of Time's capacious holds so I hope I shall have something interesting to set down in this by tomorrow evening.

Monday, 12 April 1947. Today has been another of those rushed periods with many small things to be done which appear simple and easy and, of course, are, but they take up a lot of time, such things as transference of funds from our dollar account to our sterling account, packing of specimens which people insist on bringing in just when everything has been packed, searching of the town for enamel plates and scarce commodities, repairs to a camp cot belonging to Ernie Stevens and so on, with never a sign of our freight emerging from the black and smelly bowels of the Time.

This evening I had to go to the Museum to take some cartons over there and to pack up a hermit crab that Van brought in last night and forgot until noon, and after attending to these jobs, at 6 P.M., I walked over to the wharf. To my vast delight and relief, I arrived there in time to see our first crate come out of the hold, quickly followed by another. I did not wait for them all - they must be somewhere near each other - but it means we can start work tomorrow morning on the re-packing and dismantling of the crates. That in turn means that we can be ready to sail on Wednesday or Thursday, if there is a ship to take us.

There simply is nothing definite in this country and if a definite statement is made, it is sure to be corrected eight hours later. For example we were told that Cora, the Burke ship, will leave here definitely on Tuesday. That was last Friday. Today I learn that she is still in Townsville. Many such things have happened, quite unrelated to the strike, and nobody seems to care very much whether they know anything about anything or not. The manana spirit is abroad in the land here just as much as in South America. However, I shall have some envelopes tomorrow.

Monday, April 11 1948. This has been a pleasant day with nothing being expected to be done very urgently. It is about the first day we have had when we could really slack and take things easy.

I've spent most of it at our residence, attending to our patients; Van went out to Green Island, a spot about fifteen miles offshore from George's Island, and went out patrolling with George. The local dentist, I wrote letters all morning and in the afternoon went out to see a rugby game. Shortly after 5 PM Van and I went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Doherty, where we were invited for cocktails. I had hoped that as Mr. Doherty is the leader of society in George's we might really get a cocktail, but it turned out to be Scotch and soda. Now that I agree that by any means.

The dentist, George Brooks, holds a good dental degree but in fact more interested in natural history than dentistry. I had to have some minor repairs made on Friday, going to his office twice. Each time George left the victim in the chair, once with his mouth stuffed full of what looked like cotton bandages, to come out and talk excitedly about his work. I have to see him again on Monday to have a cleaning job done and an answering what effect his interest in the expedition will have on his fees.

John was in good form and would, I think, be good fun out on a party. He knows the South Pacific well and has spent all his life at the various islands, Philip Brothers, serving in the small islands as well as in New Guinea and on the mainland.

Tomorrow we start waiting again for our ship to come out of Timor's capacious holds so I hope I shall have something interesting to set down in this by tomorrow evening.

Monday, 12 April 1948. Today we had a day of those washed periods when many small things to be done which appear simple and easy and, of course, are, but they take up a lot of time, such things as the transference of funds from our dollar account to our sterling account, book-keeping of the town for stamps, plates and scarce commodities, repairs to a camp not belonging to the Stevens and so on, with never a sign of our freight emerging from the black and smelly bowels of the time.

This evening I had to go to the museum to take some coppers over there and to pack up a hermit crab that Van brought in last night and forgot until noon, and after attending to these jobs, at 8 P.M., I walked over to the bank. To my vast delight and relief, I arrived there in time to see our first crate come out of the hold, quickly followed by another. I did not wait for them all - they must be somewhere near each other - but it means we can start work tomorrow morning on the re-packing and dismantling of the crates. That in turn means that we can be ready to sail on Wednesday or Thursday, if there is a ship to take us.

There simply is nothing definite in this country and in a definite statement is made, it is sure to be corrected eight hours later. For example we were told that Gore, the Duke's ship, will leave here definitely on Tuesday. That was last Friday. Today I learn that she is still in Townsville. Henry such things have happened, quite unrelated to the strike, and nobody seems to care very much whether they know anything about anything or not. The manner spirit is abroad in the land here just as much as in South America. However, I shall have some envelopes tomorrow.

Tuesday, 15 April 1948. Our crates reached us at the B-P warehouse we are using about 9.30 this morning and from then until now, 10.15 P.M. things have been very busy.

Much more repacking was done than I had expected and even now the job is far from finished though we should complete it tomorrow. After that all the stuff we have collected so far, which is stored in the Cairns Museum, also has to be packed and removed to the B-P warehouse.

It seems likely that we shall use the Lochiel, an awful little tub about fifty feet long, to get us to Red Island, and there is some talk of George and Len flying up, which means of course that Van and I have not only the dirty part of the journey, but also the dirty job of finishing up the packing. It is not yet definite, though - nothing ever is definite in Australia, as far as I have seen up to now.

The day has been hotter than the last few and working under a corrugated iron roof did not tend towards coolness anyway. However, the thing to do is get things ready and then wait again, perhaps not for long. Lochiel is not yet in Cairns but is said to be arriving tomorrow and leaving perhaps on Thursday night.

Breakfast is early tomorrow so I shall close this up and write more at length when the job is done. As an afterthought, it is three years ago today that I left the Canadian Army and presumably ended my soldiering career.

Wednesday, 14 April 1948. The big news of the day came through just before noon when our trans-shipment by the Lochiel was finally arranged for all hands and all baggage. We leave some time tomorrow evening and loading starts at 9 A.M.

Lochiel herself rather beggars description; she is about forty or fifty feet long, carries a crew of one black man, two white men and the captain, Smith, whom I have not yet met. She is probably ten feet in beam and has an oil burning engine which she rarely uses, relying instead on her jib and a big mainsail. Just where we shall all sleep remains to be seen as there is practically no cabin space and hardly any room on deck to lay down cots. The masts are too far apart for George to hang his hammock and rather too short and stumpy for us to drape ourselves as bats do. I went down to see her this afternoon and learn that one of the crew is Canadian and the other from Seattle. Smith is Australian.

They were loading tomatoes for the journey north but I did not see much else in the way of rations.

Other news came from Thursday Island - The Protector of Islanders has engaged three natives for us who, subject to our approval, will make the whole trip with us. Jetty Joe will be waiting at Red Island and our first camp will be at Lockerbie Springs, not on any map but ~~about~~ about eleven miles east of Red Island Point, which is known locally and ominously as R.I.P. The reason will be investigated and reported later.

The repacking job has been hectic but has been completed, though no listing of the repacked boxes was kept. No doubt each man knows just what part of the operation he performed and each man's personal kit of course is his own responsibility. Tents and primary camp supplies are unmistakable and readily available.

Our Thursday Island visit will have to be deferred until the return trip to Portland Roads as we shall save two days by going direct to Red Island. Also we shall omit Cooktown, calling only at Portland Roads on the northward trip. In general, we shall be able to pick up about five of our lost days.

Thursday, 15 April 1942. Our crates, packed as by the S-F warehouse we are being about 9.30 this morning and from then until now, 10.15 P.M. things have been very busy.

Much more packing has done than I had expected and even more so for a few minutes though we should complete it tomorrow. After that the stuff we have collected so far, which is stored in the dining room, also has to be packed and removed to the S-F warehouse.

It seems likely that we shall use the hospital, an extra little job about fifty feet long, to get us to bed at night, and there is some talk of George and Len taking it, which means of course that Van and I have not only the dirty part of the journey, but also the dirty job of cleaning up the packing. It is not yet definite, though - nothing ever is definite in Australia, as far as I have seen up to now.

The day has been hotter than the last few and working under a corrugated iron roof did not seem towards coolness anyway. However, the thing to do is get things ready and then wait again, perhaps not for long. Nothing is not yet in outline but is said to be arriving tomorrow and leaving perhaps on Thursday night.

Breakfast is early tomorrow so I shall close this up and write more in tonight as the job is done. As an afterthought, it is three years ago today that I left the Canadian Army and prospectively ended my soldiering career.

Wednesday, 14 April 1942. The old nose of the day came through just before noon when our break-up by the hospital was finally arranged for all hands and all baggage. We leave some tomorrow evening and leaving starts at 9 P.M.

Lockhart herself rather better description; she is about forty or fifty feet long, carries a crew of one black man, two white men and the captain. She is probably the last in the line and has an old burning engine and the travel gear, relying instead on her 10 and 12 high pressure. Last night we shall all sleep remaining to be seen as there is practically no cabin space and hardly any room on deck to lay down coats. The mats are for a night for George to hang his hammock and rather too short and sturdy for us to make ourselves as comfortable as we can. I went down to see her this afternoon and learn that one of the crew is Canadian and the other from Seattle. Smith is Australian.

They were loading tomorrow for the journey north but I did not see much else in the way of rationing.

Other news come from Thursday Island - The Protector of Islanders has engaged three natives for us who, subject to our approval, will make two whole trip with us. Betty Joe will be waiting at Red Island and can first camp will be at Lockhart's Springs, not on any way but about eleven miles east of Red Island point, which is known locally and commonly as R.I.P. The reason will be investigated and reported later.

The reporting job has been hectic but has been completed, though no listing of the packed boxes was kept. No doubt each man knows just what part of the operation he performed and each man's personal kit of course is his own responsibility. Tanks and private camp supplies are unclassified and readily available.

Our Thursday Island trip will have to be postponed until the return trip to Lockhart's as we shall have two days in being direct to Red Island. Also we shall miss Lockhart, which only at Lockhart's on the morning trip. In general, we shall be able to pick up about five of our last days.

Thursday, 15 April 1948. Before shifting from the Cairns scene, I wish to record an amusing incident which happened during the Bellenden Kerr period. George had been much plagued by leeches and sewed on the bottom of his trousers a strap to pass under his instep, thus holding his trousers well down inside his boots. The straps worked so well that when he stooped, his trousers split from crotch to top, up the back, and had to be fastened together with some safety pins from the medical kit. That was not too bad but on the return from the mountain top, wringing wet as he was, Deogge decided to change his clothes. Shortly there was a yell from him and he was found tied up in an almost inextricable knot. His clothes had not been off for three days and it was not found out, until he was almost completely dislocated, that his trousers had been pinned together with his underwear.

Last evening we entertained Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, the dentist, and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, the Govt. horticulturalist, all four of them ardent naturalists, and all of them having been of great help and assistance to us.

The morning passed quickly, odds and ends having accumulated and sundry jobs having to be rushed through in time for sailing. That hour was indefinite until the last minute, the crew, about 5 P.M., being almost in a state of mutiny over a deckload of four tons of ice and two tons of salt which arrived at the last minute.

Dupain came in for drinks shortly after 5 P.M. and a small party started, carrying on through dinner and continuing after when Henderson, the manager of Hides Hotel, took over the programme. It was not until about 10 P.M. that we were informed that there was a man at the door wearing only a pair of shorts, who wanted to see Len. To let a person clad so lightly into the hotel would have been a major infraction of the rules governing this miniature Waldorf (have I stated that on the wall of the elevator there is a sign which reads "Guests will wear coats for all meals and ties for dinner - signed The Management") so Len went down and brought the man up to the lounge muffled in his, Len's, coat. Henderson and his wife came down to the dock to see us depart and were horror-struck at the Lochiel. Our sleeping quarters are in the forecastle, which contains bunks (4) and is possibly eight feet square. Roaches in their thousands were scampering over everything and practically stood up and cheered when they realised that there were to be four sets of eyebrows for them to chew on during the hours of darkness.

Loading had just ~~started~~ finished when we arrived on board and the crew were having their first meal of the day, steaks and eggs; one or two of them were quite well oiled but we were also and formalities were not observed to any great extent. The boys of the crew are an interesting lot but I shall do more in the way of description of them and the ship tomorrow. Let me sign off tonight by describing my last conversation, which took place with the one black member of the crew. He informed me that his name was Koko and he was the son of Jerry Koko. He told me further of the death of his father and of his effort to buy a headstone costing £180 but the protector would not let him pay more than £75, the money coming from the fortune of £300 left by Jerry at his decease. At this point poor Koko Junior was taken with a fearful attack of hiccoughs, fell from the coil of rope on which he had been seated, and was piloted to whatever place he sleeps. I crawled down to the forecastle, myself fortified against roaches or anything else and slept as soundly as Koko.

Friday, 16 April 1948. I do not know whether or not I can give an adequate description of Lochiel or whether I shall have to try my hand at drawing. Perhaps both, but I shall try words first. She is

Thursday, April 1948. Before sailing from the Galien arena, I tried to go  
 cord on Sunday, the home which happened during the  
 Balaban Kari Kari. George had been injured by Isidor and was on  
 the bottom of his trousers a stain to show where his finger, then holding his  
 trousers, fell from inside his boots. The straps worked so well that when he  
 stooped, his trousers split from crotch to top, up the back, and had to be fixed.  
 and together with some safety pins from the medical kit. That was not too bad  
 but on the return from the mountain top, arriving wet as he was, George decided  
 to change his clothes. Shortly there was a fall from his and he was found tied  
 up in an almost inextinguishable knot. His clothes had not been off for three days  
 and it was not found out until he was almost completely disoriented, that his  
 trousers had been pinned together with his underwear.

Last evening we entertained Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, the dentist, and Mr. and  
 Mrs. Stevens, the Govt. horticulturalist, all four of them, and a number of  
 and all of them having been of great help and assistance to us.

The morning passed nicely, cold and once having accumulated and empty  
 jobs having to be mended through in time for sailing. That hour was in fact  
 until the last minute, the crew, about 5 P.M., being almost in a state of waiting  
 over a deckload of four tons of ice and two tons of salt which arrived at the  
 last minute.

Isidor came in for drinks shortly after 5 P.M. and a small party started  
 carrying on through dinner and continuing after when Isidor, the manager of  
 Hotel Hotel, took over the programme. It was not until about 10 P.M. that we  
 were informed that there was a man at the door wearing only a pair of shorts,  
 who wanted to see Isidor. Isidor called no reply, in fact the hotel would have  
 been a major indignation of the rules governing this winter resort (have I  
 stated that in the wall of the elevator there is a sign which reads "Guests will  
 wear coats for all meals and also for dinner - signed The Management") as Isidor  
 went down and brought the man up to the lounge muffled in his coat, coat,  
 handkerchief and his wife came to the door to see us and Isidor and were hurried  
 to the hotel. Our sleeping quarters were in the forecabin, which on  
 Isidor's (A) and a possibly eight feet square. Isidor in his forecabin  
 were occupying over everything not especially good to and conversed when they  
 realized that there were to be four sets of bedrooms for them to show on our  
 the two hours of darkness.

Isidor had just returned finished when we arrived on board and the crew  
 were having their first meal of the day, steaks and eggs, one or two of them  
 were quite well clothed but we were also and Isidor's were not observed to  
 any great extent. The boys of the crew, who were waiting for me I shall go  
 more in the way of description of them and the ship tomorrow. Let me sign off  
 tonight by describing my last conversation, which took place with the one black  
 member of the crew. He informed me that his name was Isidor and he was the son  
 of Isidor Kari. He told me further of the death of his father and of his effort  
 to pay a handsome fee to the doctor who would let him pay more  
 than £100, the money coming from the fortune of £200 left by Isidor at his de-  
 ceased. At this point poor Isidor Junior was taken with a violent attack of his  
 cough, fell from the coil of rope on which he had been seated, and was pitched  
 to whatever place he slipped. I overtook him in the forecabin, a small forecabin  
 against someone on anything else and slipped on a rug as Isidor.

Friday, 19 April 1948. I do not know whether or not I can give an adequate  
 description of Isidor's location, or whether I shall have to  
 say up hand at evening. Perhaps Isidor, but I shall say words first. The is

fifty feet in length, with a beam of fifteen feet amidships. Tonnage would be about one hundred tons, her power is one Diesel engine, two mainsails and a jib but so far the sails have not been used. She is of no particular color, nor ever has been, as far as I can see, as there are not even ~~any~~ remains of any paint job, but she is sturdy and very strongly built. If the reader knows what one of the Messick tugboats, which flit around New York harbor, looks like, and adds a fore and a main mast, there you have the Lochile, outwardly.

Working from bow to stern along the deck, first one comes to a hatchway about two foot six square; that is the entrance to our quarters, about six feet below the deck, and from our quarters there is a door leading into the galley which contains a kerosene ~~burning stove~~ burning stove constantly in a state either of refusing entirely to light at all or else burning with such ferocity that we are in constant danger of being blown sky high. Back on deck again and moving aft, one comes to the main hatch, an opening in the deck perhaps nine or ten feet square; the hold is filled with cargo and on top of that hatch is the two tons of salt and four tons of ice that caused the trouble yesterday, so I cannot comment very much on the conditions in the hold, though I can well imagine them. Just after the main hatch there is the wheel house, which contains three bunks, and between the wheel house and the stern of the ship there is a space of about three or four feet. I do not know where the rest of the crew sleeps. The decks are piled high with cargo and one climbs over crates of oranges, bags of pumpkins and the four ton berg of ice in order to move from bow to stern; sedately and decently nestling on top of a large sack of potatoes are our three second-hand bicycles.

The captain, a lad of perhaps thirty-five, named Bill Wallace, is from Portland, Oregon, strangely enough, and was in Tucson, Arizona, when we ran the 1940 Expedition to Tucson. He knows all the air crew and has met Dick Archbold. The cook, Terry, was born in Winnipeg but has taken out Philippine citizenship, deciding that only fools work and he can live comfortably in the islands without working. How he decides that cooking for eleven or twelve men in his minute galley escapes the name of work, I do not know. He rejoices in the possession of a new ~~percolator~~ coffee percolator and he and I have the same liking for that drink, which is considerably greater than that possessed by anybody else on board. Consequently, after meals, another coffee pot is made and shared by us both. A third member of the crew is a redheaded lad, an Australian. I don't know if he has a name and when I inquired was informed "We just call him Bluey." There is also Koko, spoken of yesterday, and two other men whose positions I do not know; I think they are both passengers and one is leaving at Cooktown this evening.

We have cruised all day about five miles offshore and were level with Mossman when we woke this morning. At first our only stop was to be Portland Roads but the passenger and the additional cargo have made a Cooktown stop necessary. We should be there about 7 P.M. this evening but do not anticipate a long stay there. So far the engine, which was in something of a state of chaos yesterday, has pulled manfully and Bill Wallace seems an efficient engineer. Terry, the Canadian Philippine, does a good job of cooking and tells us he will be sorry for us when we get into the hands of Jetty Joe McLoughlin, our field cook. Maybe professional jealousy. The sea has been like a sheet of deep blue glass; what small wind there is is dead against us so sail has not yet been called into service. Just recently we passed under the loom of Mount Finnegan, which most likely will be our last camp on the way home; as with Bellenden Kerr, its summit was deep in mist and we shall know little of its difficulties until we encounter them, maybe in August or September.



Our toilet facilities are strange and strained; water is carried in a cask on deck, from which a hose protrudes - the water is obtained on the siphon principle, serving for washing and drinking purposes. Perhaps a scientific journal is no place for a description of a john but ours is so unique that it must go into this - it lies in a narrow space between our quarters and the galley and outwardly looks normal and usual. The trick is the flushing of it; first one turns a knob which permits the entry of water into the pan, then you pump very vigorously at another handle which compels the water to go in, rather than merely permitting it to, and finally a third operation, involving additional furious pumping activities, forces the water out again and into the blue Pacific.

A certain part of our deck cargo consists of crates of mandarin oranges consigned to one Lee Foo, a Chinese merchant of Thursday Island, suspected of collaboration with the Japs during the war. Two of his crates are open and his choice oranges are being handed around freely. Terry has just informed me that he is making lemon meringue pie for supper and indeed there is a very pleasant smell of baking seeping into our small and close quarters. He intends to feed us well and we were promised "the best accommodation the ship can afford."

So much for Lochiel: I feel, after reading this over, that to try and draw a sketch of here merely would be gilding the lily.

Saturday, 17 April 1948. The coastal range is getting lower and lower and the temperature higher and higher; metal parts of the ship are so hot during the day that one cannot touch them and when we called at Cooktown last evening, about 7 P.M. the thermometer was at ninety degrees.

This entry must be mainly about Cooktown, both because it is the last outpost of civilization and because it will be our last main base camp on our return journey when we make the collecting camp on Mount Finnegan. I can best describe Cooktown by comparing it to a village crossroads in Wisconsin or Ohio; the usual pub, church, general store idea and although the Cooktown area includes many, many square miles, there are not more than two hundred white people in the whole district.

In honor of our arrival today's ration of beer had been laid on last night, one nine gallon keg, and with the crew as our guests largely, the keg was emptied as the hotel keeper, Mrs. Johnston, requested. George, Len and Van went up to the hospital to call on Dr. Kesteven, with whom they had had correspondence, while I maintained things in the hotel. Most of the township came down to see us off and to bid us hasten our return, but it will not be until July or August that we taste beer again, with the possible exception of Thursday Island, after our camp at the Tip has been finished.

It is now mid-afternoon and we are sailing along past mountain ranges on the mainland which probably are no more explored now than they were when Captain Cook first discovered them. Large and small islands appear on the seaward side and shortly, about 4 P.M. we should reach Switzer's Reef, where another small craft like this is aground. We are carrying some salvage equipment to her side but our next and only scheduled stop is Portland Roads, where we should arrive some time tomorrow. That will mark something over half of our journey and we should reach R.I.P. on Tuesday.

Fortunately the evenings are fairly cool and even our little oven-like forecastle gets some drop in temperature until sleep becomes possible. Terry keeps up his high standard of cooking but two more days of this will be ample and I at least will be glad to reach the field of operations and get things started. Then we shall find out fairly quickly how long the job at the Tip will take and whether we shall be able to catch Alagna on May 21st.



Sunday, 18 April 1948. Even under conditions such as these which might conceivably be considered as out of the ordinary, if not tinged with some touch of romance, one can get good and tired of a sea journey.

Yesterday late afternoon was enlivened with our visit onto the reef at the place where the Darwin went aground. The copper sheathing was torn on the coral and a lump of the sharp, jagged formation had pierced right through her hull in one place. The reef itself was about twelve inches under water when we got out from the dinghy in which we paddled around the wreck and went fossicking around on our own account. I was interested in the giant clams though elsewhere they grow to much greater sizes than we found them here. The largest I saw was not more than ten inches across. What pleased me more was the finding of some cowrie shells, parasitic on the giant clams. The cowries have been in my shirt pocket for twenty hours now and it is time I took some measures to get the fish out of the shells.

It will probably be well to list the various promontories passed during the time after leaving Cooktown. Between that point and Switzer's Reef, the branch of the Great Barrier on which Darwin ran aground, the salient features are Cape Bedford, Cape Flattery, Weary Bay being south of Cooktown and none of the other bays marked until we passed Cape Melville; we headed away from the mainland to reach Switzer's Reef and it was dark when we left that point. We rounded Cape Melville shortly after midnight and passed north of Flinders Island, heading about northwest across Princess Charlotte Bay. Annie River and Annie River Landing, the point where we intend to emerge after our second, Portland Roads, camp has been finished, lies at the foot of Princess Charlotte Bay, as do the Normanby and North Kennedy Rivers. Port Stewart, once the port for Coen, no longer is active and we reached the main shore-line some distance <sup>away</sup> of it anyway.

We came close in to the mainland about at the mouth of Dinner Creek at somewhere around 10 A.M. The Great Dividing Range, at this point shown as the McIlwraith Range, could be seen some distance back from the shore line and on the further side of the range Attack Creek, Archer River and Peach River flow off the west side of the range. We passed the mouths of Scrubby Creek and Rocky River, then Nesbitt River, and now, at the time of writing, we are about forty miles south of Cape Direction, which forms the eastern side of Lloyd's Bay. The Lockhart River, having its source in the main range and flowing eastward, turns north and opens into Lloyd's Bay and is mentioned here because we have been advised to get blacks from the Lockhart River Mission for our work in the Portland Roads-Annie River stretch. Portland Roads itself is another seventeen to twenty miles NNW after we round Cape Direction and we shall not get there before dark, a fact that I regret because I wished to have a look at Restoration Island, where Capt. Bligh made his first landfall. Iron Range, another district of interest to us, where we shall be camped for some time, is about twenty miles SW from Portland Roads and the Claudie River, of particular interest to me because Jetty Joe wrote that it teems with crocodiles, has its origin near Iron Range. My new 303 rifle should get some exercise about there and Gil Bates gave me nearly 300 rounds of ammunition for it before he left Cairns.

I started this entry by saying that even a journey like this palls after a while. I find myself itching to get on with the work we have come here to do and it is so much of a holiday cruise that I am beginning to resent the slowness of the trip. Some time during the night or early morning we shall cross Weymouth and Temple Bays and leave the Map Sheet I am referring to now. Another two days must elapse before we can round the tip of the Cape and prepare for our disembarking at T.I.P. Our first camp after landing will be at Lockerbie Springs, as I have said somewhere, and we shall set up camps also at Matee Head, or in its vicinity, and somewhere near the mouth of Jacky Jacky Creek. If we can get things done in time to get the Alagna on May 21st remains to be seen. We shall try.



Tomorrow or Tuesday I shall start getting mail ready for sending off with these sheets; it will be given to Bill Wallace for mailing when Lochiel gets to T.I. Apart from the map points and perhaps a few words about Portland Roads there probably will be little to write and as we shall reach and leave P.R. in darkness and the only place we are interested in or which, in fact, exists at P.R., the Fisher store, is some miles from our landing point, there will not be much to say anyway. This diary is good practice, though, and keeps me informed as to the date.

Monday, 19 April 1948. At the very bottom of Map Sheet 1 there is a prominent headland jutting almost due east into the Pacific. No name is given on the map but it is Cape Grenville and we were level with it when we rose this morning, having made no stop at Portland Roads last night. Restoration Island is marked with a beacon and I stayed up until we had passed that point. Weymouth Bay and Temple Bay followed and then we ran off that sheet onto No. 1, where we now are, which shows the rest of our journey.

Bill Wallace says that but for the stop at the scene of Darwin's wreck, we should have been able to reach R.I.P. this evening but as it is and with that port being in the condition it is, not navigable at night, we shall not dock until tomorrow morning. We are some distance out from the main shore line but heading in toward it and should close up on it about the area of Pudding Pan Hill. Then travelling north, we shall pass in turn the mouth of Escape River, Turtle Island, the mouth of Jacky-Jacky Creek and Somerset, swinging west around Cape York village and the extreme Tip and then running south-west down to R.I.P.

We hoisted sail yesterday afternoon, which increased our speed by about a knot, and had us bouncing around over the waves like a cork. The wind freshened during the night but dropped toward dawn and now there is not much more than a alight breeze blowing. The engine had to have an overhaul this morning and although the main-sail was at right angles to the hull, there was barely steerage way on the ship. A turtle was sighted floating perhaps asleep in the water and Perry and Koko were planning to get it for food; they did not, however, and now, the engine is chugging away again, we are bowling along at a good speed.

Our cargo consists of eleven pieces, special, which means ammunition, medicines and such things, to be kept away from the engines; forty-eight pieces of food and equipment, which were packed in fairly small lots so that we should have cases and crates of a usable size for other purposes; fifty-two pieces of expeditionary equipment and supplies, mainly in our expedition boxes; fourteen pieces of personal baggage, including our blanket rolls and personal boxes; our three bicycles make up the balance. There will be something of a job in the checking of them tomorrow when we land.

During Len's visit to Thursday Island he arranged with the man who runs the saw mill at Rad Island, Richard Holland, (known to his two sons, Ted and Bill, as Ginger Dick, the bastard) to transport us somehow to our camp site at Lockerbie Springs, and we hope to be met by Ginger Dick, our own Jetty Joe and the three black boys who have been provided by the Protector of Islanders. If we are, and Ginger Dick is ready, there is nothing to delay our departure from R.I.P. straight out to Lockerbie. Lockerbie can be sighted by drawing a line from Red Island to Somerset and spotting it about the middle. Then we shall erect our camp and be in shape to start work on Wednesday morning.

Now I have to close up and get mail ready for despatch; tomorrow I shall find out what arrangements we can make for the despatch of later mail but this at least, should get away fairly promptly. There is one trick - before leaving New York we understood that there was daily plane service between Cairns and T.I. but actually it is once a week.



Tuesday, 20 April 1948. Yesterday afternoon, having time to kill since Bill does not want to enter R.I.P. harbor by night, we spent several hours ashore on a double island which shows on the maps under the name of Hannibal. It was a pleasant break and a couple of turtle's nests were turned up, yielding nearly two hundred eggs.

An apple pie, which I had requested from Terry, did not materialize in time for last night's dinner but our breakfast this morning consisted of scrambled turtle eggs and a somewhat soggy apple pie.

The entrance to R.I.P. was a twisting, tortuous channel and I could readily understand Bill's reluctance to come in by night. There was a fairly well-built pier, constructed by the Army during the war, against which we tied up the Lochiel and disembarked to make the acquaintance of Jetty Joe McLaughlin, our cook, and an old comrade of Bill, Terry, et al. Jetty Joe is Australian but had all the earmarks of a somewhat wizened, small Irishman. He proved his competence as a cook by procuring a large mackerel and serving a good fried fish lunch within an hour of our unloading. The two Holland boys, Stan and Tom, arrived to meet us in and then their father, Ginger Dick, showed up and took command. He is a man of perhaps fifty-five to sixty and his knowledge of Cape York goes back to the time of Frank Jardine, one of the earliest explorers of the district. Ginger Dick was in the first war and a speedy rapprochement was established.

His homestead, at Lockerbie Spring, is only a few score yards away from our camp and he had done a lot in preparation for us. There is no doubt that these people are genuinely glad to have us around, if for no other reason than that we bring news of the outside world and a new outlook.

Our baggage was divided into two lots on the pier, one for immediate transportation, containing the tents, camp equipment, food and so on, and the other with stuff not urgently needed, is to be brought out tomorrow. We set up camp in a grove of mango trees, giving us good shade and green ants by the million. The camp is formed with Len's tnet and work tent at one end, a long dorridor of canvas flies for work purposes connecting his area with our three tents at the other end of the corridor. The tents were not set up by the time darkness came on us but that is the plan, with Jetty Joe sleeping in his cookhouse.

Three baleck boys, arranged for by Jensen, the Protector of Islanders, also were waiting at R.I.P. They, or two of them, are young men and fully alive to what is their due. Their names are Robert Massey (probably named after Massey, the former Prime Minister), and Bob McDonnell. The third, George Moreton, from the district of Moreton telegraph station, is older and has not had so many of the advantages of civilization. He arrived with three many-pronged fishing spears, which will look well on the wall of my Brooklyn Museum.

We spent a large part of the evening at Ginger Dick's ranch-house, he doing most of the talking and as usual, the subject turned to snakes - taipans even chase the horses, says Dick, and it is well not to wear boots because then you can tell when you step on a death-adder. Next time I hear that one I shall tell about the rattlers which emerge from the drains along Broadway and the bush-masters which drop from the trees on Park Avenue. That should settle the snake business. And so to bed.

Wednesday, 21 April 1948. Joe served a substantial breakfast of curried bully beef but I contented myself with the first course, oatmeal, and toast and coffee. I must make a note to get a percolator but I still have a little Nescafe - enough for a few breakfasts.

Camp construction went on and things were in good shape by dusk, even the



unpacking being completed and the tent for the boys erected. Each of us has his own tent, such as it is, with table and chair, but somewhat crowded by the fact that each of us has taken in a certain number of expedition boxes and in addition to my boxes, I have the stores of tobacco and rum.

Work should start tomorrow and conditions will be good and easy for the first period, the time we spend at Lockerbie. Later we shall start the subsidiary camps, of which the first probably will be somewhere on the eastern side of the Peninsula, either in the district of Somerset or about the mouth of Wacky Jacky. Later we shall most likely make another camp in the Mutee Head district and perhaps one as far south as the Jardine River.

George is busy trying to explain in pidgin how to set traps. I am quite certain he would make much better progress if he used ordinary English. It is the pidgin that puzzles them, not the traps. In a few minutes Jetty Joe will be banging on his dishpan to indicate that another of his enticing meals is ready for consumption. I wish I could write George's pidgin, which is directed mainly at George Moreton, henceforth to be known as Moreton. It runs something like this "I show you, you use dis hand. Put the wire in the hole with dis hand." Then suddenly he forgets his pidgin "Go alow. Mind the spring. Go slow, take it easy, now you have it." Then a mixture "Tomorrow morning you take out five traps and set them. Then go lookum see." No wonder poor Moreton looks bewildered.

Len has just returned from the cook-house; supper will be in about fifteen minutes so it is time for the cocktail hour and I must stop.

Thursday, 22 April 1948. It is still before mid-day but there is a chance of getting mail out this evening so I want to finish this page. Some of the equipment never reached shore from the Lochiel and I want to find out just what. Also I have to check the B-P supplies, having found out that they substituted on the tobacco and soap without informing us about it.

For the record, Jetty Joe went on the payroll as of the 20th, at an all-inclusive salary of £9-0-0 weekly; during a discussion with him yesterday afternoon, he asked me to hold his full salary unless he asks for it. There will be quite a party when Joe really breaks out, I guess.

Ginger Dick borrowed my rifle last evening and went out and shot a bullock so we had good steaks for breakfast this morning. The animals were originally domestic but for several years have been running wild, are unbranded and free for the taking. If the mammalogists don't stop bringing in specimens for me, when I least want them, I shall go out and get a cow and tell them to skin it.

In the evening we went over to the house and listened to a quiz contest between Australia and Great Britain, followed by the news. Dick had heard in a previous newscast that Walter Reuther, the automobile Union boss, had been shot, but there was no mention of it in the news we heard. Sleeping was good and cool, though the day heat goes up around 95 degrees.

Len and George got out for a while this morning and Moreton, as a result of George's pidgin talk, brought in one mouse. George's response to that was "You one fine-feller boy, it's a Melomys". Moreton just grinned.

There is a boat coming in from T.I. which will take our mail back there for mailing and may bring some in to us as the weekly plane reached Thursday Island yesterday.

unpacking being completed and the tent for the boys erected. Each of us has his own tent, such as it is, with table and chair, but somewhat cramped by the fact that each of us takes in a certain number of expedition boxes and in addition to my boxes, I have the stores of tobacco and rum.

Work should start tomorrow and conditions will be good and easy for the first period, the time we spend at Lushan. Later we shall start the subsidiary camps, of which the first probably will be somewhere on the eastern side of the peninsula, either in the vicinity of Komat or about the mouth of "Rocky" River. I have no doubt that we will make another camp in the head district and perhaps make a few more on the Lushan River.

George is busy trying to explain in English how to set traps. I am quite certain he would make much better progress if he used ordinary English. It is the plain that prevents them, not the traps. In a few minutes Jerry Joe will be paying on his dispatch to instruct the other of his English words is ready for consumption. I wish I could write George's English, which is directed mainly at George Morston, somewhat to be known as Morston. It runs something like this "I show you, you use the hand." and the wife in the hole also the hand. Then suddenly he forgets his English "do slow." Mind the spring. No slow, take it easy, now you have it. Then a minute "Tomorrow morning you come out five traps and set them. Then go looking for it." No more from Morston looks bewildered.

Now has just returned from the cook-house; supper will be in about fifteen minutes so it is time for the usual meal and I must stop.

Thursday, 22 April 1948. It is still before midnight but there is a chance of getting mail out this evening so I want to finish this page. Some of the equipment never reached shore from the Lushan and I went to find out just what. Also I have to check the 5-1 supplies, having found out that they anticipated in the tobacco and soap without informing me about it.

For the record, Jerry Joe went on the payroll as of the 10th, at an all-inclusive salary of 15-0-0 weekly; during a discussion with him yesterday afternoon, he asked me to add his full salary unless he asks for it. There will be quite a party when Joe really breaks out, I guess.

Clifford Dick borrowed my rifle last evening and went out and shot a bullock so we had good steaks for breakfast this morning. The bullock was originally domestic but for several years have been running wild, are unbranded and free for the taking. If the naturalists don't stop bringing in specimens for me, when I locate them, I shall go out and get a cow and tell them to skin it.

In the evening we went over to the house and listened to a radio concert between Australia and Great Britain, followed by the news. Dick had heard in a previous newscast that Walter Reuther, the automobile union boss, had been shot, but there was no mention of it in the news we heard. Sleeping was good and cool, though the day heat goes up around 9 degrees.

Len and George got out for a while this morning and Morston, as a result of George's pig-like talk, brought in one mouse. George's response to that was "You one fine-teller boy, it's a Morston". Morston just grinned.

There is a boat coming in from T.I. which will take our mail back tomorrow for mailing and may bring some in to us as the weekly plane reached Thursday Island yesterday.

Friday, 23 April 1948. The mail went out from here about 3.30 yesterday afternoon but I have no idea on what day the mail plane leaves T.I.; I understand it arrives on Wednesdays. It will be interesting to learn when the letters reach New York.

Nothing more happened yesterday afternoon though during the night I fought the third World War. Oddly enough Turkey first attacked us and later China joined her. I am not quite sure who "us" may be but I know it was a furious war and I spent most of it in a dug-out. It must have been the result of reminiscing with George and Ginger Dick about the first one.

This morning I started my own field work by taking a walk through the scrub to the top of a hill which lies east of camp. The vegetation was too dense to do much but I was able to secure a particularly ugly specimen of centipede, about eight inches long. After a long battle, I got him into a cyanide jar by use of a pair of long forceps but did that deter him? Not a bit of it. In a burst of fury he tore literally limb from limb several other specimens of beetles I had there and it was not until I got back and gave him a bath in the reptile formalin tank that he finally quieted down.

The afternoon was occupied in another jaunt of about four miles which produced a lot of specimens of winged things, butterflies, dragon flies and such, but nothing more.

It might be an idea to set down just what each of us does to earn his living. Len most nearly approaches a normal time-table; his collecting is done during the morning, the preparation in the afternoon and his notes and observations take up the evening. George, Van, Moreton and Bob McConnell form a team; their traps are baited during the previous evening and their day starts with a cup of tea at 6.15 and the collection of specimens taken during the night. Traps which have been sprung are reset and when necessary, re-baited. Then they come back to breakfast, about two hours later, as they have long trap lines. Moreton and McConnell have twenty-five traps each and set their own lines; soon they will be given guns in addition to traps. After breakfast, George and Van prepare the specimens taken, with the blacks looking on, so far, and later they too will take on preparation. That occupies them until lunch and sometimes after and in the afternoon they hunt independently of their traps, Moreton with his fish spear and McConnell by hyptonism, I suppose. The evening sees another inspection and re-baiting of traps. My own day is yet another story. I can eat my breakfast in comfort before going out and then put away the specimens taken during the previous evening. After that I dress up like Astor's pet horse, since I must carry gear for both reptile and insect work, and stagger forth to a destination I have previously selected. My haversack bulges with bottles for beetles, bottles of alcohol for wet and slimy things, bottled for butterflies, a bag for snakes, forceps for picking things up, four sizes of ammunition (I have three rifles but am only able to carry one at a time) a heavy net and a machete. I arrive back after a couple of hours because I know that Jetty Joe will have some tea ready and a bun or something, and from then until lunch I fix up what I have taken earlier in the morning. The afternoon is much the same sort of thing and in the evening I set up my bug trap, which consists of a funnel pendant beneath my lamp, with a cyanide bottle hanging from its open thin end. Bugs attracted to the light, fall into the funnel and thence down into the cyanide jar and I end up with terrific numbers of them. Sometimes I have to go out after dark, as tonight - I had set out some bait for land-crabs, and had to go and inspect it. There were two crabs feasting on it and a third disappeared into its hole when it saw my light. The two waited, to their sorrow, as they also are in the formalin bath now.

That may give a rough idea of the way we four, and the blacks, occupy



ourselves at present and there probably will be little change during the long months ahead. I should have said that Robert Massey is Len's boy and only I am without an assistant. Presumably that is because I have two jobs, and therefore would need two boys. My training of them would be somewhat imperfect since I do not quite know what I am doing myself half the time, but I am amassing a collection in both departments.

The last but not least member, Jetty Joe, cooks merrily away from dawn to dark, and turns out some very good baked stuff; tonight, for instance, there were four pies, the filling being made from different jams. Joe joins us in the evening tot of rum, pretending some reluctance but pouring himself a shot about twice as large as anybody else's; he shows no tendency to want anything more, though, and presumably will hold off until the end of the trip and then go off on a terrible toot. We hope he will hold off until ~~any~~ then anyway.

A word about the weather should suffice for this day's entry; the daytime is hot, from 95 to 100 in the sun, but evenings are down in the lower 70's. I think I have said a blanket is necessary, and soon I must go and get into mine.

Saturday, 24 April 1948. I tried some pidgin on George this afternoon, saying in pure abbo "I go now. I catchum bug. I catchum snake. Bimeby I come back for kai-kai" and he understood every word. Both of us are letter-perfect now, but I'll bet Moreton would have been fooled by it.

The day has been much the same as yesterday and no doubt the remainder of the days will also. Only when we move can there be much to interest anybody who is not here unless he has a vivid interest in the natural sciences. I shall assume that none of my readers have, and therefore our moves will be of greater interest than our daily bread-winning. To the northeast of us lies Somerset, on the Pacific, and to the south-west are Cowal Creek and Mutee Head. All three places appear on our list as possible later camps and from my point of view, anyway, offer more of general interest than does our present spot. I like ocean and Somerset has that to offer; I like people and Cowal Creek has a Mission Station and Mutee has an abbo settlement. Here we have baked earth with bare hills rising a hundred or so feet above the rest of the surrounding land. There is little water, just a few creeks wandering through the eucalyptus forest; to an expert undoubtedly there would be lots to be seen, found and learnt, but with my sparse knowledge, there is little.

Collections mount up, however, and I suppose that by the end of the trip we shall have a very fair amount of stuff as a result of our visit. At the moment George, Len and I are in camp and Van is out jack-lighting. I shall have to do it occasionally, I suppose, though I do not know just how it applies to insect collecting and so far as reptiles are concerned, while their eyes do show, some of them, they do so very faintly and my eyes are not what they used to be in the spotting of the reptiles' eyes.

One of the sad things I have to contend with is the fact that my watch has ceased to function and heaven knows when I shall again know what time it is.

Tomorrow is Sunday but no day of rest for us; the boys are singing in their tent, a dismal monotone. It is only about 8.30 but the days are long and tough. Again my blessings go out to those good friends who subscribed who-dun-its; I shall read for a while and then turn in, though the moon is bright overhead and the breeze blowing cool and strong.



Sunday, 25 April 1948. The thing most worth recording today is the fact that the watch has started going again and some mail came in from New York, England and Florida. I do not quite know how it got here as Tom Holland has not yet returned from T. I., but I think it was sent over to the telegraph station with theirs and the lineman brought it over.

My collecting trips of the morning and afternoon did not produce a great deal and the afternoon one was most noteworthy for the fact that I rode my bicycle to the area I had selected. The bike is in bad shape after the treatment it received on the Lochiel and I shall have to give it some attention tomorrow. The mammal collecting also fell off in numbers last night but we shall most likely put in another ten days or so here before moving to the Pacific Coast point selected. Our journeying south, so far as the mode of transportation is concerned, is quite uncertain.

When Pallister, Museum entomologist, returned from Peru shortly before we left, the papers made much of the fact that he brought back somewhere around 70,000 specimens of insect. It seemed incredible but the answer must be in the collecting by light and funnel, referred to in last night's entry. So many minute things fall into the jar that even I must have by now, after only having the contraption rigged four nights, several thousand of the little things. I wonder what Cazier and the rest of the entomology department will do with them and how long it will take to examine and identify them all.

The south-east trade wind has been blowing all day and will continue for the next few months. It is a breeze much beloved by sailors but does not help a bit if one is typing or if there is a table loaded with specimen envelopes.

Moreton asked me for an electric torch so the boys could go walk-about by night. We have no extras but I lent him a cycle lamp. He asked how much it was and on being told seven shillings, produced from some secret store two florins and four threepenny pieces which he proffered. I refused but had better order a few extra batteries for the lamp.

A scrub turkey, shot yesterday by Len, formed our supper tonight and Jetty Joe did things up completely by boiling a plum pudding to go with it.

Monday, 26 April 1948. Sometime long after we had turned in last night we were disturbed by the advent of several people from T.I. who had come over on a picnic to the telegraph station. They had heard of our arrival, wished to make our acquaintance and borrow some rum. Both wishes were gratified and they spent some time at Ginger Dick's house singing, though we returned to camp and turned in. Terry McLeod, the Winnipeg lad from the Lochiel was on the party though barely with it; he experienced considerable difficulty in standing but talked at length about the apple pies he had baked for us and would bring over personally this morning.

He did not arrive, of course, but this evening young Dick Holland, youngest son of Ginger Dick, drove to R.I.P. and returned with our missing tent and the bag of tow. There also was a crate containing some bats and a letter which reads as follows:-

Archbold Expedition and Company

Dear Friends:-

Here with is twenty four Possession Island bats secured from the abandoned mining shafts adjacent to Captain Cook's monument

The two bats of one species came from the shaft of some elevation, the remainder from the lower shaft at sea level.

We are also sending with the bats, two sack bags which you missed



and two apple pies just baked by the Lochiel's chef.

Wishing you a successful expedition we of the Lochiel remain,

Yours faithfully,

W. W. Wallace.

Terry MacLeod.

Ian Mackay.

W. W. Johnson.(Bluey)

P.S. Apple pies aint much good without ice cream.

We are agreed that it was exceedingly decent of the lads, but there was one flaw in their gesture. They did not send the pies.

This morning I found the best collecting area I have struck since arriving at Lockerbie. By the way, the official name of this camp is "Lockerbie: 10 miles WSW of Somerset." There is a tongue of scrub forest reaching from the main forest out to the main trail to R.I.P.; it contains tall, standing timber, a considerable amount of fallen trees, is clear and easy to get through and contains also many glades into which the sun can filter. It seems to be crawling with scorpions - I got six of them within an hour, as well as several six inch centipedes, a few butterflies which I had not previously had, and some widgety grubs, which, Gil Bates maintains, taste like almonds and cream. I think somehow I shall never like that dish, should it ever be offered to me.

The afternoon I spent tinkering with our bicycles; one of them is smashed beyond repair, the axle of the front wheel being snapped, so I am trying to produce two good bicycles from the three poor ones. Think I can do it but there is one nut which bothers me - it is rusted on fast but as soon as I can free it we shall be able to ride to work again.

Think this will be all for tonight; tomorrow I want to go out and try my peice of forest by night, with a jack-light. For some not very good reason, I think it will be a good spot by dark as well as by day, and tomorrow daytime I shall clear a few trails through it.

Tuesday, 27 April 1948. This marks the beginning of our second week at the Tip.

I issued the second batch of tobacco to the boys yesterday afternoon - they are allowed three ounces weekly and the packets are only two ounce so it works out about right.

In the morning I went again to my little strip of forest and found a huge fallen tree which yielded bugs in great quantities, including several kinds of which I had not previously taken any specimens. The afternoon was devoted chiefly to an attempt to improve the condition of our bicycles. With the aid of Ginger Dick and his tool-shed, I was able to fix the broken chain by manufacturing a new link so we have two bikes in usable condition. The third completely baffles me as the axle of the front wheel is broken and it is a special kind of bike and one cannot just put a piece of metal through and expect the wheel to revolve; it is a custom-made job and I shall have to find one of the thousands of bicycles left in the bush by the Army and steal a whole front wheel.

In the evening I went out with a head-light to my bit of forest but had no luck of any sort. Bats would occasionally flash through the beam of the light but their passage was instantaneous and there was no chance of shot at them. The glade, which I expected to be teeming with wild life, showed no movement whatever and even when I turned off the light and stood quietly, there was no sound of any sort to be heard.

and two people give just baked by the local's oven.

Wishing you a successful expedition we of the local remain

Yours faithfully,

J. W. Allison,  
Terry Johnson,  
Ian Mackay,  
W. H. Johnson (Alley)

P.S. Apple pie and good without ice cream.

We are sorry that it was necessary to leave the land, but there was one plan in their future. They did not send the sheep.

This morning I found the last collecting area I have struck since arriving at Bockerville. By the way, the official name of this camp is "Bockerville: 10 miles WNW of Bockerville." There is a range of snow forest reaching from the main forest out to the main trail to B.I.P.; it contains tall, straight timber, a considerable amount of fallen trees, is clear and easy to get through and contains many glades into which the sun can filter. It seems to be crawling with scorpions - I got six of them within an hour, as well as several six inch centipedes, a few beetles which I did not previously see, and some winged grubs, which, all being maintained, taste like lemons and cream. I think someone I shall never like that dish, should it ever be offered to me.

The afternoon I spent tinkering with our bicycles; one of them is smashed beyond repair, the axle of the front wheel being snapped, so I am trying to produce two good bicycles from the three poor ones. I think I can do it but there is one not which bothers me - it is rusted on fast but as soon as I am fixed, it can be able to ride to work again.

Think this will be all for tonight; tomorrow I want to go out and try my piece of forest by night, with a jack-light. For some not very good reason, I think it will be a good spot by dark as well as by day, and tomorrow night I shall clear a few trails through it.

Tuesday, 27 April 1943. This marks the beginning of our second week at the tip. I issued the second batch of tickets to the boys yesterday afternoon - they are allowed three ounces weekly and the packets are only two ounces so it works out about right.

In the morning I went again to my little strip of forest and found a huge fallen tree which yielded bugs in great quantities, including several kinds of which I had not previously taken any specimens. The afternoon was devoted entirely to an attempt to improve the condition of our bicycles. With the aid of Ginger Dick and his tool-shed, I was able to fix the broken chain by bending a new link so we have two bikes in use. The third one, which I believe we as the rate of the front wheel is broken and it is a special kind of bike and one cannot just put a piece of metal through and expect the wheel to revolve; it is a rubber-made hub and I shall have to find one of the thousands of bicycles left in the heap by the army and steal a whole front wheel.

In the evening I went out with a head-light to get a lot of forest and had no luck of any sort. There were occasionally large groups of trees at night but their passage was instantaneous and there was no chance of seeing them. The glade, which I expected to be covered with life, showed no movement whatever and even when I turned off the light and stood quietly, there was no sound of any sort to be heard.

Wednesday, 28 April 1948. Mosquitoes have been increasingly bad ~~and~~ the last few nights and we have all gone onto an anti-malaria course of some kind. Len sticks to quinine as atebrine seems to be harmful to him, George and I each take three atebrines on one day weekly, George taking one at each meal, and I taking all three at once, and Van has been taking atebrine since we reached Brisbane. As far as we can tell, the mosquitoes are not anopheles, but it would be foolish to take no form of protection.

My big tree again yielded a harvest, ending up with a small python, I think, which I found asleep beneath the bark. I got his head with long forceps and stuck it in a bottle of alcohol, which seemed to numb the snake and I crammed the whole body into the bottle. The next thing to go in was a large centipede and I was amazed at the ferocity the creature showed. The snake was the nearest object and the centipede dug in on the snake with its jaws and all its many blue-green legs. As it expired from the alcohol, its grip loosened but when I took them both out later, the blood was trickling from the snake's neck and the marks of the centipede bite were evident and deep.

In the afternoon I went again hoping to see the father and mother of the little python but was disappointed. Nothing showed at all and I guess I have milked that part of the forest dry.

This evening George and Van have gone with young Dick Holland to do some hunting in the neighborhood of Dick's elder brother's saw-mill; we may be able to get mail out tomorrow so when I finish this I shall get some letters written and stamped.

In about a week we shall move from here to Somerset, most likely, which sounds as though we are going to have a nice stay at some old English village. That is wrong - once upon a time one man lived at Somerset and the shack which he occupied is still standing, but that is all there is to Somerset. In fact, on the Peninsula north of the Jardine River, there are probably not more than a dozen white people, most of whom are members of Ginger Dick's family. The area is somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred square miles, which is a mighty small population. Here, at Lockerbie, apart from ourselves, there are Dick, his wife and one son. At R.I.P., there is another son who has a wife and one child but they have gone to T.I. as a second is imminent. The saw-mill houses another son and his wife and at Cape York telegraph station, there are four or five men. Cowal Creek may have a white Missioner but Mutee ~~Head~~ Head has a black in charge. About a dozen is somewhere around right and the small islands between the mainland and T.I. are uninhabited.

So far we do not have much knowledge of the Somerset camp but we understand there is a large freshwater lagoon inland from the coast. That sends streams of fresh water down to the ocean and will provide our water supply. Very likely our camp will be back about a quarter of a mile from the sea but what there is in the way of timber for tent erection, fire wood and so on, remains to be seen. Water, of course, is of prime importance as we have plenty of food and supplies, but the difference between a comfortable camp and a less comfortable one depends on many other things.

There is a very pleasing feeling of accomplishment now, which was entirely absent while we were at Cairns. We visited many places while there but always we knew that the job was still ahead. Now we can say, when we leave Lockerbie that that part of the job has been done. A week or ten days at Somerset, the same period in one other place at the Tip, and then the first of our three main camps will have been completed and a quarter of the job done. That really does give some satisfaction. We shall have about this length of time at the Cooktown district, the last of the three camps and the length of time needed for the Iron Range and Portland Roads is our chief uncertainty.

Modifications have been increasingly being made to the last few nights and we have all gone into an early

protection. mosquitoes are not engorged, but it would be foolish to take no form of George taking one at each meal, and I taking all three at once, and Van has harmful to him, George and I each take three steaks on one day weekly, malaria comes of some kind. I am afraid to drink as steaks seems to be

snake's neck and the marks of the cantigede bite were evident and deep. loosened but when I took them down out later, the blood was trickling from the and all the navy blue-green legs. As it expired from the alcohol, its gape was the darkest object and the cantigede dug in on the snake with its jaws cantigede and I was amazed at the ferocity the creature showed. The snake I crammed the whole body into the bottle. The next thing to go in was a large cage and struck it in a bottle of alcohol, which seemed to numb the snake and thick, which I found asleep beneath the bark. I got his head with long force. My big tree again yielded a harvest, ending up with a small pythoid.

In the afternoon I went again hoping to see the father and mother of the little victim but was disappointed. Nothing showed at all and I guess I have walked that part of the forest dry.

This evening George and Van have gone with young Dick Holland to do  
 some hunting in the neighborhood of Dick's other brother's saw-mill; we may  
 be able to get well out tomorrow when I finish this I shall get some let-  
 ters written and stamped.

between the mainland and T.I. are well defined. About a dozen or fifteen miles south of the mainland, there are a few small islands. One of these is called "The old man" and is about 100 feet high. It is a small, rocky island with a few trees and a small hut. It is a very old island and is a very interesting place to visit. It is a very old island and is a very interesting place to visit. It is a very old island and is a very interesting place to visit.

comfortable one depends on many other things. Water, of course, is of prime importance as we have plenty of food and supplies, but the difference between a comfortable camp and a less comfortable one depends on many other things.

There is a very pleasing feeling of accomplishment now, which can entirely replace the feeling of being a slave. We talked many times about this. We know that the job is still ahead. Now we can say, when we have nothing to do, that part of the job has been done. A week or ten days at a time, the same period in one other place at the tip, and then the first of our three main camps will have been completed and a quarter of the job done. That really does give some satisfaction. We shall have about this length of time at the Lookout district, the last of the three camps and the length of time needed for the Iron Range and North House in our first year.

Thursday, 29 April 1948. Today was something of a disappointment; we were informed last night that a boat was due in from T.I. this afternoon, would bring the mail, wait the night and take mail out for posting at T.I. tomorrow. All hands wrote madly this morning and Ginger Dick drove me over to R.I.P. this afternoon but no ship came in. Our mail was left there with a half-caste who will be going over when some form of ship really does arrive.

I made up my order on Burns Philp for our next lot of supplies, which are to be shipped from Cairns to Portland Roads about the middle of next month, and had hoped to have a reply to a letter sent to the T.I. manager of B.P. about some other stuff. My letter will go by the half-caste but I don't know when I shall hear from the T.I. man. Even should the ship come in tomorrow, we shall not know it until somebody has occasion to ride over to Lockerbie.

Apart from the rushing around caused by this false alarm, there is little to report tonight. Some of us may go over to the Holland house to listen to the radio new; we were informed last night that the world was on the verge of war again.

Friday, 30 April 1948. This is George's birthday and the only present I can give him is a little tin of G. Washington coffee. It is not much but it is my most prized possession at the moment. I give it confident that I shall get at least a cup from it. Maybe somebody will send me some more anyway.

He was duly appreciative but to my dismay went off to the cook-house after running his trap-line and had a cup by himself.

We took a large goanna, an iguana-like creature, about five feet long in the morning and I spent the rest of the time until lunch getting the skin off. The afternoon was unproductive but I got some stuff in the evening and have just returned with Len from listening to the nine o'clock news at the Holland house.

Yesterday at R.I.P. I picked up some somewhat disturbing news to the effect that our Bob McDonald is the leader or main thief of a band of abbo sneak-thieves. When we are nearer to some place with a shop or a grog dump, we shall have to use padlocks profusely. Another thing I learned was that the abbos have been deprived of their war spears and forbidden to make more because of the frequency with which they punctured each other during corroborees. Also they are forbidden to have rifles and only a 12 gauge shot-gun can legally be owned and used by them to procure their food. They are allowed the use of fish-spears, many-pronged affairs which would puncture about four times as severely as a war spear, and of course many of them were in the Army and have managed to carry their rifles with them.

We all seem to be rather tired this evening - it has been a hot day and I think salt tablets will be on the dinner table from now on. I have never had occasion to use them but they pep one up and do a job of reviving in case of heat fatigue, from which we are all probably suffering.

Saturday, 1 May 1948. Ginger Dick and young Dick told me this morning they were taking the truck out to get a bullock and suggested that I go along. I did and some time out of camp we came across George who joined the party. George and I hunted around while the two Dicks rounded up and shot their animal. It was quartered and we all drove back to camp but George and I had not had much success in our efforts.

On our return we found that two of the boys had quit their jobs, the rea-



son being that they did not want to work on Sundays. They were Robert Massey and Bob McDonald, old Moreton remaining with us. He is a wise old bird and got the week-end off by saying that he would go to Cowal Creek and get some friends of his to take over the vacant jobs. Len seems to doubt if even Moreton will be willing to make the whole trip with us and if when we get to Portland Roads we have to get new boys from the Lockhart River Mission, there will again have to be the probationary period.

The pillows I invested in, old automobile are rests, work out very well but are hot. I solved the difficulty by stuffing mine into a snake bag, which makes a very comfortable pillow-case, holds the pillows together and cools it off.

Sunday, 2 May 1948. Presumably the happy event for the Holland family is over for Tom arrived back at Lockerbie late last night. His wife and the new infant were not with him. This morning we received a half-sack of onions and a kerosene pump, which I had ordered from Burns-Philp, T.I., a few days ago. Tom had brought them over with him.

We also received a little mail, mainly Australian, and it is such that we really must make definite plans now. The schedule of the John Burke steamers has been changed again and there is one south-bound, leaving T.I. on the 28th of this month. We cannot wait any longer than that so tomorrow I shall go over to the cable station in the afternoon, get through to T.I. from there and make reservations for us on that ship, the Alagna, we believe.

Tomorrow seems to be quite an interesting day for us as Moreton is due back and may possibly, if he comes himself, bring some other boys to take the places of Robert and Bob.

The day has been run-of-the-mill, nothing particularly exciting happening to anybody. Collecting goes on without respite, day and some of the night; it is my turn to go out again tonight so I am writing this entry early.

Dick Holland tells us there is a mail boat due in on Thursday so there is a chance of getting mail out; as that is the day we are supposed to move over to the east coast, I cannot say what the chances of incoming mail are.

My watch is completely exasperating; if left on its face, with the back cover off, it will go, but when one turns it over to find out what time it is, the blamed thing stops. George's watch has also cracked up and Van's did before mine. Len's is the only one now operating so I am ordering an alarm clock to be sent in from B-P.

Mosquitoes are getting a bit thicker as the weather becomes drier (I don't know if there is any connection there) and, being Sunday, I have taken my weekly dose of atebrine. The others are all taking preventatives of some kind.

Monday, 3 May 1948. This will be a very brief entry, firstly because there is nothing to say and secondly because I have to get the paper out of the machine in order to write a reply to the letter from the Lochiel crew before I start out to the relay station to make my telephone calls.

I think, most likely, as this is May Day, another Australian holiday, that I shall spend the night at the station, make my calls tomorrow morning and return to camp then. It would not be much use trying today to find anybody in his office at T.I. today.

Len and I cycled over to the Larradeenya Creek this morning; got very hot but not many specimens.

Don being that they did not want to work on Sunday. They were fifteen days  
and had no money, and without working with us. He is a nice old man  
and got the work done off by saying that he would go to the bank and  
take fifteen of his own money and work with us. Don seems to be a  
honest man and is willing to take the money and work with us. It was  
Fossil Road we have to go to from the bank and then to the bank.  
Will again have to be the preliminary period.

The following I investigated in the afternoon, and was very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

Don, I was very disappointed in the afternoon, and was very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

We also received a letter from the bank, and it is very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

I received a letter from the bank, and it is very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

The bank was very disappointed in the afternoon, and was very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

Don, I was very disappointed in the afternoon, and was very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

My wife is completely disappointed in the afternoon, and was very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

I received a letter from the bank, and it is very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

Don, I was very disappointed in the afternoon, and was very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

I received a letter from the bank, and it is very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

Don and I were over to the bank and were very  
disappointed. I received the following by sending this to a bank  
which was a very satisfactory result, and the bank was very  
good in all.

Tuesday, 4 May 1948. This has been a day of both high lights and dim lights and under the conditions by which we are living, both are small things; the highest of the high was a plain glass of ice water and the dullest of the dim a punctured bicycle tire. There were other events but those two stand out.

Last night I was driven over to the Cape York Telegraph station, a distance of between eight and nine miles. It was dark and our headlights turned a glare on objects not otherwise seen. A large wallaby sprang from cover and raced madly along in front of us for some distance until it occurred to him to get back into the scrub again. At one point several birds, apparently sleeping on the trail, sprang into life, seeming to come from under the wheels of the jeep.

In about an hour we reached the telegraph station, a collection of corrugated iron shacks, comprising living quarters, dining hut and telegraph office and after a comfortable night we breakfasted. During the mean, Jacp Cu pid, the lineman in charge, came down from his quarters and took me up there. He has a very comfortable and roomy house right at the tip of the cape. His house is perhaps fifty yards from the Torres Straits and is the most northerly place of abode in Australia. During the war he entertained many American soldiers and his most prized possession is his guest book. With him live his wife and a son of about fourteen.

There I was given tea and cold watermelon, a high light only less than the glass of ice water, and returned to the main station where I made my calls. Those to Mills, B-P and Jensen, the Protector of Islanders, were satisfactory, but from George Asange, Burke's agent at T.I., I found that the shipping confusion still exists. Alagna should leave Brisbane on the 8th northbound and T.I. on the 21st southbound. Wandana, not laid up as we had been told, should leave Brisbane on the 15th northbound and T.I. south on the 31st. I made reservations for our party on both, but if the dates hold, it will be Wandana. Neither will make the trip to R.I.P. so we have to contrive our own transportation from there to T.I.

From Jensen's office I obtained considerable information on the matter of the black boys. They are entitled to £10 monthly, of which they receive ten shillings weekly, less the cost of tobacco and tea issued to them, as pocket money. On being told of the desertion of Robert and Bob, they told me that they were glad old Moreton was still with us as he was the best of the lot, and they suggested that we try to get two other boys, Martin Ropeyarn and Willie Somerset, as they were both good.

My calls finished, I said goodbye to the men at the station and was shown the holy of holies, a kerosene operated Electrolux. A tray of ice cubes was taken out, allowed to thaw, and I had my drink of ice-water. That's what they called it - my name was nectar. And to think that some people do not like ice in their drinks.

My bicycle, which had been tied on the jeep last night, had survived the journey though one wheel stuck out about a foot from the side of the jeep and more than once looked as though it would be torn from the rest of the machine by the trees which reached out as we passed. It should be understood that a road in this part of the world consists of a two-wheeled cart track and outside the track is a waste of head-high grass and short trees.

Mounting my fine velocipede I started the nine-mile ride back to Lockerbie and covered the first three miles in good style though the road there was covered with small stones about the size of one's fist, and the jolting was considerable. But by that time I had had my spell of good for the day and

Thursday, 1 May 1948. This was dawn a day of cold high lights and dim lights and under the conditions of which we are living, even the smallest things; the lights of the night are a little less of the water and the highest of the dim a hundred lights are. There were other events but those two stand out.

Last night I was driven over to the 6,000 ft. station, a place of between eight and nine miles. It was dark and the headlights came on a glare on objects not otherwise seen. A large valley spread from cover and receded many along in front of us for some distance until it occurred to him to get back into the road again. At the point several birds, apparently sleeping on the trail, sprang into life, seeming to come from under the leaves of the jeep.

In about an hour we reached the telegraph station, a collection of corrugated iron sheds, comprising living quarters, dining but and telegraph office and after a comfortable night we breakfasted. During the night, I was on duty, the lights in charge, came down from his quarters and took me to there. He has a very comfortable and cozy house right at the tip of the cape. His house is perhaps fifty yards from the shore and in the most comfortable place of shore in Australia. During the way he entertained many American soldiers and his own private possession is his great book. With him live his wife and a son of about fourteen.

There I was given tea and cold water, a high light only less than the glass of hot water, and returned to the main station where I made my calls. There to Miss, B-4 and Jensen, the protector of the shore, were satisfactory, but from George Hagg, the agent of T.I., I found that the shipping conditions will be better. A large ship will leave Brisbane on the 8th and T.I. on the 10th. The ship will leave Brisbane on the 10th, south on the 11th. I made reservations for our party on both, but in the night, it will be better. Jensen will make the trip to T.I. so we have to continue our own transportation from there to T.I.

From Jensen's office I obtained considerable information on the matter of the black boys. They are entitled to 100 monthly, of which they receive ten shillings weekly, less the cost of tobacco and tea issued to them, as pocket money. On being told of the situation of Robert and Bob, they told me that they were glad old Jensen was still with us as he was the best of the lot, and they suggested that we try to get two other boys, Martin Robinson and Willie Somerset, as they were very good.

My calls finished, I said goodbye to the men at the station and was shown the holy of holies, a reserve of 100 shillings. A tray of ice cream was taken out, allowed to melt, and I had my drink of ice-water. That's what they called it - my name was better. And to think that some people do not like ice in their drinks.

My bicycle, which had been left at the jeep last night, had arrived and journey through one wheel track out about a foot from the side of the jeep and more than once looked as though it would be torn from the rest of the machine by the trees which reached out as we passed. It should be understood that a road in this part of the world consists of a two-wheeled cart track and out-also the track is a mass of dead-high grass and short trees.

Mounting my fine valise I started the nine-mile ride back to Becker- and covered the first three miles in good style though the road there was covered with small stones about the size of one's fist, and the jolting was considerable. But by that time I had had my spell of good for the day and

about three miles away from the station the rear tire went flat. I had left around 11.30, expecting to make the trip in about an hour but as it turned out I had to walk six miles, pushing the darned cycle along with me. About half way back I crossed the Larradeenya Creek, there about thigh deep, and was so pooped out that I simply took off my clothes, though I don't know why as they were soaked anyway, and lay down in the river for ten minutes.

That did something in the way of reviving me but by the time I completed the next three miles and Lockerbie hove in view, I was something of a wreck, and more than that, a tantalized wreck. That delivious gladd of ice water floated along in front of me, just our of reach, for the whole time.

My feet were in poor shape, as was the rest of me, but some food and a bath did wonders and I must try to repair the bike tomorrow.

Old Moreton had returned from Cowal Creek, bringing with him Willie Somerset, mentioned by the Protector's Office, and a note from the man in charge at Cowal Creek, Tamway, a Malay I think, saying that Robert and Bob were in the jail-house for desertion. Martin Ropeyarn, Moreton told me, had gone walkabout, but might join us later and another boy is due tomorrow anyway. The staff is intact again and the two Roberts languishing in the cooler should do something for us in the matter of prestige.

Another result of my visit was permission to use the lineman's hut when we reach Canameia Lagoon, the camp which follows Somerset. Somerset, by the way is nominal, because the place does show on the map. Actually we shall make camp at Lake Bronte, south and west from Somerset. At Sanameia we shall be in alligator country, the place being a freshwater marsh, draining through one small outlet into the Jardine River, itself famous for its crocodile content. At Sanameia the .303 should come into its own.

I hope to get some mail finished either tonight or tomorrow and leave it with Ginger Dick for transportation to R.I.P., whence it will go to Thursday Island sometime. And it is odd, under the nomadic conditions we live by, how attached one will get to a camp site. We shall miss Ginger Dick dropping in and I know Van will miss young Dick, who has been his night-hunting companion almost every evening. More than anything else I shall, I trust, miss the green ants. Mango trees attract them and while they have not penetrated our mosquito nets, they have invaded practically everything else. They rarely bite or sting or whatever ants do, but delight in falling down one's shirt and walking around under the clothing.

May 1st was the start of the official Australian winter, which we celebrated with a temperature of 96. From now on, people will come north from Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane in order to get warm as it goes as low as 50 in those cities and in Victoria and the south portion of New South Wales. Hides Hotel in Cairns, will do a roaring business for the next four months but by the time we are able to go there again winter will be over and there should be room for us for the few days required for our packing and departure. On that score, in a month or so, I suppose I should be doing something about our return trans-Pacific trip.

Tomorrow the boys are picking up their traps and except for visits during which we shall refresh our supplies, Lockerbie will be a thing of the past. Something accomplished and finished with, which gives one a very good feeling as during the Cairns period we accomplished so many things but never could say that we had finished any part of our job.

as they were scared anyway, and lay down in the river for shelter. was so good but last I simply took out my rifle, though I don't know why half way back I opened the barbed-wire track, then about four days out I had to walk six miles, passing the lumber camp along with me. About around 11.30, expecting to make the trip in about an hour but as it turned about three miles away from the station the river was very fast. I had to

that the next time she and her husband were in the area of a wreck, they would be able to find it. They did not know what the wreck was, but they knew it was there. They did not know what the wreck was, but they knew it was there. They did not know what the wreck was, but they knew it was there.

My last work in poor shape as was the rest of my work. I had been told by some of the old men that I was doing well.

Old Norton had returned from Cowell Creek, bringing with him Willie Lomax, mentioned by the Prosecutor's Office, and an note from the man in charge of Cowell Creek, Tansey, a Missy I think, saying that Robert and Bob were in the jail-house for several days. Willie Roseberry, Norton told me, gone without, but might join us later and another boy in one tomorrow night. The staff is upset again and the two Roberts laughing in the cooler should do something for us in the matter of practice.

the content. At Laramie the 500 should come into the camp. It shall be in lighter country, the place being a freshwater marsh, draining through one small outlet into the Jacobs River, itself known for its green water camp as Lake Brown, south and east from Laramie. At Laramie we way is minimal, because the lake does not run on the map. Actually we shall be near Omaha, indeed, the camp which follows below, somewhat of the another result of my visit was participation to see the monument and when

and making ground under the clothing. I hope to get some well finished articles tonight or tomorrow and leave it with Ginger stick for transportation to R.I.T., whence it will go to University - and sometime. And it is odd, under the normal conditions we live by, now attached one will get to a camp site. He shall miss Ginger Dick's dragging in and I know Van will miss young Dick, who has been his night-hunting companion for almost every evening. More than anything else I shall, I trust, miss the green woods. Mango trees attract them and while they have not penetrated our roadside nests, they have invaded practically everything else. They multiply like or sting or whatever suits us, but delight in flying down one's shirt

May let was the start of the official tourist season, which was celebrated with a temperature of 80. From now on, people will come from London, Sydney, Melbourne and Perth in order to get into the good weather as to those cities and in Victoria and the southern portion of New South Wales. Under hotel in Cairns, will be the main business for the next four months but by the time we are able to go there again winter will be over and there should be room for us for the few days required for our packing and departure. On that score, in a month or so, I suppose I should be doing something about our return to the Pacific trip.

could say that he had finished any part of our job. Feeling as during the Cuban period we accomplished so many things but never past. Something accomplished and finished with which gives one a very good feeling which we shall reflect our supplies. As far as will be a thing of the tomorrow the boys are picking up their traps and moving for winter.

Wednesday, 5 May 1948. This day has been one of packing and preparing for the move tomorrow. Everybody has been flying around in something of a dither, each asking the other where such and such is and if it has been packed.

For me the morning was broken abruptly about 11 A.M. by an agonized call from the Holland house. It was Mrs. H. asking me to come quick and bring my gun. A brown snake had traversed the length of their clearing and taken cover under a pile of planks. Both Ginger Dick and young Dick were prancing around and warning me not to go near it and Mrs. H. beat a precipitate retreat into the house. Finally the snake came out and I shot it. It was about five feet or a little more in length, deep brown along the back, shading almost to a purplish color underneath. "It's a taipan", said Dick, so, although it looks very harmless to me and has a very small mouth and fangs, it is a taipan until somebody proves it is not. I have more than a suspicion that it is quite harmless.

We shall leave here immediately after breakfast which will be at crack of dawn. Ginger Dick will drive us in his fine Army truck and except for the last three miles, we have the usual cart-rut road. That last three miles we shall travel by pushing our way through though undoubtedly there will be trees and suchlike to be moved from the road part.

The heavy guns will go into action there; George has been trying out the 30.30 and I am taking fifty rounds for my .303. Crocs are said to be numerous both in the sea and in Lake Bronto but snakes were said to be plentiful also and I have taken only four in the last two weeks. Two we saw and missed, but they cannot be said to be in great quantity.

Tonight will be an early night, in preparation for the morning's early activities, so I shall close up now.

Thursday, 6 May 1948. I am very doubtful if I can do this day justice on account of the fact that I am nearly out on my feet but the sound of the sea is in my ears and the waves themselves are not fifty yards away. I am writing by the light of a lantern which is swinging from a bough and swaying with the force of the wind. Camp is still not fully established but sleeping quarters are ready for us and we are ready for them. A few matters of arrangement have still to be done and then we shall be ready for work.

We left Lockerbir, Ginger Dick driving, at 7.45 and had fairly good travel for the first three miles after which we ran into trouble. The trail, not travelled by anyone for the last ~~four~~ seven years, consisted only of a cart track in the first place, and the times that all hands had to dismount from the heavily loaded truck and fell trees which leaned over the track, or dismember others which had fallen on the track were countless. Finally Dick remembered a short cut and we left the dimly marked road, only to find ourselves completely hemmed in by forest. Dick crashed through, pushing trees and foliage out of his way as though he were in a tank while the five of us riding on the top did the best we could to fend off or at least guard ourselves from the branches which sometimes scraped the top of the load as well as us. The worst snakes were the loops of thick vines which hung down in loops: one of them took Van's hat off and barely left him his head.

About 12.30 P.M. we reached Lake Bronto, a lagoon said to be crocodile infested, where we stopped to stretch our legs and have a drink of water. There was no sign of any saurians though there is no reason to doubt their existence there. A half hour later we broke out of the scrub and saw the Pacific ~~spark~~ spreading in front of us. It was a welcome sight and a camp site was quickly selected. The camp name has not yet been decided but the point of land on which

Wednesday, 5 May 1948. This day I had been one of looking and preparing for the move tomorrow. Everybody has been looking around in a sort of a daze, each asking the other where such and such is and if it has been packed.

For as the morning was broken abruptly about 11 A.M. by an organized call from the Holland house. It was Mrs. H. asking me to come quick and bring my gun. A brown snake had traversed the length of their clearing and then covered under a pile of planks. Both Ginger Dick and George Dick were promising to go and waiting me not to go near it and Mrs. H. gave a precipitate retreat into the house. Finally the snake came out and I shot it. It was about five feet or a little more in length, deep brown along the back, shading almost to a purplish color underneath. "It's a timber", said Dick, "although it is very harmless to me and has a very small mouth and fangs, it is a common small somebody, however it is not. I have more than a suspicion that it is quite harmless."

We shall leave here immediately after breakfast which will be at 8:00 A.M. Ginger Dick will drive us in his fine army truck and except for the last three miles, we have the usual car-truck road. That last three miles we shall travel by pushing our way through though undoubtedly there will be trees and suchlike to be moved from the road first.

The heavy guns will go into action then; George has been trying out the 30.30 and I am taking fifty rounds for my .303. Once we have to be in the bushes and in the lake fronts but means more and to be shot. I think also and I have taken only four in the last two weeks. Two we saw and missed, but they cannot be said to be in great quantity.

Tonight will be an early night, in preparation for the morning's early activities, so I shall close up now.

Thursday, 6 May 1948. I am very thankful if I can do this day, thanks to the sound of the sea is in my ears and the water themselves are not fifty yards away. I am writing by the light of a lantern which is hanging from a branch and swaying with the force of the wind. Camp is still not fully established but sleeping quarters are ready for us and we are ready for them. I am not sure of arrangements have still to be done and then we shall be ready for work.

We left Lookerhit, Ginger Dick driving, at 7.45 and had fairly good travel for the first three miles after which we ran into trouble. The trail, not traveled by anyone for the last seven years, consisted only of a car-track in the first place, and the first that all horses had to dismount from the horses, it loaded truck and fell trees which leaned over the track, or dismembered which had fallen on the track were countless. Finally Dick remembered a short cut and we left the dirty rutted road, only to find ourselves completely hampered in by forest. Dick crashed through, pushing trees and foliage out of his way as though he were in a tank while the five of us riding on the top of the best we could to jump off or at least were ourselves from the branches which sometimes scraped the top of the load as well as us. The worst places were the tops of thick vines which hung down in loops; one of them took Vera's hat off and barely left him his head.

About 12.30 P.M. we reached Lake Fronts, a lagoon said to be impossible to enter, where we stopped to stretch our legs and have a drink of water. There was no sign of any animals though there is no reason to doubt their existence there. A half hour later we broke out of the scrub and on the Pacific coast spreading in front of us. It was a welcome sight and a camp site was quickly selected. The camp name has not yet been decided but the point of land on which

we pitched our camp shows on the large-scale maps<sup>as</sup>/Naru Point and is about four miles south of Somerset. Probably it will receive that name.

The shore here is composed of sand dunes, lying some yards back from a gentle surf. Rivulets of fresh water run down from the Bronto Lagoon and we are camped beside one of them. Actually the camp occupies three of those gullies. Joe, the cook-house, George and Van occupy one; south of them Oen and I share space and south of us again, George Moreton and Willie Somerset have set up their shelter. Martin Ropeyarn did not join us and presumably has not yet returned from his walk-about.

I cannot yet give much of a description of our surroundings other than the fact that we are in one of the scallops of ~~the~~ beach which form Newcastle Bay and there are headlands both north and south of us. Behind us there is flat country with low, scrubby bushes running a mile or so back to Bronto Lagoon and from there back to Lockerbie there is deep forest and scrub. We have not succeeded in escaping the green ants which seem to sting with a bit more abandon here. They cannot penetrate a mosquito net, though, and I know I shall sleep soundly tonight. The wind in the trees and the beat of the surf is a lullaby that few people can resist, I least of all.

Ginger Dick is spending the night with us, being unwilling to tackle the journey back in darkness. We were badly bogged for a half-hour in one spot and he will be going back alone.

Friday, 7 May 1948. The day has been one of constant heavy rain-squalls, with a very watery sun shining fitfully between. We can see the rain coming from the south-east and, if we are lucky, can take cover at the crucial moment. It doesn't matter a great deal though as the temperature is high and perspiration profuse. Moisture of one kind is much the same as moisture of another.

The final name decided on for the camp is Newcastle Bay,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles S of Somerset. That lands more or less on the camp and covers divergence in any direction.

This morning, after the departure of Ginger Dick, I went north along the coast, skirting Naru Point, on the south of which we have our camp. Collections for reptiles and bugs were poor but I managed to pick some likely spots which I shall visit tomorrow. What struck me most was the cruelty of the coast. The headlands are composed of iron-stone, a reddish rock split and channelled until it looks almost like a coral formation. It cuts through the leather or rubber of the soles of shoes like a hot knife through butter and the ship or man cast upon those rocks and rolled around by the force of the waves would soon have every bit of flesh or covering stripped from the ribs.

George and I bumped into each other at intervals through the morning and in the afternoon started out in the same direction. We travelled along the hard sand of the shore but George left it and worked inland before I did. Behind our camp there is a swampy marsh and it was my idea to travel down the shore perhaps a half or full mile, turn west into the sand dunes and scrub, pass them to the marsh and travel north again until I reached the level of the camp. I found out, however, that further south there is no swampy marsh, only thick forest, behind the dunes. I got into that and soon found that I had no space for working even if there was anything to work on. Machete work was necessary all the time. I struggled along for an hour and a half and then turned myself around and cut my way out to the shore again.

Len did well with his plants and the second specimen of mammal brought in was new to the collection so far, but things in my department did not prosper.



There is stuff to be taken, of course, but I must first have space to wield my various implements and secondly not tire myself out completely by my efforts to reach the collecting area. I shall head back into the big scrub through which we drove yesterday, and work around to the point I reached this morning, following, if I can, along the edge of the scrub.

Joe found us some oysters this afternoon and dinner consisted of a very savory oyster stew. Just before dinner, Moreton rushed up, pointed out some cattle in the distance and wanted me to shoot a "Booloock" for supper. If we were in need of food I would have but we have plenty to eat.

Dick is coming back next Wednesday, will spend the night here and drive us back to Lockerbie on Thursday. A few days there, with possibly a night or so at Higgins Field, the abandoned airport on the Jacky Jacky, and then a week at Sanameia Lagoon will finish the job on the Tip.

Saturday, 8 May 1948. Another story about Moreton; Just before we left Lockerbie Van decided to take our picture, the loaded truck, the baggage and the men. Moreton was completely scandalized over the fact that Ginger Dick was not wearing a shirt. "You no sort, him take picture" to which Dick replied "No matter my sort (shirt), you fellow face likeum this" screwing up his face. That brought out a loud guffaw from Moreton and quite satisfied his sense of the proprieties.

Last night was quite a disappointment to the mammal collectors, the whole catch of 150 traps being one mouse. The place is not too good for insects either but I carried out my plan for the day and garnered a few things. There is lots of new vegetation so Len is pleased.

My morning ended up with a very pleasant bath at a place where a freshwater creek opens out into the ocean. I could put one side of me in salt and the other in fresh almost: both the stream and the ocean were shallow at this place, which is good. Either salt or fresh could possibly contain something more or less lethal so care is observed and I, at any rate, do not go in above my knees.

The afternoon brought the heaviest and most sustained rain we have had since leaving Bellenden Kerr. I was out in it and the few clothes I was wearing were completely saturated. I had planned some laundry late this afternoon anyway so it did not matter much but, had I had some soap with me, I could have done the laundry while wearing the clothes.

Apropos of the mammal department, the evening I spent at the telegraph station brought a new form of rat trap to my attention. They have the only electrical power on the Cape, of course, and one of the men loves to experiment. He had rigged a rat-trap with a metal floor and a drop-door. The rat goes in springs a trigger which drops the door, the door completes contact, passing 240 volts through the floor of the trap and the rat is electrocuted. Now I must go out with a light and see what I can find in the way of nocturnal creatures.

Sunday, 9 May 1948. This was atebrine day and has been duly observed. It also marks about half our time here as Dick is to arrive on Wednesday, I believe, and we shall move out on Thursday back to Lockerbie.

An extremely odd coincidence occurred last night and today. Last night George, Van and I were out with lights, all in different directions. George and I do not matter in this but Van saw and shot at something which he thought was a small flying squirrel. He hit it and thought he saw it fall but was unable to find it on the ground. Bright and early this morning he went out to

There is still to be taken, of course, but I must have space to write my various impressions and secondarily not the only one completely by my efforts to reach the collecting area. I shall need back into the dig area through which we drove yesterday, and work around to the point I reached this morning, following, if I can, along the edge of the scrub.

I found as some of these this afternoon and dinner consisted of a very heavy oyster stew. Just before dinner, I went out and pointed out some cattle in the distance and wanted to shoot a "bookish" for supper. It was very hot and I would have had to have been very close to them.

Back is coming back next Wednesday, will spend the night here and drive back to Lockhart on Thursday. A few days more, with possibly a night or so at Higgins Field, the abandoned airport on the rocky beach, and then a week at Samuels Lagoon will finish the job on the T.T.

Saturday, 2 May 1948. Another day of nothing; but before we left Lockhart Van decided to take our pictures, the loaded truck, the baggage and the men. I was completely astonished over the fact that George Van was not wearing a shirt. "I'm not sure," he said, "but I think I'm wearing a shirt." I followed him (shirt) and saw him (shirt) and quite satisfied up his face. That brought me to a halt from Lockhart and quite satisfied his sense of the proprieties.

Last night was quite a disappointment to the mammal collectors, the whole catch of 120 was a being one mouse. The place is not too good for insects either but I carried out my plan for the day and gathered a few things. There is lots of new vegetation so far as I have seen.

My morning ended up with a very pleasant bath at a place where a fresh water creek opens out into the ocean. I could not see the sea in the distance but the other in fresh almost; both the stream and the ocean were shallow at this place, which is good. With a bath on fresh could possibly contain something more or less fatal to me as observed and I, at any rate, do not go in above my knees.

The afternoon brought the heaviest and most sustained rain we have had since leaving Gellenden Kerr. I was out in it and the few clothes I was wearing were completely saturated. I had planned some laundry for this afternoon anyway so it did not matter much but I had some soap with me, I could have done the laundry while wearing the clothes.

Approach of the mammal department, the evening I spent at the telegraph station brought a new form of trap to my attention. They have the only electrical power on the Cape, of course, and one of the men loves to experiment. He had rigged a rat-trap with a metal floor and a trip-line. The rat goes in through a trigger which drops the door, the door completes contact, passing the wire through the floor of the trap and the rat is electrocuted. Now I must go out with a light and see what I can find in the way of nocturnal creatures.

Sunday, 3 May 1948. This was a strange day and has been duly observed. It also marks about half our time here as Dick is to arrive on Wednesday, I believe, and we shall move out on Thursday back to Lockhart.

An extremely odd coincidence occurred last night and today. Last night George Van and I were out with lights, all in different directions. George and I do not matter in this but Van saw and shot at something which he thought was a small flying squirrel. He hit it and thought he saw it fall but was unable to find it on the ground. Bright and early this morning he went out to

the place where he had been but still could not find it. He probed around and eventually, under a log, saw something that he could not identify; he poked the object, which moved, and turned out to be a seven-foot carpet snake, non-venomous and of the constrictor group. He killed it and brought it back to camp where we opened it. Inside was a young flying squirrel. It has now been separated from the rest of the collection and is to be x-rayed in order to find out if there are any bullets in it. But that is not the whole of the story; it is of a genus which has not previously been known north of the Ravenshoe, a place about five hundred miles away.

In the snake also was a young bandicoot so it was a case of three specimens with one shot.

green

Later I got a tree snake in our camp kitchen and these are the only snakes collected in this camp though Len saw one this morning when he was out.

It has been a miserable day, overcast with constant rain spells. Hunting of all sorts was very poor though I personally covered many miles in the forest and came in with quite a selection of vermin, centipedes, scorpions, bugs of varying descriptions and, finally, my green tree snake. It has just begun to rain again now and quite a heavy shower is going on. I don't know when the laundry I did yesterday will get dry but imagine it will  $\nabla$  not be until I wear the things.

Monday, 10 May 1948. The moderately gentle south-east trade wind changed last night into a roaring, blustering gale, bringing heavy showers of rain and dashing the drops against the taut canvas of the tents like so many thrown pebbles. There is no land to the south-east of us, unless it be Cape Horn, many thousands of miles away and there is nothing to break the force of the wind except the low ridge of sand dunes behind which we are camped.

The day broke dull and overcast and the showers have come every fifteen minutes or so throughout the day. I was out all morning and was soaked twice. This time I back-tracked along the wagon road towards Lockerbie for perhaps a mile and then turned off to the left, in general a south-easterly direction. About a hundred yards from the trail I came to an open glade, about the size of a football field, sandy ground, with rivers of clear water flowing as a result of the rains. Under normal conditions it should have been a good collecting area but everything was awash, even the clumps of ti-tree and casuarina with which it was dotted. If the weather clears before we return to Lockerbie I shall try it again.

The showers seem to have driven all the creatures to cover and mammal collecting continues to be poor. In addition, the salt air and driving sand are doing considerable damage to the traps.

On my way back this morning I came across Moreton sitting disconsolately on the ground. He had used his last match and wanted a smoke. I supplied him with one, he lit a long tube of newspaper with a few chunks of twist tobacco in it and trotted back to camp.

Both the boys seem a little nervous in this country and may be afraid of ghosts. Willie, born in this neighborhood, would know all the haunted spots and pass them on to Moreton. Moreton, older and more of an abbo, would fear them as much as Willie, and all of them are afraid of the "quinkin", the little hairy men, who seem to be forest Pucks, more mischievous than evil, who apparently do harm just to watch their larger black brethren squirm. The story goes that one of the Cowall Creek blacks came home late and found one of the quinkin in bed with his wife. The quinkin knocked the husband cold and it



might be argued by the skeptical that for a supernatural little man, the quinkin was remarkably adept with a club.

The heavy rains have a more serious side in that Ginger Dick could get bogged on his journey over to get us in a couple of days. However he is about the finest bush driver I have ever seen and his truck will be carrying no load. It will be heavy on the return journey, of course, but we shall all be there to help with the road-making if necessary, as we did on the way here.

There should be quite a good batch of mail awaiting us; I shall be glad to get it; apart from personal letters, there should be interesting communications from Burns-Philp, Cairns, containing the bills for our food, in which I shall be very interested. Then also there may be some word about the ships southward, and we shall perhaps know whether we shall have to make our own way somehow over to T.I. or whether the ship will call. The Wandana cannot anyway as R.I.P. is too shallow and tricky a port for a ship of that size, 1,200 tons. After that, or perhaps after the Sanameia camp, we shall have to do something about signing on the boys, if we take Moreton and Willie Somerset south with us. Moreton told me he would like to go, but half an hour later told George he would like to go to Hospital, so it is somewhat indefinite. There has been no sign of Martin Ropeyarn, for which I am sorry, as I became completely enamored of his name.

Rain is about to start again; it is beginning to patter on the tent and, I have no doubt, soon will become a roar.

Tuesday, 11 May 1948. Last night the wind blew again with vagaries not previously indulged in; alternately the rain arrived on my head and my feet until in disgust I ceased to care where it landed and slept through it as best I could.

The sun has appeared fitfully during the day, which has been busy for me. In the insect realm my ~~insect~~ alcohol bottle has been filled with its usual chamber of horrors, centipedes, milipedes, scorpions, widgey grubs and all the other things which live in dead logs and under dead leaves were taken this morning and in the dry bottle, the other side of the insect world, the lovely butterflies, dragon flies, bees and moths all constituted themselves.

Reptiles also did themselves well, at least so far as size goes. Two snakes and one goanna were added though neither of the snakes had anything in its insides to add to the mammal collection. One of them was a mere thread, not much more than a foot long, but the other was eight feet if he was an inch and probably would be neared nine feet. The goanna, the second in the collection, measured 162 centimeters, nearly five feet. He cannot do much in the way of biting but is well equipped with claws.

A third black boy arrived here this afternoon. Not Martin Ropeyarn, as I had hoped, but Roy Sampson, who should do, so far as names go. He looks an intelligent lad and wants to make the full trip with us, but an opinion cannot yet be given. Probably Ginger Dick, if he arrives tomorrow, can tell us something about him since almost all the local blacks have worked either for Dick or for his older sons, Stan ~~and~~ at R.I.P. or Tom at the saw-mill.

Now the evening bug-trap, a conical cloth funnel, ending in a cyanide jar, is erected and will add its contribution, I hope. Already a very lovely, pure white moth has called and succumbed to the attraction of the bright lights. Funny, how <sup>all</sup> humans and insects are in so many things.

The wind is rising but one can see a star here and there so perhaps there

might be trying to find the physical, but for a long time I have been thinking about it.

The heavy rain was a very bad thing. I had a very bad day. I was out in the rain for a long time. I was out in the rain for a long time. I was out in the rain for a long time.

There should be quite a good deal of rain. I should be able to get a good deal of rain. I should be able to get a good deal of rain. I should be able to get a good deal of rain.

I have no doubt, soon will have a good deal of rain. I have no doubt, soon will have a good deal of rain. I have no doubt, soon will have a good deal of rain.

Tuesday, 11 May 1948. The wind was very strong. The wind was very strong. The wind was very strong. The wind was very strong.

The sun was shining brightly. The sun was shining brightly. The sun was shining brightly. The sun was shining brightly.

Regretted also the character of the rain. Regretted also the character of the rain. Regretted also the character of the rain. Regretted also the character of the rain.

A third black boy was seen. A third black boy was seen. A third black boy was seen. A third black boy was seen.

Now the evening was over. Now the evening was over. Now the evening was over. Now the evening was over.

The wind is strong. The wind is strong. The wind is strong. The wind is strong.

will be no rain either on face or feet this night.

George and Van are out with the lights again tonight. Len is busy with his plants. Jetty Joe is sleeping the sleep of a good camp cook, after having produced another of his excellent oyster stews. I cannot go out until we have another headlight, which will be with the Portland Roads baggage, but should be thinking about writing moving letters for this journal and the other things I shall have to attend to but may as well wait until Dick arrives with whatever mail there may be for us.

Wednesday, 12 May 1948. Nothing very much happened this day until evening when Dick arrived over from Lockerbie. With him he brought a case of supplies from B-P, Thursday Island, and in the mass was a good amount of mail, dated variously from April 15th to 23rd.

I do not yet know what we are to do in the matter of returning, whether we go tomorrow or not. I suppose it does not matter very much to us though Dick may not want to wait any longer than necessary. I shall find out tomorrow, I suppose.

There was no mail in regarding ships to Portland Roads but that too will be explained sooner or later.

Thursday, 13 May 1948. Although it is afternoon, it seems a good idea to write this up now and save the late afternoon and evening for packing. All the party except Jetty Joe and myself went off early in Dick's truck to visit Somerset, a couple of miles north of here. There are no inhabitants there but the house of Frank Jardine, pioneer of this country, still stands and his grave also is there.

Jardine I believe was the first white man to traverse the length of the Cape and his work was done between 1890 and 1910. He died in 1916 and Dick knew and worked for him prior to his, Dick's, enlistment for the first war.

Apparently Jardine was ruthless in dealing with the blacks, or with any whites who crossed his path. He eventually became a magistrate, policing the northern part of the Cape in person and with vigor. It seems probable that a person did not necessarily have to be a law-breaker to incur Jardine's wrath, and the wrath was usually followed by a rifle shot. An act which displeased him was sufficient and it was advisable for the actor to leave the country rapidly.

I decided not to make the trip and instead put in another morning's hunting. The things I particularly wanted again eluded me but I did get some new things, things I had not previously taken in this locality, that is. Rain came on fairly heavily right after lunch so I have decided not to do much save to have a swim, or rather salt bath, a little later, and after finishing this, shall do my labelling, fill in the catalogue and so on. The others will probably not be back until shortly before supper. Tomorrow we shall start off as early as convenient for Lockerbie and put in a day or so refitting, packing and so on.

George and Van have not found this camp very profitable, so far as numbers are concerned but, oddly enough, have found great variety. Their total results have been perhaps twenty specimens, but sixteen or seventeen different species are represented. Only in two or three cases have they taken more than one specimen of the species. For myself, I have done pretty well, I think, both in bugs and reptiles, but having no knowledge of what I have taken, I cannot be sure of my success. I do know that I am going to much more than fill the containers the Herpetology and Entomology Depts. gave me.

There is no doubt about the fact that the

George and Van have not found this very good table, as far as the data are concerned but, oddly enough, have found some variety. Their data results have been pretty badly mixed, but sixteen or seventeen different species are represented. Only in two or three cases have they taken more than one specimen of the species. For myself, I have done pretty well, I think, both in type and quantity, but having no knowledge of what I have taken, I cannot be sure of my success. I do know that I am going to know more than all the combined herpetology and ichthyology people have so far.

Nothing very much happened this day until evening when our driver over from Lookout, with him brought a case of specimens from B. P. (Thursday, June 10, 1943). A good amount of mail, dated various, from April 15th to 19th.

I do not yet know what we are to do in the matter of returning, whether we go tomorrow or not. I suppose it does not matter much to us though. Dick may not want to wait any longer than necessary. I shall find out tomorrow, I suppose.

There was no mail in regarding ship to Portland, Maine but that it will be explained sooner or later.

Thursday, 13 May 1943. Although it is afternoon, it seems a good idea to write this up now and have the late afternoon and evening for nothing. All the party except Jerry Joe and myself went off early in Dick's truck to visit Forester, a couple of miles north of here. There are no landmarks there but the house on Frenchville, pioneer of this country, still stands and his grave also is there.

Earlier I believe was the first white man to traverse the length of the Cape and his work was done between 1890 and 1910. He died in 1910 and Dick knew and worked for him prior to his, Dick's, arrival and for the first year.

Apparently, the white man was confused in dealing with the blacks, or with any whites who crossed his path. He eventually became a madhouse, losing the northern part of the Cape in person and with vigor. It seems probable that a person did not necessarily have to be a lawbreaker to have his land wrested, and the white man was easily frightened by a black shot. At last which pleased him was sufficient and it was advisable for the color to leave the country rapidly.

I decided not to make the trip and stayed in in another morning's hunting. The things I particularly wanted again eluded me but I did get some new things, things I had not previously taken in this locality. That is, I came on fairly heavily right after lunch so I have decided not to go much save to have a swim, or rather take a little rest and after finishing this, shall do my jobbing, till in the catalogue and so on. The others will probably not be back until shortly before supper. Tomorrow we shall start off an early as convenient for Lookout and but in a day or so returning, packing and so on.

George and Van have not found this very good table, as far as the data are concerned but, oddly enough, have found some variety. Their data results have been pretty badly mixed, but sixteen or seventeen different species are represented. Only in two or three cases have they taken more than one specimen of the species. For myself, I have done pretty well, I think, both in type and quantity, but having no knowledge of what I have taken, I cannot be sure of my success. I do know that I am going to know more than all the combined herpetology and ichthyology people have so far.

Friday, 14 May 1948. This entry is written back at Lockerbie. We left Newcas-

tle Bay about 9.45 A.M. after the usual flurry of packing which goes with the establishment and breaking up of every camp, has a journey without incident through the scrub and forest and had no rain.

About four miles from Lockerbie we found and picked up a carpet snake which was sunning itself in the middle of the trail; I have just measured it, nine feet, three inches. Last night Willie Somerset came to me with a brown snake, found just outside the boys' tent; altogether Newcastle Bay was quite a good collecting camp, so far as reptiles go, but the two large butterflies which so successfully avoided me there, were in profusion all through our journey, of course, thumbing their noses in a lepidopterian sort of way.

Mrs. Holland gave us a very pleasant lunch after we had unloaded the truck and it did not take long to get camp reorganized again; we had left several of the tents standing and were able to stack our gear and baggage to somewhat better advantage than it was when we first set up the Lockerbie camp. It felt good to be away from the sand and salt and to take a bath in fresh water. I put the carpet in a snake bag and drowned him, later using the water to soak our dirty clothing in. Tomorrow will be a refitting, oiling, laundering sort of day and at the moment our next move has not yet been decided on.

There is no particular reason why Lockerbie should have a rather homelike atmosphere - I think I have tried to describe it elsewhere and it is nothing more than a bush camp, but nevertheless, perhaps because we were returning to a known place, rather than going to an unknown one, we are all relaxed and at ease here. Soon we shall move over to Dick's house to hear the 9 P.M. news and then shall turn in, I think. I suppose we all feel here that vigilance is not so necessary, as we have been here before and know what we are likely to meet, and that accounts for our let-down.

Saturday, 15 May 1948. This morning I went over to the telegraph station again and have some more or less definite news to set down here. The Alagna is due to leave Thursday Island, southbound, on the 27th or 28th and a barge (former landing craft) will be arranged for to call for us at R.I.P. on the 25th or 26th. We shall have a day in Thursday Island to arrange trans-shipment of gear from our barge to Alagna and should have time to get a hair-cut and a glass of beer as well.

Today has been and tomorrow will be spent in packing the collections made so far for shipment to Cairns and on Tuesday we shall move to Sanameia Lagoon, just north of the Jardine River and about in the middle of the Peninsula. We shall return from there on Saturday, close things up at Lockerbie and establish ourselves at Red Island Point until we leave. From R.I.P. we shall cover the Jacky-Jacky airport, or what is left of it, and make a visit to Cowall Creek to sign the indentures covering the boys working for us, all of whom wish to make the whole trip.

Van went off this afternoon to the Area of Tom Holland's saw-mill and may stay there during the Sanameia period if his results are good.

Mail came in last night and I know that the letters Bill Wallace mailed after the Lochiel, on April 20th, reached New York before the end of that month. Good going, I think. Last night there was a police broadcast saying that Lochiel was overdue and feared lost with all hands, but this morning she arrived in Portland Roads. She had been sheltering from the gales we felt in Newcastle Bay, most likely. Yalata, too, has appeared from the blue of Cairns and reached Thursday Island this morning.

Friday, 11 May 1945. The day began with a heavy rain. The rain continued throughout the day.

The day was very wet. The rain was heavy and continued throughout the day. The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day.

The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day. The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day. The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day.

The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day. The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day. The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day.

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The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day. The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day. The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day.

The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day. The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day. The rain was very heavy and continued throughout the day.

Sunday, 16 May 1948. Today has been one of those days so completely eventless that it is hardly worth while making any entry here save as a memo of the date. I have said that before but we use a Corn Exchange Bank calendar and it is always possible that the thing could be mislaid or something. If I write in this daily, as I have up to the present, I shall always know the date, even though I may not know the time. In that department also we have improved and recently a very fine Westclox alarm arrived over from T.I.

We have been doing some desultory packing today and shall really work on it tomorrow. The next day we leave Lockerbie, probably for ever, as we are shifting everything down to Red Island Point. Jack Cupid called on us this afternoon with his wife and I was able to send a letter to B-P, T.I., which makes my phone call of next Saturday unnecessary. Consequently, when we start for Sanameia we shall take the bulk of our equipment with us. Van will remain at the saw-mill and when Dick calls to get him Friday, they will bring out to R.I.P. whatever we are not able to carry day after tomorrow.

Reports on Sanameia vary but the consensus is that we shall have a rather dismal camp there, on account of the surroundings. It is or will be on the edge of a lagoon which may turn out to be simply a large swamp; Len thinks it will be a good place for him and it may be for reptiles but George does not expect much of it. We shall pitch camp there on Tuesday, Dick will arrive for us on Friday evening and we return on Saturday so, whatever it may be like, we shall not have very much of it.

Monday, 17 May 1948. I had hoped that today would be devoted solely to packing and that it could be accomplished in relative comfort but last night George went hunting and came back with a carpet snake measuring nine feet one inch, which had to be skinned. No sooner had I finished that than Ginger Dick came marching in with another, six inches longer than the first one. They are easy enough to do, far less difficult than the big lizards, but between them they took up some valuable hours of the morning.

Now everything has been packed, with the exception of our or two odds and ends which will be in use tomorrow morning, the bulk of the camp has been struck and we were ready to go. We shall leave very early tomorrow morning, taking with us collecting and camp gear for Sanameia and Dick will bring Van and the balance of the equipment on Friday to R.I.P., coming on from there to pick us up.

So the next entry, tomorrow, will be written from the vicinity of the Lagoon and I shall try to be explicit and somewhat more interesting than I am tonight.

Tuesday, <sup>18</sup>19 May 1948. Sanameia would have been just as dismal as I had expected it to be, had we made camp there, but we did not.

We were up before the sun this morning, breakfasted with Ginger Dick as our guest and set to work dismantling camp. It did not take a great length of time to complete that and get away, after bidding Mrs. Holland goodbye and signing her autograph book. We drove almost to Red Island Point but turned south, moving toward Jacky-Jacky, or Higginsfield Airport. That during its time must have been a very comfortable camp, though lonely; compared with the grim and embattled greyness of Aldershot, for example, its lush greenery and vegetation looked very enticing. It was odd to see the usual military signs still hanging and read and translate the Australian Army abbreviations.

After passing through Jacky-Jacky we turned onto the telegraph line and the



definitely changed for the worse. The deep<sup>y</sup> rich foliage was replaced by scrubby open forest, laced with leafless vines. Now and then we would reach a barren open fen, grown over with weeds and tussocks of grass and so boggy that we had to skirt far away from such areas. Misery Creek and Skull Creek, both aptly named, were passed and finally, on the west, we saw Sanameia Lagoon.

It was obvious at first sight that it was impossible as a camping ground. About the only thing it had was water and to reach that one would have to break through a deep fringe of reeds and rushes. There were no trees within some miles so tent poles would not be procurable. There was no bird life to be seen and no sign of animal life. We ourselves supplied the only life in the whole landscape.

The Jardine River was about two miles further south, so we continued to the telegraph crossing there; the river is crocodile infested and was running with a swift current; the punt kept there was in mid-river, caught in a mess of tangles logs and branches which had swept down the stream. Obviously we could not cross the Jardine so finally we decided on a spot on a rise of ground with swamp east and west of us, about midway between the river and Sanameia. Our camp's official name is Telegraph Crossing, Jardine River.

The camp is comfortably placed, a few yards from the water of the swamp. George and I have our tents set up with the entrances facing each other and separated by the length of our work fly, which we share. Len has his tent and fly, Joe sleeps in the dining fly and the two boys, Willie Somerset and Roy, whose last name turns out to be Stephen, not Sampson, share a tent together.

We all managed to get a little collecting done in the late afternoon and in the evening George and I went out with lights, travelling in opposite directions along the telegraph line.

Dick will arrive on Friday night and take us back to Red Island Point, where Van will be awaiting us, I have to pry the three boys and get them off to Cowall Creek Mission to make their goodbyes to the respective families, and then, probably on Monday or Tuesday, we shall leave the Tip of the Peninsula and start south to Portland Roads.

Wednesday, 19 May 1948. It has been somewhat a disappointment so far as collecting goes; in the mammal and reptile world, at least. George and Roy Stephen put out somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred traps last night and drew a total blank. My insects are good, as are Len's plants collections but reptiles simply are not here. Frogs do not even croak in the swamp, snakes will not be here unless there is something for them to eat, rats, for example, and although it is supposed to be full of death adders, not a one did I see. I turned rocks and tree stumps, scratched among dead leaves, did everything the book says, and nothing happened.

The Jardine, that river fabulously full of crocodiles, did not produce a single one when I went there in the late morning, and although, as I said, it is running with a swift current, and bars stretch in places almost the full width of the river. I need not add that although no crocs were in evidence, it still is not a place that I would choose as a swimming hole.

In non-scientific spheres, the mail plane, north-bound, passed over us this morning and another, south-bound, went over this afternoon. Jack Cupid is due down here tomorrow for his final inspection of the line before going on two months leave, and Dick is to come the next evening. The weather has been overcast and showery all day, and in general there were no high-lights.



Thursday, 20 May 1948. Much of a repetition of yesterday; still no rats for George, though he got a wallaby with one well-frown pouch young last night, and no snakes for me. Two visits to the river resulted in no signs of crocodiles so the reptile department is not doing so well unless Van and Moreton are rolling them in at the saw-mill.

The birds around here are plentiful and very beautifully colored for the most part. A drad old emu was roused when we drove in two days ago and endeavored to elude us by running parallel, the stupid creature. After galloping for about two hundred yards, it found out that it could get away by running at right angles to us and did so.

The insect department is thriving and I have taken some very lovely things today. It seems rather a shame to do so, though their life would be short anyway and they may give some pleasure to people who examine and look at them at the Museum.

It is about 8.30 P.M., and there has been no sign of Jack Cupid; possibly he will arrive tomorrow with Dick but if he intends to cross the Jardine, I want to see how he does it. We shall pull out of here early on Saturday morning and whatever time remains will be spent at Red Island Point.

Mosquitoes have been rather bad and most of them are anopheles but there is no reason for thinking that they are carrying anything. There is nothing and nobody from whom then can carry it, fortunately. I suppose the nearest human habitation is Red Island, twenty miles away to the north. To the south probably there is nobody living for about twice that distance and the same thing applies to east and west. The abos have moved with great docility into the settlements and missions, though there could of course be one or two strays around somewhere. They avoid contact with people though and have neither the curiosity nor the belligerence of the South American Indian, for instance, Of our boys, Moreton is an old man and would probably creep away and live on rats and bandicoots, if he had to. Possibly he does, just as a memory of old times. The other boys are considerably yonger, have been brought up under the protection of white men and, while their natural abilities in the way of finding game and following trail still are active, their desire for primitive living never existed at all, probably. Both of them are timid - Willie has done government work during the war and is more self-reliant than Roy. The latter is a soft-spoken, lazy lad but I think has adopted us and possibly may be peped up a bit. Both, as well as Moreton, want to make the full trip and will do so, provided they return from their visit home over the week-end.

Now I have to go out for a while and see if I can catch any spiders. That is about all there is for me in the evening. I am disappointed that the famous death-adder has not put in an appearance at all - this should be his sort of country.

Friday, 21 May 1948. So far as collecting goes, this was much the same as the last two days. No animals or reptiles, plenty of plants and insects.

Dick arrived here shortly after 5 P.M., bringing with him a friend, Bornholt, from Murwillumbah. Bornholt has served in the South African War and is of course somewhat older than the rest of us. He is not in any way lacking in enthusiasm though and, having brought his rifle, was driven down to the Jardine River for a possible shot at a crocodile. None appeared, fortunately, because if he had seen and taken one, I think I would cheerfully have strangled him. I have sat on the banks of the river for hours looking for one, even just a small one.

Thursday, 20 May 1946. Much of a vegetation of yesterday; still no rats for  
George, though he got a wallaby with one well-bred  
pouch young last night, and no snakes for me. The visit to the river  
of the rats of yesterday as the rabbit department has not being as well  
known as the rabbits were rolling first in the morning.

The birds around here are plentiful and very beautiful. I found the  
first bird. A black bird was taken when we drove in the early morning and  
discovered in the morning. It was a black bird. It was a black bird.  
The first bird was taken when we drove in the early morning and  
discovered in the morning. It was a black bird. It was a black bird.

The first bird was taken when we drove in the early morning and  
discovered in the morning. It was a black bird. It was a black bird.  
The first bird was taken when we drove in the early morning and  
discovered in the morning. It was a black bird. It was a black bird.

It is about 2.10 P.M., and there has been no sign of Jack Ophidi; possibly  
he will arrive tomorrow with me. In the morning we cross the bridge,  
I want to see how he does it. We are in the morning on the bridge,  
morning and tomorrow. The river is about 100 yards long.

Knowledge has been taken and most of them are snakes but there  
is a reason for thinking that they are carrying snakes. There is a  
and nobody from whom they can carry it. Fortunately, I suppose the  
human habit of the red island, nearly all the way to the north. To the south  
probably there is nobody living in the island. The island is a  
thing which is not a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
the settlement and the island. The island is a snake. The island is a  
around somewhere. They are not a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
curiously not the settlement of the island. The island is a snake. The island is a  
and the island. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
The other days are considerably younger, have been brought up under the pro-  
tection of white men and, like their mother, killed in the way of killing  
game and following with a rifle. The island is a snake. The island is a  
never killed a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
government were killed. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
bed in a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
do so, but that is not the case. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a

Now I have to go out for a while and see if I can get any snakes. That  
is about all there is for me in the evening. I am disappointed that the island  
is not the case. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a

Friday, 21 May 1946. The day is a little better, but the rain is still  
last night. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a

There arrived here shortly after 1 P.M., bringing with him a snake.  
Brought from the island. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
in the island. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
line river for a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
because it is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a snake. The island is a  
him. I have not on the bank of the river for hours looking for one, even  
that a small one.

Bernholt arrived quite unexpectedly and I understood Dick to say that he brought a wife, son and two daughters, who have been parked at Ted Island. Van and Moreton also are there and there should be quite a little party. A ship has come over from Thursday Island and is said to be returning on Monday. It may turn out that we take that over since there is no mail from Mills of B-P, T.I., and we have no idea when the craft he has engaged may call for us. He cannot be entirely blamed for that silence, however, since I was supposed to call him tomorrow ~~morning~~ morning but of course cannot do so from here.

There is no particular point in starting any letters since I can mail them myself in a few days. I am hoping there may be some mail waiting us when we get to R.I.P. tomorrow, and in any event I shall then, I hope, have more definite information about our future movements.

Saturday, 22 May 1948. Last night Dick and Mr. Barnholt decided to sleep up on the ridge a little north of camp, in order to avoid mosquitoes but complained of them as much as we did when they came in to breakfast this morning. I think we got out just in time.

Relativity is an odd thing - now, camped in an old army hut at Red Island Point, which in itself consists of one white man's house, two half-castes and several abandoned army huts, we feel that we are in a metropolis. Cairns would be positively numbing in its rush of traffic and constant hurry and scurry. Joe immediately took his fish lines on our arrival and produced a very pleasant meal of fish for supper. George and Van have gone out jack-lighting, Len is taking a shower somewhere, which I must do soon, and I am writing this.

There was mail awaiting us from New York but nothing to tell when we shall leave here or whether the Alagna is running on time. A rumor comes that a barge will be over on Tuesday and in that case we shall take it, whether or not it has been sent over by our T.I. agent. Evidently writing is an art not much practiced by the Islanders.

On our way back I got another carpet snake, only eight feet five of him this time, and Van brought me a turtle and a frog so "repiles and amphibians" goes over the two hundred mark now. The snake has been skinned, just before supper, and tomorrow the work of final packing for the things not ready to be packed when we left Lockerbie for the Jardine River must be undertaken. What we do with them then remains to be seen - our means of packing are so scanty that the containers could not possibly stand the rigors of a journey to Cairns but we have nothing else in which to pack. Possibly B-P in T.I. may be able to do something about it, but in view of their ~~reluctance~~ reluctance to writing letters, I am afraid they may prove something of a broken reed. We shall get by somehow though.

I think tomorrow, after the chores have been done, I shall start some letters for New York. I shall mail them myself, I expect, as we think Alagna will leave T.I. before the end of the week.

Sunday, 23 May 1948. I omitted to say that the boys were paid off yesterday afternoon and went off to Cowall Creek to bid their goodbyes to their folks. Judging by the chattering and laughter that went on before their departure, they were satisfied with their pay and with the tobacco they bought from me before they left. They are paid £2-10-0 weekly, of which £2-0-0 goes to the Protector in trust for them and they get the 10/10 as pocket money. From that is deducted the value of the tobacco they have drawn and before going on furlough, as it were, I allowed them to buy what additional tobacco they wanted to take home with them. It is the usual method here and the system of trade goods, with these boys, is not in effect, I'm glad to say, as that is a lengthy operation.



In the afternoon Moreton returned from the reservation with two spears that I had asked him to bring, for my own collection. I paid him 10/0 and he promptly converted that into tobacco. He says they are all ready to report tomorrow for the long trip south.

The peril of these waters and the inadvisability of indulging in promiscuous swimming was illustrated this morning by the shooting of two sharks, each between eight and nine feet in length. They were in shallow water, not more than waist deep and within ten feet of land. I think perhaps one of the worst things about this sort of region is that one is prone to become overconfident and to take chances, simply because one has not seen some of the things that definitely are here. I still watch my step very carefully, wherever I go.

Monday 24 May 1948. Today has been marked by two things for me; violent packing and the attack of some sort of indisposition. One of those things that make the joints ache and in general render one totally useless. It hit me, whatever it was, after the bulk of my packing was done, so there is no great harm done.

There is no news of our barge but the consensus is that it will come tomorrow; if not, there is a good chance that we shall miss the Alagna though we have no definite word about her. My opinion of Thursday Island and its business men gets lower and lower, though I feel that we should have made the call that we said we would.

The boys arrived back from Cowall Creek this afternoon and Moreton offered me another spear for a plug of tobacco. Tobacco is getting low with us so there was no dice until we reach Portland Roads and receive our new supplies, after which Van may take the spear, though we have urged Moreton to go out and kill some game with it.

It is barely 8 P.M. but I think I shall turn in. I cannot see the keys very well and there is hardly a joint in me that works without a creak. In New York I should think immediately of flu but here one thinks of fever and I dread the thought. Perhaps it is the result of the stiff dose of atebine I took yesterday. I hope so.

Tuesday, 25 May 1948. There cannot be much more happening today except the possible arrival of the barge, which has not yet put in an appearance, though three pearling luggers have arrived and given Red Island Point the appearance of a busy port.

Packing was just about concluded by lunch time and the whole Holland family came from Lockerbie to bid us goodbye but the likelihood is that the barge will not arrive until tomorrow, get us over to T.I., perhaps by noon, and we shall leave that place on the Alagna the following day. It does not allow much time here and I have a great number of things to find and purchase, if possible, but from what I have heard of the place, there is nothing of interest particularly to raise any desire for a protracted stay.

The purchases to be made mainly consist of containers of various sorts, and the bug and snake departments sent me out grievously under-equipped, if I have been doing the correct things with the specimens taken. There is a lot of mailing to be done and letters to be written, which is one of the reasons for getting this day's entry made early. I need the typewriter for business purposes.

I am very glad to say that I rose this morning clear of any slight fever which I might have had yesterday; most of the aches have vanished and I fit as a fiddle again.



Wednesday, 26 May 1948. This morning we did not hasten to repack the things we had unpacked last night and had our first spell of loafing this morning, first since disembarking from the Marine Phoenix in February. We did not enjoy the rest particularly as we are all so eager to get to Portland Roads and to get the job finished. We had just about given up hope for this day when, around 3.30 P.M. the barge hove into sight around the tip of Red Island.

It was an ordinary L.C.I., Landing Craft, Infantry, and was a relic of the war, of course, but an ideal thing for her job of carrying bulky cargo around between the islands. Her captain was a black, her engineer white and her crew black, all of him. The skipper announced that he had come over to get us and after loading some lumber, would take our stuff aboard but did not quite know when. It turned out to be 2 A.M. when we began loading our gear on board, so really the journey belongs in tomorrow's entry.

The day was gusty and blustery with sharp rain squalls very frequently, a good day for loafing. We had no visitors except Dick's son, Stan, who catches bush beef, butchers them and ships them to Thursday Island for the meat market there. Bess, an old black dog belonging to Stan, has adopted us and is a constant visitor, scratching a hole for herself in the sand where she lies and watches us lazily.

Thursday, 27 May 1948. In pitch blackness and heavy rain we left Red Island Point, our gear loaded and snugly under a tarpaulin but with hardly any place for ourselves to lay our heads. The loading was accomplished with a surprising efficiency, after other such events, in spite of the darkness, and Bess ambled out from her hole in the sand to the head of the Jetty to see us go.

By daylight, and under good climatic conditions, the trip would have been rather pleasant, threading between the many islands which here dot the Torres Straits, but as it happened we could barely make out the loom of them through the cloud and scud, though the moon is barely past the full. Our sleeping was sketchy, Joe getting half of the black crew's bunk, Len a chair, George a desk in the wheel house and Van and I stayed up for the rest of the night, I getting an occasional snooze on a hatch cover. We were all glad when daylight finally came and we could at least see what we were doing.

Thursday is at the head of a channel composed of the sides of Horn Island and Prince of Wales Island, the water was that lovely tropical metallic blue and the sun shone in short bursts. We tied up to the wharf at T.I. before 8 A.M., went ashore and had turtle steak for breakfast.

Alagna was in port and also Cora and Yalata, both of them ships which had at one time seemed to be likely to transport us from Cairns, just at the end of the strike. There was no sign of Lochiel. Alagna brought mail for us and we were glad to have it but it also brought the news that the shipment of supplies ordered and arranged for before we left Cairns, which were to be delivered to Portland Roads by that ship, had not been sent. There can be no excuse except that possibly Burke's would not let Alagna stop at P.R. We have to thresh out that matter, as it is extremely serious.

And now for Thursday Island. No beautiful, dreamy tropical isle, this: frangipani does not scent the air; the men are not clad in cool starched white linen and do not wear sun helmets; leis are not to be seen on the women, nor does one observe the sarongs of the movies. It is a stark dump. The men are dirty and frowsty, their clothes old khaki, and most of them are plain sots - not just pleasant drunks but sots.



The women that I have seen so far simply are very ordinary, rather low class creatures, tending toward thin khaki jodhpurs and cotton singlets as their form of clothing. Nowhere, so far, in the South Seas, have I seen a single woman of allurements nor a man of mystery. No broken noblemen <sup>are</sup> exiled Oxford dons live in these seas, the shadows of Tondaleo have vanished completely. It is a disappointment and I think somebody should give Somerset Maugham a severe scolding.

After breakfast our further acquaintance with the hotel started. Assuming my room to be typical, I shall try to describe it. It has an electric light bulb hanging from the rather high ceiling but has no running water. Instead there is an enamel basin, rather shallow, and a jug, also a glass in which I found the soap nestling. It has two bureaus but no table nor chair; its bed has sheets and mosquito net but the sheets are dirty. No pictures, I am glad to say, hang on the bare wooden walls. It has two doors, one opening in from the hall and the other opening out onto a verandah, common to all the bedrooms. The verandah has a hole in it and a stairway down leads past a mango tree to a tin hut which is the bath-room and another, smaller, the hut which is the john. Scattered coconut palms are waving their fronds in a fairly strong breeze, and are planted sparsely up the hill behind the hotel.

Following breakfast we called on the local Burns, Philp man and found that he has got his whole family in the business. There are three of them, brothers; judging by the appearance their whisky consumption would be not less than a gallon per man per day. False-sounding excuses were made for the non-reply to our many letters, our mail was handed over to us and the business of trans-shipping cargo from the barge to Alagna, one of my jobs, was commenced. At the moment all the stuff for Portland Roads is on the ship, the things we need for our personal use while ashore are with us in our rooms, and three crates of collected specimens are waiting for shipment down to B-P, Cairns, so that has been done. Jetty Joe drew all his pay under the pretext of having bills to pay and for their own sakes, I hope his creditors get to know about it pretty soon as it is liquifying rapidly.

We have just finished the mid-day meal, not notable for anything particular in the way of food but enlivened by one of the waitresses consigning the other, in a loud voice which echoed over the diners' heads, to a certain place which I shall not set down here. It was not hell, not even bloody hell, but quite another place which I have not heard referred to since I left the artillery. Most of the guests took it in their stride but Van jumped as if somebody had stuck a knife in him - the waitress who did the shouting was sitting at our table, next to him.

Now I have to see the B-P "merchandise manager" who is not a member of the family and consequently has odds of three to one against him all the time; he was to try and obtain some special things for me.

It has been a tiring night and half day; dingy as my sheets are and doubtful though the bed content may be, I think I shall sleep soundly tonight.

Friday, 28 May 1948. Our evening last night turned out much better than might have been expected from first impressions of the town. We were invited to the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Cadzow, it being Mr. C's birthday, and Len's also. There were several of the Torres Straits pilots there, cheery souls, mainly Scots, and all men who had sailed as masters for many years in these seas before becoming pilots. They are something of a unique group, sixteen in all, whose combined knowledge of the East Indian and Island waters could not be found in any set of volumes. Electricity is turned off \*\*\* in the town at midnight and we just beat it.

The house that I have been to for nearly two years is a very comfortable one. It is a two-story house with a large front porch. The house is very comfortable and I have been to it for nearly two years. It is a very comfortable house and I have been to it for nearly two years. It is a very comfortable house and I have been to it for nearly two years.

After breakfast we called on the local mayor, who was a very friendly man. He showed us around the town and we saw many interesting things. The town is very beautiful and I have been to it for nearly two years. It is a very beautiful town and I have been to it for nearly two years. It is a very beautiful town and I have been to it for nearly two years.

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It is now shortly after noon and the day has been bright so far, the first of such events for about two weeks. There is a strong wind blowing and the fleet of pearling luggers anchored in the harbor bobs around like so many corks.

Van is suffering from some kind of eye infection and has been treated at the hospital. George has been skinning some bats taken yesterday, I caught up with my mail and visited Burns, Philp and Len came in with the information that we may leave this afternoon, the captain of the Alagna states. However, this is much more of a land of Manana than South America and I still feel that it will not be until tomorrow morning.

I am infuriated with Burns Philp in general. Not only were the local man's excuses for not writing flimsy and indifferent but now I find that the Cairns B-P have failed to make our shipment of supplies as ordered. They were to have come up by the Alagna, whose captain said he had no freight for Portland Roads at all and did not even stop there. Vernon, of the Brisbane Museum, who is to join us for a few weeks during the P.R. period, also was to have come up by the Alagna but did not do so.

Drinking in the hotel started right after breakfast and a few minutes ago a total stranger came in to my room and said that probably we would never meet again. I agreed with him, said it was ~~also~~ nice that we had met at all. He agreed with me and left, murmuring about ships that pass in the night.

Saturday, 29 May 1948. Before telling of the opulent comfort and splendor in which I am writing at present, I had better bring yesterday to a proper close.

After completing the above entry, we all went up a hill at the north-west end of the island, named Green Hill,. On the summit there was an old fortress, constructed many years ago and revived for use during the 14-18 war. The old gund still mounted there date back much longer than that but I could find no date on them. The cause of their visit there was that the galleries, passages and slots and slits through which ammunition used to be passed have become a community home for thousands of bats. George and Van wanted some as specimens and I wanted to look the old place over.

The bats were there and for the first time we found that local opinion did not lie, so far as their numbers go. The flapping of their wings caused a continuous loud hum and draught of cold air. The galleries were really long tunnels with low roofs, only about seven feet high; the bats gathered in large clusters, the underneath ones clinging to inequalities in the roof and the rest hanging on to the other bats. George and Van simply picked them off in handfuls, examining them and letting ~~them~~ those which they did not want.

In the evening we were invited to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Barnes and there found the Torres Straits pilots gathered again, with Mr. and Mrs. Cadzow, who had been our hosts the previous night. Again we had a very pleasant time and ended up with a meal containing all the sweet cakes and such things that we shall not now see again until three months at least have passed.

Again we got back just before the lights went out and a little later I was aroused by somebody bumping and clawing his way around my room. A mutter was ~~my~~ the only answer to my challenge so I hopped out of bed to find another drunk (the first was the man who said we should never meet again) who had mistaken the open door of my room for the passage which runs from the back to the front verandah. He had stumbled over my box, completely lost his bearings and was trying to find his way out again. I directed him to the passageway, we agreed that there was a mighty heavy sea running, and so back to bed.

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the Federal Hotel promptly at 8.30, our breakfast being more or less thrown at us, as had all the other meals. to all diners, since the two waitresses both are also employed in the B-P store and have to rush there after serving meals, got our gear stowed on board and sailed pretty well on the dot of 9 A.M. George and Van managed to get to the hospital for a final examination of Van's eye, which is improving, and we looked over the ship. She is 700 tons, no Queen Mary, of course, but something that completely eclipses the Lochiel, She has passenger cabins for four people, two two-berth rooms, of which one is ours. The rest of us will sleep on the comfortable settees in the dining saloon. She has one, with a steward who wears a white coat, polishes the silver and glass-ware, and says please and thank you. We are all delighted with the ship, both on account of her superiority over our past accommodations and also the superiority over those to come. We shall enjoy them to the full.

It is now 2 P.M., we passed the Tip of Cape York after sailing around the eastern side of Horn Island, not up the Normanby Pass, between Horn and Prince of Wales Islands, the way the L.C.I. brought us in, have travelled down past Somerset and seen in the distance Newcastle Bay, where we made our camp after leaving Lockerbie. Now we are crossing Jacky Jacky Inlet, the mouth of the Escape River is due south of us and we are heading in a SSE direction. A good and copious lunch has been consumed, which included such unheard of delicacies as crackers and cheese, iced water and table napkins.

Capt. Dan Cleary is master of the ship and expects to disembark us at Portland Roads after breakfast tomorrow.

Moreton, Willie and Roy are not certain that they like this part of the journey but they cannot do much about it now. I gave Moreton a part packet of cigarettes so he became more resigned.

I think before closing this part of the entry, and thereby, this part of the expedition, I can put in a little more about Dr. Barnes and also the Federal Hotel. Barnes is a very young man, not yet out of his middle twenties, I should judge. He is the only doctor on T.I. and runs a small hospital there which, with the private practice he naturally must have, keeps him very busy. He was one of that small group of Australian troops who were cut off by the Japs on Timor but held out until the end of the war or when Timor was relieved. I have read how they managed to construct a radio and send word back as to their continued existence. Barnes did not complete his medical course until after he had left the army.

The Federal Hotel is run and owned, I believe, by Kevin Kelleher, who does not like work very much and sent to Brisbane for his mother to come up and take charge. She is of Jewish extraction and the story is that the hotel is going downhill. How that can be done is hard to understand - one would say that it definitely is in a valley now. Mrs. Kelleher has had nine children, three of whom, including Kevin, went into the police force, but Kevin got out and somehow acquired the hotel. A waitress was sent for from Cairns but she received a better offer from another hotel in T.I. and after one look at the Federal, accepted the other. Consequently the B-P girls, who live there, are given free rent in return for their household services.

George and Len have turned in for a while and Van and I are writing but I find myself yawning mostly. I think I shall lie down on the settee for a while and get a bit of a rest. We shall be about level with Pudding Pan Hill by dusk, well on our southward way, and tomorrow is another day of setting up camp, to say nothing of getting our stuff off the Alagna. Being out of reading matter, since all my who-dun-its are in one of the boxes in the cargo, I am reading this journal to see what strikes me as a possibility for short story material. So far I have not found much.

The Federal Hotel property of 5.30, and the street being more or less through at us, we had all the other rooms, to all others, since the two entrances both are employed in the 8-9 stairs and have to rush across after passing meals, for our guests on board and waiting pretty well on the top of 9 A.M. George and Van managed to get to the hospital for a final examination of Van's eye, which is improving, and we looked over the ship. Van is 100 pounds, no more weight, of course, not assuming that completely adjusted the stomach. The passenger cabins for four people, two one-person rooms, of which one is ours. The rest of us will sleep in the comfortable section in the dining saloon. The rest of us, with a steward who wears a white coat, polished the ship and glassware, and some glasses and thank you. We are all delighted with the ship, both on account of her superiority over our past accommodations and also the superiority over those to come. We shall enjoy her to the full.

It is not 2.1.1., we passed the tip of Cape York when sailing around the eastern side of Horn Island, not up the Northerly coast, between Horn and Raines of Lake Islands, the way the U.S.I. brought us in, have travelled down past the coast and seen in the distance Newcombe Bay, where we made our way. Leaving Newcombe. Now we are passing back back back, the mouth of the Macleay River is one side of us and we are heading in a 125° direction. A good and typical lunch has been consumed, which included some unusual delicacies of macaroni and cheese, hard water and bread in slices.

Capt. Dan O'Leary is master of the ship and expects to disembark at Portland Roads after breakfast tomorrow.

Forester, Millie and Roy are not certain that they like this part of the journey but they cannot do much about it now. I gave Forester a pair of gloves of lightest to be become more realistic.

I think before closing this part of the entry, and thereby, this part of the expedition, I can put in a little more about Mr. Forester and also the Federal Hotel. Forester is a very young man, not yet out of his studies, and I should judge, he is the only doctor on I.L.I. and runs a small hospital there, which, with the private practice he maintains, must have, keep him very busy. He was one of the small group of Australian troops who were sent up the Cape on liner but held out until the end of the war when he was released. I have read that they managed to construct a radio and send word back to their continued existence. Forester did not complete his medical course until after he had left the army.

The Federal Hotel is run and owned, I believe, by Kevin Kellie, and does not like work very much and went to Brisbane for his mother to town and back change. She is a Jewish extortionist and the story is that the hotel is going downhill. How that can be done is hard to understand - one would say that it is definitely in a valley now. Mrs. Kellie has had nine children, three of whom, including Kevin, went into the police force, but Kevin got out and someone acquired the hotel. A witness was sent for from Cairns but she received a letter after from another hotel in I.L.I. and after one look at the hotel, accepted the offer. Consequently the 8-9 girls, who live there, are given the room in return for their household services.

George and Van have turned in for a while and Van and I are waiting but I find myself yawning much. I think I shall lie down on the sofa for a while and get a bit of a rest. We shall be about 1000 with the Dan Hill by dawn, well on our way and we, and someone is another day of sailing up Cape, no way nothing left but still all the things. Being out of sailing water, since all my accommodations are in one of the houses in the center, I am reading this journal to see what stories are as a possibility for short story material. So far I have not found much.

Sunday, 30 May 1948. We were passing across Temple Bay this morning at 6 A.M. when I roused. The little Alagna had travelled as gently and steadily as anybody could possibly ask and we had all slept well. A breakfast of bacon and eggs, the first dish of eggs we have had for longer than I care to think, set us up in fine condition, eventually we crossed Temple and Weymouth Bays and saw Restoration Island, off the shore from Portland Roads. We pulled in and tied up at the dock in very good condition, considering its lack of use, and our stuff was put ashore, with ourselves, ~~at~~ by nine.

Fisher, who is to act as agent for us in this area, was not at the dock but a number of hard case miners, including Jack Gordon, whom we met at Cairns, were in the jetty shack recovering from a party which had developed as a result of the Wandana's call there yesterday. We had passed Wandana about nine o'clock yesterday evening.

Len and George went off looking for Fisher while Van and I joined in the miners party which started again on our arrival. Finally Fisher was found and our stuff was shifted from the pier to the place selected as our camp, an abandoned army hut. We shall be comfortable here but I believe we are to move within a few days for some other place, depending on the results achieved by the hunters. They will begin to show tomorrow.

The blacks we brought down do not like it very much and think they will be attacked by the local natives. They have asked for weapons but of course cannot be given any because they would almost certainly provoke a conflict in that case. The boys were very relieved to find they did not have to go out hunting tonight.

Fisher and his wife I shall write about tomorrow; they invited us over to their place for a drink before supper and we shall go over later to listen to the news but I would rather wait a little longer before setting down any particular impressions.

The shipment from B-P and Vernon, the lad from the Queensland Museum, were both here but I have not been able to check the things sent in yet. The statement I asked for has not been received, which annoys me because I want to get our accounts settled and find out how we stand.

Monday, 31 May, 1948. The morning and most of the afternoon were spent, by me at least, in checking the consignment of equipment and supplies which was waiting for us here, with the very sparse documents in my possession. As far as I can tell, the things received are the things ordered, with some omissions, but I have no invoice from Cairns so cannot tell what we actually have been charged with.

Between supplies and equipment, which we had left at Cairns for shipment to us here, we have a huge quantity of baggage and its handling is something of a problem. Perhaps the best way of handling it is to send forward the stuff we do not expect to use in this and the following couple of camps. If we send it to Coen, we shall catch up with it again in four or five weeks, we shall be able to take advantage of any baggage train or lorry going from the port in that direction, and we shall cut down the great mass of stuff that would otherwise have to accompany us to our subsidiary camps.

We were at Fisher's, as I said yesterday, for drinks and to listen to the evening news, but I am writing this now in order to clear the typewriter so that I can get letters off to B-P about Joe's insurance and one or two other things so shall not touch on them just now.

First results for mammals were not good but the hunters brought in several specimens for me; my collection grows, even though I make out a balance sheet and do not leave my chair.



Later. While I was unpacking and checking the supplies, there was another reorganization which, in this case, meant that everybody selected what they needed from the equipment shipped up from Cairns and dumped the rest on top of my bed or my box or something that was mine. I am supposed to pack this residue and have already been told how much more we ordered than was needed - but all the other chaps made up the lists, not me.

The weather is much like that at Newcastle Bay - a fairly clear morning, the early part of it, followed by clouds, heavy gusts of wind and squalls of rain. I think collecting is not too good but have been so tied to the store job that I have had little opportunity even to know what the others have done, let alone do anything myself.

This is our second night here at Portland Roads and I have managed to listen to the 9 o'clock news each night. Most of it is concerned with a general referendum recently taken here to determine whether federal control of prices is to be maintained here in Australia or not. The majority was fairly crushing in favor of not. It is so odd that hardly any country that I know anything about has any faith whatever in the government it has elected for itself. It is a profound thought, one that I can well go to bed on.

Tuesday, 1 June 1948. Mrs. Fisher and one of the abbo women went out yesterday and Mrs. F. told me that Ada, the colored woman, wanted to know how long those government men, meaning us, would be staying. She wanted also to know if we would be going up Black Mountain, a resort of "quinken". Mrs. F. asked if Ada would go but she said "No. Big wind him come. Blow off all black woman's clothes." Evidently after modesty has been ravished by the wind, the quinken come in and do the rest. Her father is one of those abbos who have caught the quinken, the little hairy men, alive. He, and all the other abbos who have ever caught a quinken, is dead, though.

It is still a little before supper time, about 5.30, but as I am going out with a light this evening and want to get back in time to listen to the nine o'clock news at Fisher's, I think I shall get this written up now.

This morning I still had not ~~fix~~ finished with the repacking but decided to go out for an hour or so before I started on that work. Climbed by a roundabout means to an abandoned radar station on a hill behind camp, from which I could properly get my bearings for the first time since our arrival at Portland Roads. There is a variety of country and that on the hill is the worst kind of all. Long rank grass, waist high, prevents one's seeing one's feet at all, and conceals the loose stones which slide under one's steps and causes severe spills. That hill and its radar station (all these little ports along the east coast had small garrisons during the war and are dotted with army huts, some occupied by abbos and the rest completely decayed) are to the south of us. To the east, of course, is the ocean, and north, in which direction I went this afternoon, the concave shore of Weymouth Bay sweeps in and is gringed by mangrove swamps. Westward the dirt road to Iron Range, our next camp, runs through what seems to be forest country, as far as I could see this morning, the road showing like a red band where it comes into view over the ridges.

I have a snake, several lizards and a turtle in the way of reptiles and of course lots of varied bugs but none of these coastwise areas seem to be particularly good either for me or for the mammal men. I think we shall not remain here much past the end of the week, and I think also that the further inland we get, the better the hunting will be. And by the time we finish with the Iron Range camp, we can consider the trip as being somewhere about half finished. From Iron Range I think we shall go further inland, to Coen, then gradually south to Annie River, if we decide to come out that way.



Wednesday, 2 June 1948. As today has been without any special event, I think I shall try to tell something about the Fisher family. They are our hosts or agents, as the case may be, in this area, and Fisher himself is the nearest to a Somerset Maugham character I have come across yet.

Fisher is the postmaster of Portland Roads post office, which was opened on the first of May this year. The office serves a nomad population of about twenty persons, scattered over an area of some hundreds of square miles. At Iron Range, our next camp, there are three people living and the remaining seventeen appear from the bush at various times. All of them are miners and prospectors.

He, Fisher, probably is an Englishman and served in the first war in the Royal Flying Corps, a very swagger outfit which preceded the Royal Air Force. In addition to the postmaster job, he conducts a small store but rarely has anything in it for sale. Ever since we have been here, one or more of us has gone over to his place to listen to the 9 P.M. news and he always turns out a bottle of port, a comfortable and civilized habit.

Mrs. Fisher was a widow when Fisher met and married her. She had one son, Barrie, then, and since her second marriage there have been two more children, girls. She is a solid woman, redhaired, and usually wears a cartridge belt and carries a cut-down .410 shot gun. They have both been very nice to us but it is amusing to hear their conversation. Doug has a very quiet, cultured voice, and Mrs. Usually starts her statement with "Christ". She is said to have inherited several gold mines, none of them being in operation, from her father, and she and Doug seem very happy together.

Portland Roads, as with all the places, large or small along this coast, had a small garrison during the war, and the place is littered with abandoned army huts. We have taken over one of the less dilapidated ones and, even with its leaks, it is more commodious than anything we could contrive with canvas and Joe has a stove on which to cook his meals. The Fishers live in another similar hut.

The weekly plane, which provides the sole means for receiving and sending mail, travels northbound to Thursday Island on Wednesdays and southbound, back to Cairns, tomorrow. We received very little mail this evening, mine being limited to one letter from the Bank of New South Wales, but we have been informed by the postmaster that a bag of mail went on to T.I. by mistake, and will reach us tomorrow. I am sending mail out for us all tonight, which Doug takes to Iron Range early tomorrow. We are all hoping to have some more interesting mail tomorrow when the errant bag returns, than we had today.

Thursday, 3 June 1948. Again the day has been much the same as any other except that George and Len went up to Iron Range to spy out the land. We shall move on Saturday or Sunday and shall have headquarters there for about three weeks, making subsidiary camps as we did at Lockerbie. George pronounces the area as promising. One of our sub. stations will be on the lower Claudie River and another probably north of Iron Range.  
further

From there we move/inland to the northern slope of Mt. Tozer and after that, the time unspecified at present, we shall move still further west in the general direction of Coen, perhaps making a short camp at Wenlock mines which are at the headwaters of the Wenlock or Batavia River, not at the mouth as I originally thought.

I have not said anything about the part which was going on on the jetty when we arrived. Wandana had stopped there northbound the day before and it is the custom of the miners to gather there on Wandana day and have a party. Wan-

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dana leaves enough in the way of liquid supplies to keep the party going for a considerable time and it was in full swing when we arrived the next morning. There were perhaps seven men there, from all over this part of the Peninsula, Jack Gordon, mentioned elsewhere in this, Ted Densley, Ralph Dodson and others whose names I forget. George and Len went off with the baggage, first load, and I was invited to join the party, which I did, to become the immediate prey of Ted Densley. Ted is a little old man probably in his middle sixties or later, who has gone completely native, married an abbo woman, etc., although he has had very profitable gold holdings and still has. He admits he is second only to Jack Gordon in bushcraft, but assured me he never forgot he was a gentleman.

Through some accident in the second war, he lost the thumb of his right hand and walked eight days to a doctor, an American army surgeon from Massachusetts named Garlick. He said that Dr. Garlick asked him to return to America with him but Ted could not leave his own country.

His wife is the sister of an abbo man named Peter who refuses to live on a mission and cannot be held there. The story goes that some wealthy people were visiting Portland Roads with an eye to investing in some mining property. Ted was introduced to the lady and gentleman and later Peter, and the Australian abbo is very black and ugly to look at indeed, was also presented with the remark "Ted Densley's brother-in-law, you know." The prospective investors left with a very low idea of the people of Cape York.

Friday, 4 February 1948. This is another of those entries made mainly in order to record the date. Traps came in this morning and most of the day has been spent in preparation for our move to Iron Range tomorrow. I think I have said that that will be about the biggest camp of the entire trip, and will serve as headquarters for us probably for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Connell, who own and operate a mine up there, came to Portland Roads today. They are having a holiday after being in Iron Range for three years. They are two-thirds of the whole population and Mrs. Connell, a sprightly old gal in her late fifties, I should imagine, has been the only woman in the territory for the bulk of the three years, until Mrs. Fisher came back with Doug. Now Mrs. Fisher will be the only woman in the several hundred square miles, for a short time. The Connells are taking the Wandana down to Cairns and coming back on her next trip. They have offered us the use of their house, another army hut, during their absence.

There is no post office at Iron Range but something known as a "free bag" is made up there. As far as I can gather, the pilot of the plane hangs a mail bag up on a tree somewhere and people who have stamps to put on their letters do so and drop them in the bag, which is taken down to Cairns on the southbound run. One gets stamps from Doug Fisher, twenty miles away from Iron Range, but if none can be procured, a note to the postmaster at Cairns and the enclosure if five pence halfpenny or whatever it is, does the trick.

Saturday 5 June 1948. This day of movement to Iron Range started, for me, with a trip down to the jetty. The Wandana, southbound, was due early in the morning and we had some stuff to ship down to Cairns. The ship arrived over the horizon just as I reached the jetty, to which I had walked with Mr. and Mrs. Connell. I saw Capt. Paulson (or Polson), consigned our boxes of specimens to his tender care, and was hailed by Jack Cupid, the Cape York lineman, and his wife. They were southbound for their first vacation in three years, like Mr. and Mrs. Connell.

A number of the miners were in the shack at the end of the jetty, including Jack Gordon, though Ted Densley had gone home. A sack of bottles for Jack



was turned over to him and Bert Connell sent a bottle of Scotch ashore so the party probably is still going on at this minute.

I had a nip of White Horse and returned to camp to finish off my packing, Doug returning with me, and we proceeded to load up all our stuff. There were two trucks, one running well and the other not so well. Doug was driving the not-so-well one with Len, Van, Vernon, Willie Somerset and me as passengers. Doug's step-son, Barrie, a very nice lad, drove the other with George, Moreton and Roy on board. We broke down and Len, Van and Willie joined the other truck, promising to return with food and means of towing us later. That was the psychological thing - the not-so-good truck sprang into life and we reached Iron Range before they had finished unloading.

Our quarters at this camp, our main and longest base for the whole trip, are good and again we inherit the things the army did four or five years ago. Our hut is not quite so commodious as at Portland Roads but the roof has no leaks, which is on the asset side. Water is plentiful and rains frequent, replacing almost immediately what we consume from the tanks. If they fail, the Claudie River and its creeks are almost at our door.

By the time we were settled in it was 4 P.M. George and Van set a small line of traps, Vernon shot a few birds and that about closed the day for us. About two miles east of us is Gordon's original claim, which started the Iron Range gold rush, and in the same vicinity is one of Mrs. Fisher's mines, the Scarlet Pimpernel. It is a singularly ill-chosen name - if I remember my Orczy correctly, the tag went, "That damned illusive Pimpernel."

I shall not go out tonight, but tomorrow, after I learn my directions a bit better, I can give more of an impression of the country around.

Sunday, 6 June 1948. Up to now, when there has been nothing much to say about our affairs I have manufactured things but I seem to have run completely dry. I said yesterday that I would give impressions of the country but I do not have any. It is just like any other part of the country.

I feel very tired tonight, which may have something to do with my lack of inspiration, and shall not try to force any words onto this paper.

Monday, 7 June 1948. Today, being a repetition of yesterday, rates no more of a description, except that I made my way up to one of the gold mines and peered down the shaft. The mine, owned by a man named Sharp, who is away sick, consists simply of the shaft and nothing more except a tin shack with roof but no sides, and another similar shack containing an anvil, which must have been his workshop. The ore, after being dug, has to be hauled by windlass to the surface, carted somehow to Portland Roads and shipped elsewhere for crushing, the complete operation leaving little profit for the miner, after herculean efforts.

Jack Gordon, without whom all the miners would be completely silent, for he is featured in every conversation, is reputed to have dug and produced over a hundred thousand pounds-worth of fine gold, but he imported crushing machinery, employed about thirty miners and in general put almost everything he made back into the mine, which then fizzled out. He probably cleared about ten thousand pounds.

A few days ago we found out that mail sent per Stan Holland on May 16th at Red Island was not delivered in Iron Range until last Thursday, June 3rd. I do not know if he forgot or neglected any other packets of mail but in any event those letters addressed to the U.S. will be very much delayed. It is very annoying be-

[illegible]

By the time he was notified in his case, F. M. George had been a small line of things, Norton had a few birds and had a good record for the last two miles west of us in George's original flight, which is what I am sure is right, and in the same vicinity as one of the other's birds, the Robert Rippey's. It is a singularly ill-timed case - it is a wonder why they were correct, the fact that "the birds in the original flight" were correct.

There is no doubt that the Chinese would be completely silent, and that the Chinese would be completely silent, and that the Chinese would be completely silent.

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cause that was the first mail we sent out after the Newcastle Bay camp and there was a fairly long delay between letters anyway, since we could not send anything out while we were at Newcastle Bay. By my book, I find that I sent more mail out on the woth but of course cannot tell just how many lots of letters Stan held up. At least we should not have that trouble here and I expect incoming mail on Wednesday and shall send some out on Thursday.

Tuesday, 8 June 1948. Again just another day of collecting and they are all mighty fatiguing, involving a lot of walking and climbing for about eight hours during the day and another two or three after dark. Van and George now go out together and Vernon and young Barrie Fisher do likewise, at night, that is. My work is done alone but I do not go deep into the scrub after dark. The things I am after lie close to the ground and my noisy approach would alark them whereas the things the others are after are, in the main, arboreal.

I meant to say something about this locality but so far have not done so. Our trip from Portland Roads was somewhere around eighteen miles, in a direction about west-south-west. We crossed first Packer's Creek, then Chili Creek and finally Dirty Water Creek, none of thish shw on the map. The ground rose after the last named and we crossed a range, nameless, I think, of sandstone, from the summit of which the ocean was visible to our east. To reach the range we passed through flarly profuse forest and on top of it a very sparse forest.

Travelling down the west side of the ridge we entered deep scrub again which extends as far as we can see, although the next ridge, Iron Range itself, is many times higher than that to our east.

In no place is the altitude very high: the ridge we crossed probably was not more than four hundred feet, Iron Range is perhaps six to eight jindred and Mount Tozer, the high point in the district, which comes later in our journey, is seventeen hundred feet. We are in between two branches of the Claudie River, the Claudie itself and the North Claudie. Both are mere streams of not much more than twenty feet in width but somewhere south of us they join and at its mouth, about eight or nine miles away, it becomes something of a river. It is in that part of its length that the crocodiles gather; up here it is too narrow for them to manouver, though the water is muddy and stagnant and I would think several times before going swimming.

We have not been here a week yet and our plans call for about three weeks in this camp. We have two more scheduled, one nearer the mouth of the Claudie and the other on the slopes of Mount Tozerm but the duration in each of the camps depends of course on the results obtained in each of them. Mammals are not doing any too well and Len is not getting very good results in his botanical searches so it may be that we shall stay less than the allotted three weeks.

We have received the transportation bill from Doug Fisher with what looks like a L2 error in his favor but I shall pay it without argument. I learn from the miners that he has a reputation for overcharging, when he can get away with it, and he is far from popular with the other inhabitants. His statement lists him as D. St. F-R Fisher and I was informed that he claims kinship with the Marquis of Bute which would probably be a surprise to the Marquis. He did not seem to think it necessary to impress me with his background of high degree but apparently does so when he thinks he can make an impression or obtain some credence. It all reacts against Barrie and must cause him considerable em-barassment. Barrie himself, Doug's step-son, is a very fine sort of lad and if given a chance would go far, I think. He is wuiet, polite, well-mannered and of course has a good stock of bush lore. The Queensland or Australian Museums would be lucky to get such a boy but of course he has little chance of reaching them.



Wednesday, 9 June 1948. There has been a little change in weather and occasionally we get through the whole day without any rain whatever. Not so today, a heavy shower came up about 8 A.M. but fortunately I had not then gone out, having some little thing to do.

The morning turned out to be a tough one, however. I went about half a mile along the road west and then turned into the scrub up the side of an unnamed hill nearby. After crashing through for perhaps half a mile, and crashing through scrub takes time and energy, I came upon a clear broad track, leading still further up the hill. Following it, I found a mine shaft right at the very top; I knew the mine was somewhere about but did not expect to find it right at the apex. It is in operation but the miners were down the shaft and I did not disturb them but walked on and down another side of the mountain. My collecting was poor, consisting mainly of scorpions and centipedes but I caught a glimpse of some of those huge blue butterflies, which fly at tree-top height. At present I have hit on no means whatever for collecting them.

probably

This will/turn out to be mainly about mines and miners - at the foot of the hill I passed another, abandoned, mine which is on the list for exploration before long as it is a refuge for countless bats which interest Van and George, and has some huge spiders, about six inches in span, which is my department. It has three adits, two of which have caved in; the third, cut in virgin rock, is still holding up and should do so for many years yet.

The miners are all much of the same stamp. Practically all of them are at least middle-aged and most are the "old and bold", "ruthless and toothless", the veterans of the 1914-18 war. Being one also, I got along splendidly with them. They are a grizzled gang, never have done anything except look for gold, have never found it in enough quantity to keep them much more than barely alive, their clothes, the few that they have, are ragged and patched, they all could do with a shave and none of them would even consider any other job than theirs. Always "tomorrow" they may strike it rich and make enough to live in luxury for the rest of their lives. They have nothing but contempt for the young man of today who prefers to live in luxury in the cities, with a solid roof over his head and good food to eat, instead of taking his pick and shovel in his hand and battling with nature for a strike. Just at the moment my sympathies are entirely with the young man; my pet weakness, ice, is upon me again, and my craving for the clink of it in my evening tot of rum and tepid water, a joy to the ears, eyes and palate, is great.

Mail came in this afternoon and all hands are busy in getting outgoing letters ready for tomorrow, when the southbound plane leaves the airport. I must finish this and do the same though I spent the afternoon writing letters. The B-P statement, the first since our departure from Cairns, came in at last and tomorrow for me will be a day of accounting.

Thursday, 10 June 1948. Perhaps the most exciting news of yesterday passed quite un-noted here, the arrival from Coen of fresh meat for us by air. I had ordered it from Portland Roads, its cost was sixpence per lb, plus sixpence per lb air freight, a total of just about 16 cents per lb at present exchange rates.

The steak we had for breakfast was a bit on the tough side, but Joe prepared a rib roast for lunch which was really delicious. It would have been so at any time but after our constant diet of canned stuff, except for the occasional bullock shot at Lockerbie by Ginger Dick, it has been a sort of can-to-mouth existence. We received about thirty pounds of beef and have placed a standing weekly order for that approximate quantity.

Barrie called for our mail at 7.15 this morning, so that has gone.

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My day, until about 4 P.M. was spent getting out accounts straightened out. After that I took a walk down to one of the branches of the Claudie, not collecting particularly, but mainly for exercise. Then I returned to camp. A shower, a shave (a semi-weekly operation these days), the disbursement of about £260-0-0 and a cut of our fine beef for dinner put me in a very civilized mood. It seemed rather a shame to go jack-lighting in the evening, get soaking wet and bring in no specimens, but that happened and removed the fine veneer that I had put on.

I have now started the wheels turning toward our return home, in that I have instructed B-P to do something about it, and have given them several alternatives if they are unable to get us on some ship of the Pioneer Line, whose agents they are. I was informed by the Fisher family at P.R. that five U.S. ships have refused to put in at Brisbane on account of the recent strike, which is why I suggested the alternatives, though anything which emanates from the Fisher menage can be labelled as unreliable.

Now it is time to turn in and since I slept poorly last night, I ~~do~~ feel that I can do full justice to my cot tonight.

Friday, 11 June 1948. Rarely do I have any difficulty in writing the daily entries here, but it must be rather boring at times to whoever may read it as it simply is a repetition, day by day, of almost the same sort of events. Its main purpose anyway is to keep me in the habit of using some kind of more or less respectable English, and in that respect it is helpful to me, I suppose, but probably nobody else cares what sort of English I use.

My thought that I would sleep well last night was confirmed - I think I was in a coma - and I woke refreshed and feeling particularly well. The morning was nothing much save that it brought the first death adder, a stumpy small snake against which boots form a complete protection. Its venom is powerful but its fangs are very short; its worst work is done on the many people who travel in this country in bare feet.

In the afternoon George, Van and I went out to one of the tunnels of Jack Gordon's abandoned mine; George and Van wanted some of the thousands of bats which inhabit it and had told me of immense spiders. The tunnel was several hundred feet long but the virgin rock I had been told about is so soft that one could cut it with a knife. The bats were there but some spider-eating animal had been in recently and eaten up all my prey except one. He was a thing with a span of about six inches, colored black and brown; now he reposes comfortably in pickle.

After supper, which is on now, I shall have to set a light trap for insects in the scrub; it is a funnel-like thing of canvas, white, and screwed into its thin end there fits a cyanide bottle. The contraption is suspended from a lantern, insects come to the light, fall into the funnel and slide down into the cyanide. It is a gruesome idea but I am going to have supper now; if the gruesome things of a trip influenced one's eating we would soon starve.

Barrie, Doug Fisher's step-son, had a remarkably unpleasant experience this evening when he went with George and Van to collect some more bats from the mine adit. To aid in the picture, I had better describe the mine a bit more. As I have said, two of the entrances have caved in and one can enter only by the third. That is a tunnel about seven feet high and five in width, utterly dark, of course, and one hears the swishing of the bats' wings almost immediately, so numerous are they.

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That tunnel runs directly into the side of the mountain for a distance of perhaps two hundred feet and terminates at a hole or shaft about twenty feet deep, at the bottom of which another tunnel continues into the earth. The bottom of that shaft is reached only by a slimy piece of pipe, down and up which one swarms.

In the afternoon we had netted the entrance to the tunnel and had gone in as far as the hole, turning out, as I said earlier, thousands of bats of two species, but mainly of one. It was decided to go again in the evening to see if more of the second species could be obtained but I had my own night work to do and did not take part.

Barrie went down the inner hole the found it partly blocked in places by falls from the roof. He was wearing his headlight but of course none of us dare take or use guns inside, lest we cause further falls. He had crawled through a nearly blocked place and was straightening up again when he saw the head and about four feet of a black snake gazing at him. Having nothing to defend himself with, he crawled back through the narrow part of the passage as fast as he could go and in doing so knocked his headlight against the tunnel roof and disconnected it from the battery, leaving himself in pitch blackness, possibly with the snake crawling after him. He rushed on but got off the main corridor somehow and crashed against the wall of a small, shallow chamber that had been carved in one side of the tunnel. Then he howled for somebody to flash ~~the~~ their lights and of course was further shocked at being told the lights were on as he could not see them on account of being in the chamber. Finally he scrambled back to the bottom of the hole, scaled the pipe and was hauled out quivering by Van and George.

Some time soon we shall have to go down again and get the snake but I always carry two lights in case of the failure of one of them, and shall be relieved of that part anyway. Poor Barrie, though - any one of the three incidents, the snake, the loss of light and his getting into the small chamber would have been plenty but to get them all at once was quite a tough experience.

Saturday, 12 June 1948. This morning was spent largely in preparing the next order of supplies; after this I think there will be only one more.

In the afternoon George, Van and I went to the mine again. George and Van to collect more bats and I to see if I could pick up the snake that had scared Barrie last night. I went on ahead to construct a ladder to help us at the point where the hole leads to the lower level and inside we all worked together. We climbed down the ladder and found the lower passage only extended about fifty feet and there had been several falls of the roof, as Barrie had described, causing the passage to become so small that standing upright was impossible and at times we had to crawl through the accumulated droppings. At the end, or as far as we could go, a heavy fall of the roof blocked the passage up completely. It had once been shored up with timbers, which were half buried in later earth and debris which had come down. Near the roof there was a small hole leading through to the rest of the passage and the snake must have taken refuge in there as we could see no trace of it in that part of the passage that could be travelled.

Being foiled on my snake hunt, I joined in with the bat hunters and they brought back a large collection. They are the same species as those taken yesterday, though they did get some more of the rare ones, and I do not quite see why they want so many of the same kind.

The only untoward event in the afternoon occurred during the process of

This tunnel was directly under the side of the mountain in a place where the ground was very soft and the water was very deep. The tunnel was very long and the water was very deep. The tunnel was very long and the water was very deep. The tunnel was very long and the water was very deep.

In the afternoon we had started the search for the tunnel and had gone as far as the water. The water was very deep and the tunnel was very long. The water was very deep and the tunnel was very long. The water was very deep and the tunnel was very long.

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Being told in my mind that I had gone to the water and the water was very deep. The water was very deep and the tunnel was very long. The water was very deep and the tunnel was very long. The water was very deep and the tunnel was very long.

The only unknown event in the afternoon occurred during the process of

ladder-building. I had made myself frightfully hot by chopping down trees for the sides of it, but it was completed, the rungs were attached and George and Van had arrived. I had stripped down to trousers and was cutting a stick with which to deal with the snake when I backed into a tree in which black ants were nesting. They were all over me in a minute and one crawled into my ear and, after tramping all over my ear drum with his big feet, decided to bite it. Van poked around with a twig and presumably squashed the ant but the bite throbbed for quite a while inside my head, completely destroying the merry illusion I had had of us three marching into the mine like Snow-White's dwarfs, carrying our somewhat crude ladder and singing "It's off to work we go."

Now it is evening, George and Van are working on the bats they captured, I have set my light trap in the bush, brought it back again and have finished this day's entry in the journal. The great snake hunt, fruitless but not without excitement, is over. Gordon's mine is a thing of the past.

Sunday, 13 June 1948. George and Len went off this morning with some of the road construction men who have a camp some miles west of here. I am not quite sure where they went to or what they did there. I spent most of the morning changing a tire on one of the bikes.

The afternoon and evening were just about the usual thing. I consider it a great mistake to continue seven days and seven evenings at the same thing and I believe there should be one day anyway devoted to any kind of different form of routine. Of course our time is limited but I still think better results and harder work would be obtained if one day was given over to rest or whatever form of relaxation one desired. What would happen, in all probability, is that each man would continue to work but would not feel under any compulsion. The others do not feel any compulsion anyway but they are unable to understand the feelings of anybody who has no particular interest in science and its subjects.

That sounds rather like heresy but it is not meant to be. I have seen men on many sorts of jobs and have handled them and a break once a week never did anybody any harm or slowed the job down. On the contrary, they worked so much better after a rest that the lost time was more than made up. However, I am not in charge and one can only do as one is told.

Monday, 14 June 1948. This was a fairly long morning and I covered about seven miles, I estimate, collecting several things that I have not previously had and ending up, I believe, at the Fisher mine, the abandoned Scarlet Pimpernel. The weather was dreary in the extreme, a heavy drizzle of rain going on most of the time.

I was pleased with the things I had garnered but arrived back tired, wet and with sore feet. I had a heavy heart too because it came upon me how tough it is to be a gold miner. Nothing of any value ever came from the Scarlet Pimpernel, which is just a straight shaft, simply a hole in the ground, to show for goodness knows how many hours of heart-breaking work.

The ground there is different from the neighborhood of Gordon's mine; the soil is much more yellow and sandy, the iron stone is there of course but not in sufficient quantity to give the earth the reddish tinge it has here.

I did not attempt to go down the Scarlet Pimpernel - there was nothing there and I could see to the bottom of it. I was very glad to get my teeth into lunch when I got back to camp though. It was extra fine, fresh tongue, tinned tomatoes, Joe's best hot rolls and tea. I felt I had fully earned it.

leader-ship. I had made myself frightfully hot by crawling down the  
the sides of it, but it was not too bad, the things, and attached to George and  
Van had arrived. I had stripped down to trunks and was sitting a while with  
which to deal with the trouble when I backed down a tree in which black ants were  
nesting. They were all over me in a minute and one crawled into my ear and  
after crawling all over my ear down with his big feet, decided to bite it. Van  
looked around with a very and presumably expressed the fact that the bite  
for while a while inside my head, completely destroying the early illusion  
and had at the time marching into the mine like a blind man, empty  
our somewhat under ladder and saying "I'm off to work as usual."

Now in the evening, George and Van were working on the back that was  
I have set my light trap in the bush, brought it back again and have finished  
this day's entry in the journal. The great trouble here, I believe, but not with  
out excitement, in the evening, Gordon's mine is a thing of the past.

Sunday, 13 June 1948. George and Van went off to work today with some of the  
road construction men who have a car and some equipment  
of mine. I am not sure they went to or that they did there. I  
about most of the morning cleaning a fire on one of the mines.

The afternoon and evening were just about the usual thing. I consider it  
a great mistake to continue to work every day and every evening at the same thing  
and I believe there should be one day every week devoted to any kind of different  
kind of routine. Of course on the 13th I still think better to work  
and harder work would be required if one was given over to rest or another  
kind of relaxation one desired. But would it be in all probability, it is  
not a good thing to do, to work day after day and night after night. The  
others do not feel any compulsion to work but they are unable to understand the  
feelings of one who has no particular interest in science and its subjects.

That sounds rather like home, but it is not meant to be. I have been men  
on many sorts of jobs and have learned that and that once a week never did  
anybody any harm or allowed the job down. In this country, they looked on me  
better after a rest that the last time was more than a day. However, I am  
not in charge and can only do as one is told.

Monday, 14 June 1948. This was a fairly long morning and I covered about seven  
miles. I estimate, collecting several birds but I have  
not previously and ending up, I believe, at the same place, but I believe  
Spartan Hospital. The weather was breezy in the extreme, a heavy drizzle of  
rain going on most of the time.

I was pleased with the things I had gathered but arrived back tired, wet  
and with sore feet. I had a heavy heart too because it came upon me how many  
it is to be a gold miner. Nothing of any value ever came from the country  
himself, which is just a straight bluff, simply a hole in the ground, to  
back for goodness knows how many hours of heavy-breaking work.

The ground here is different from the neighborhood of Gordon's mine; the  
soil is much more yellow and sandy, the iron stone is there of course but not  
in sufficient quantity to give the reddish tinge it has here.

I did not attempt to go down the double dipper - there was nothing  
there and I could see to the bottom of it. I was very glad to get my teeth  
lunch when I got back to camp though. It was extra time, fresh ground, I think  
tomatoes, Joe's best hot rolls and tea. I felt I had truly earned it.

Tuesday, 15 June 1948. It is late afternoon and as I have nothing particular to do until supper time, I shall write some notes for today. They will have little to do with work because, although I have travelled several miles during the day, my results have been small and on the poor side.

This afternoon I took one of the bikes and rode a couple of miles toward the Wainlock gold fields, meeting a truck bearing some of the miners on their way to Portland Roads, from whence they are going to Cairns for a holiday since one of them made a good strike and took out 100 ounces during the past week. That was probably a gross figure but was good enough to justify the holiday. They are all interested in the expedition and one cannot talk for five minutes with any of these men before the subject turns to the taipan: probably I have already said something about it but I think I shall devote today's entry to that famous snake.

First of all, there is no doubting the existence of the taipan and it has been given the status of a genus, *Oxyuramus*. There is no doubting, either, its unpleasant characteristics. But every miner has a different description and has a different adventure to relate, nine tenths of which are most likely untrue. Gordon, the supreme bushman, says he has only seen three in all the years he has spent in the bush. Originally it was known as the Giant Brown snake until a man named McClelland came along and it received the name of McClelland's Brown ~~man~~ snake. Today I was told that Mrs. Fisher, of Portland Roads, gave it the name it now bears. It is known in some places as the two-minute snake, in others, the five-minute snake. It is acknowledged that in its venomous properties, it ranks with the king cobra and the bushmaster. It grows to ten feet.

But to hear the miners tell it, everywhere one looks, there is a taipan, and it is always twelve feet long, never less, apparently emerging from its egg fully ~~gaw~~ grown. Charles Barrett, a better novelist than naturalist apparently, says it travels with its head held about three feet from the ground, a thing which I think would be impossible for a snake. All the miners' tales occurred to a friend of theirs, never to themselves.

The thing I got at Lockerbie, which Ginger Dick assured me was the local taipan, was barely six feet long: George got another snake, also about six feet in length, which answers some of the description in the books, but is entirely different from the Lockerbie one. In general, we have come to believe that it is next thing to a myth and certainly is so rare that it is unlikely we shall ever see one.

Another story, since we are on the subject of snakes, came to Van a few days ago, also from one of the miners. It was said that if a stick is held firmly across a death adder's back and suddenly released, the snake will jump "fully ten feet in the air". For an eighteen inch snake, that is quite a jump.

Tomorrow is incoming-mail day and also is the day for the preparation of outgoing mail. I should like to finish off this page but cannot think of any more snake stories except that Jetty Joe says he saw in one day at the Lower Claudie, where we shall be going for a few days before long, three pythons, none of them less than nineteen feet in length. I did not ask him how he ascertained the total footage, but shall search assiduously when we reach that area. I think if I put it to Moreton on the basis of one cigarette for every foot over ten, that might bring results also. In the matter of Joe, it would not have surprised me a bit if he had seen some at T.I., judging by his shape when he boarded the Alagna.

He is rendering "Songs of Araby" in the cook-house now which means I had better get ready for supper.

Thursday, 13 June 1968. In the late afternoon, as I have nothing better to do until supper time, I shall write some notes for today. They will have little to do with work because, although I have written a few several times during the day, my remarks have been small and on the spot.

This afternoon I took one of the buses and rode a couple of miles toward the Wabash gold fields, meeting a truck bearing some of the ore on the way to Portland Roads, from whence they are going to Canton. It is believed that one of them made a good strike and took out 100 tons of ore in the last week. There was probably a good strike but the government is usually the bull.

First of all, there is no doubting the existence of the golden bird. It has been given the status of a game, Oryzopsis, there is a "golden bird" (Oryzopsis) in the different character. But every minor has a different description and a different character to make, nine tooth of which are not likely to be found. The extreme (human) says he has only seen three in all the years he has spent in the bush. Originally it was known as the Great Brown (human) and named Woodland (human) and it received the name of Woodland's Brown (human). Today I was told the bird, of the Great Brown, was in the bush. It is known in some places as the two-tone bird, in others, it is known as the two-tone bird. It is acknowledged that in the various properties it is known as the two-tone bird. It is known as the two-tone bird.

[illegible]

The thing I got at bookstores, which danger they assumed was the loss  
of them, was barely six feet long; George got another one, also about six  
feet in length, which answers some of the description in the books, but to ex-  
actly differ from the bookish ones. In general, we have come to believe  
that it is not being so very different as it is usually

"fly far less in the air". For an eighteen hour season, just in this a family across a theatre where a book and a book will have a day ago, also from one of the miners. It was said that it is a book to read another story, since we are on the subject of miners, come to see a book.

When he decided the amount, not have surprised me a bit if he had seen some of the things by the wayside over the last year. In the matter of the, it would have been the same. I think it is to be noted on the basis of the statistics for every year. I think the total footage, but still search statistically when we reach the end of the year, then nineteen feet is longer. I did not see him for some time. I think he will be going for a few days before long. I think there are some things except that I do not see him in one day at the time. I should like to know of this page for a month or two. Tomorrow is Monday and also is the day for the preparation of the report.

Wednesday, 16 June 1948. As is to be expected, this being the arrival day at Iron Range Airport for the T.I.-bound plane, mail has been the biggest thing. Next only to its arrival is the job of getting the outgoing stuff ready, but it is all done now.

Other events of the day pale into insignificance but this evening we took the biggest snake of the trip, so far. Back on snakes again, somehow. It was just a carpet snake but its length was 10 feet 10 inches and its weight over six pounds. The surprising part of these creatures is their lack of weight.

I think my mind is not on journal entries this evening and I shall cut this off now. Much is much preferable.

Thursday, 17 June 1948. A somewhat amusing thing happened at Thursday Island, amusing provided we are able to obtain a proper adjustment. Mills, the B-P man there, was instructed to insure our cargo for the trip down to Portland Roads for one thousand pounds. B-P handle their own insurance, in fact there is an insurance company somewhere amongst their subsidiaries, and all North Queensland insurance is placed through Dupain, in Cairns. Mills said he would wire Dupain so we left it at that.

In the mail yesterday there was a letter from Dupain quoting Mills' telegram but it asked coverage of one hundred thousand pounds. Mills must have been on a bat with his two brothers, but I am now waiting for some kind of settlement since the premium for that amount must run to a considerable sum. Had I known we had that much coverage, I could very profitably have scuttled the ship.

Today has been very much run-of-the-mill for me, with no particular high lights. George and Van were delighted with a porcupine taken by one of the blacks, as it was on their list of "musts" and so far had not been obtained.

Though there was no high light, there was one sad and dim one. Our fresh meat arrived from Coen yesterday and we had good steaks for breakfast with the promise of a rib roast for lunch. The roast was tainted though and impossible to eat. That was a dim light indeed.

Friday, 18 June 1948. Len and I climbed Mount Shea this morning, a small hill which shows on none of the maps. It was in no way a severe climb, being only 600 feet, but the angle was steep and the side of the hill composed of a slippery clay over an equally slippery ironstone. Neither of us found enough up there in the way of specimens really to justify the climb, even though it was not severe. My catch was limited to a few bugs of varying degree and no fewer than six scorpions taken within a quarter of an hour. I think I should not like to sleep on the side of Mount Shea.

No definite decision has yet been reached in the matter of a move from here but probably the end of next week may be about right. It is rather likely that we shall not make a camp at the Lower Claudie, which is open, flat and muddy country with poor fauna and not much in the way of flora. It might be a likely place for my sea-going crocs but that will not be enough inducement for the establishment of a camp there. I can get along without the crocs, so far as that goes, as we are reasonably sure to get something around Coen, which comes later on, and Annie River, if we go out that way.

The days slip by very quickly, now that we are past the half-way mark. Weather is poor, cloudy and showery but it is winter here. Our daily temperatures would average somewhere around 85 to 88 degrees but the evenings and nights are cool and good for sleeping.



Saturday, 19 June 1948. Late yesterday afternoon one of the blacks brought in a cassowary and we had cassowary steaks and liver for supper. The liver was just about like any other liver but the steaks were completely flavorless and impenetrable. This evening we had the meat again, Joe being on his mettle, braised, this time. It was still without any taste but was biteable.

It seems like that at the end of next week we shall move on to Mount Tozer. I think much of our equipment will be left here and picked up later as the Tozer camp will be tough and to carry a lot of un-needed equipment up there would be unwise. Van and I may go to the Lower Claudie for a day or so during the coming week before the Tozer camp but the sub-camp we planned there is out.

Tozer may last two weeks, depending on results of course, and after that comes Brown's Creek, the locality of which I am not sure about myself. Brown's is on the road to Coen, I think, and would in all probability be a short camp, though a few days at Wenlock is more or less on the bill. Following Brown's we move in to Coen and expect to spend perhaps three weeks in that vicinity and after that move down to Cooktown by means not yet decided upon.

Once the halfway mark has been passed things always move quickly and we are at that stage now. Soon everything will pile in all together, passages home will have to be arranged and packing at Cairns started. Most likely those things will commence during our stay at Cooktown and somebody may have to go down to Cairns and get things started and in hand. Very likely that somebody will be I but I want to make the Mount Finnegan climb first. There once was an idea of running a ~~camp~~ camp in the sand-dunes along the coast north of Cooktown; the poor results at Newcastle Bay may have ruled that out if it is done, after Finnegan, I shall not particularly mind missing it if I am the advance party to go to Cairns.

Dunday, 20 June 1948. Last night was exceedingly cold, the temperature going down to about 55 degrees, while we are conditioned to above 80. I wore socks, trousers, sport shirt and rain-coat, and had one blanket over and one under me but woke with a cold nose.

In the morning, Len and I, taking Willie Somerset, went with Ned Pinwell, who is surveying a road which is to be constructed and completed, back toward Portland Roads for a distance of about seven miles to collect and examine that area. We took lunch with us, returning to camp somewhere around four in the evening, after a fairly successful day. I got nothing in the reptile line save a couple of lizards but did take many insects about which I know nothing.

After supper we had something of a forum, planning out our future movements and time-table. Van and I are going down to the Lower Claudie on Tuesday morning and I shall return Wednesday evening to look after the mail and anything that the plane may bring in. Van will stay over Wednesday night, in order to get two trapping nights in. George, with Barrie Fisher, is going to spend tomorrow night in the neighborhood of the Fisher mine, which I visited last night, and will get in one trapping night there. These are preliminary camps to our final departure from this headquarters, which will take place on the 28th, but we shall leave quite a lot of stuff here for safe-keeping, rather than take it with us on our mountain climbing jaunts. I had something of a tiff with Len over the receipt of our next order of supplies, which has no place here at all.



Our movements during the next few weeks finally have arrived at the point where they can be set down in some form of time-table. They will vary, of course, according to the presence or absence of specimens in the several areas but as near as we can determine at present, they are as follows:

Leave Iron Range and arrive Mount Tozer	June 28th
Work Mount Tozer until	July 11th
Leave Mount Tozer and arrive Brown's Creek	" 12th
Work Brown's Creek until	" 18th xxx
Return to Iron Range	" 19th
Remain at Iron Range for final packing until	" 21st

xxx Brown's Creek is a tributary of the Pascoe River, west of Mount Tozer. The Pascoe River opens into Weymouth Bay about ten miles northwest of Portland Roads.

Leave Iron Range and arrive Wenlock	July 22nd
Work Wenlock until	" 26th
Leave Wenlock for Coen via Archer River	" 27th
Arrive Coen	" 28th

After our arrival at Coen we become vague again because the year will have so advanced by then that such things as our return passage may have a bearing on the length of our camps. Roughly it has been suggested that we spend four weeks around Coen, allow a week for the trip to Cooktown and six weeks for the Cooktown area and the journey down to Cairns, which of course brings things to an end and turns the Cape York expedition into a thing of history.

It is good to have everything so settled at last that one can set it down on paper with some hope of being more or less accurate. The thing to do now for all concerned is to join in prayer that there will be no such delay in Cairns on our return as there was on our arrival at that salubrious spot.

Monday, 21 June 1948. My morning was spent mainly in packing for our short stay at the Airport and also in preparing things to be shipped out at the end of this week to Cairns.

Just before lunch Barrie Fisher, on whom we are relying to get us to the Airport, came in to say that his truck has broken down and a tire, inner and outer, was badly ripped. It makes our trip a little doubtful but he will be in later to report whether or not we can make it.

In the afternoon I finished up some letters and correspondence with B-P as there may be little time after the arrival of the mail on Wednesday. I plan to return to camp with the mail but there will be only Wednesday night in which to attend to anything that must be done and ready for the southbound plane on Thursday morning.

Before starting the trip down to Coen, via Wenlock and the Archer River, it is proposed to cut everything down to the bone; clothing, supplies, ammunition, everything that is not practically essential, is to be shipped from Portland Roads down to Cairns though I think some of it should be diverted to Cooktown, where we shall be able to see it well, when we arrive there. There is a certain amount of stuff now in Cairns which was to be shipped up to Cooktown, that will not be necessary and the costs of the shipping will be saved if we have enough surplus to send there from our present supplies. At the moment it looks as though we may run a few dollars over our budget, which is a pity. It has been occasioned by our extra long stay at Cairns and accumulated hotel bills - not our fault but a pity none the less. I had so hoped to be under it.

Our movements during the next few weeks finally have arrived at the point where they can be set down in a series of time-tables. They will vary, of course, according to the presence or absence of a certain number of men, but as matters are at present, they are as follows:

Leave from Range and arrive at the River	June 28th
Leave from River and arrive at the Range	July 1st
Leave from Range and arrive at the River	July 4th
Leave from River and arrive at the Range	July 7th
Leave from Range and arrive at the River	July 10th
Leave from River and arrive at the Range	July 13th

xxx Brown's Creek is a tributary of the Pascoe River, and is a tributary of the Pascoe River. The Pascoe River opens into the Bay about 10 miles south of the Port of Adelaide.

Leave from Range and arrive at the River	July 16th
Leave from River and arrive at the Range	July 19th
Leave from Range and arrive at the River	July 22nd
Leave from River and arrive at the Range	July 25th

After our arrival at Oorah we become again active because the year will have to be advanced by then that such things as our return passage may have to be made on the length of our camp. Roughly it has been suggested that we spend four weeks around Oorah, allow a week for the trip to Oorah and six weeks for the Oorah area and the journey down to Oorah, which of course brings things to an end and turns the Oorah expedition into a thing of history.

It is good to have everything so settled at last that one can set it down on paper with some hope of being more or less accurate. The thing to do now for all concerned is to join in prayer that there will be no such delay in getting on our return as there was on our arrival at that unfortunate spot.

Saturday, 21 June 1946. My morning was spent mostly in working for the night at the station and also in preparing things to be shipped out at the end of this week to Oorah.

Last before lunch Harry Fisher, on whom we are relying to get us to the airport, came in to say that the truck has broken down and a time, inner and water, was badly needed. It makes our trip a little doubtful but he will be in later to report whether or not we can make it.

In the afternoon I finished up some letters and correspondence with a few as there was little time after the arrival of the mail on Wednesday. I plan to return to camp with the mail but there will be only Wednesday night in which to attend to anything that must be done and ready for the shipping plane on Thursday morning.

Before starting the trip down to Oorah, via Welford and the Archer River, it is proposed to put everything down to the bones: clothing, supplies, ammunition, everything that is not practically essential, is to be shipped from Port Land Roads down to Oorah. I think some of it should be shipped to Oorah town, where we shall be able to see it well, when we arrive there. There is a certain amount of stuff now in Oorah which was to be shipped up to Oorah town, but that will not be necessary and the cost of the shipping will be saved if we have enough supplies to send there from our present supplies. At the moment it looks as though we may run a few dollars over our budget, which is a pity. It has been occasioned by our extra long stay at Oorah and accumulated hotel bills not our fault but a pity none the less. I had no hope to be under it.

Tuesday, 22 June 1949. George and Barrie arrived in this morning from the district of the Pimpernel mine without a single specimen, after a rather uncomfortable night. They had forgotten to take their tea and sugar, which didn't matter, as it turned out, as there was no water. Fortunately they were only out the one night.

During the previous evening Van and I had prepared our gear for our visit to the Airport and started off as soon as Barrie had been restored with hot tea and a good breakfast.

The Airport lies approximately seven miles south by west from our headquarters and originally was used by the R.A.A.F. and U.S.A.F. during the war. It consists of three strips, each over a mile long, but only two of them were completed. It is hewn out from a mixture of scrub and open forest and at one time several hundreds of men were sheltered in the huts which still stand in spite of the ravages of white ants. The frames do, anyway. But instead of the hundreds of men, there now is one, Leo Ferris, an elderly man, veteran of both world wars, whose only contact with the world is on Wednesdays and Thursdays, when the Thursday Island plane goes by. His nearest neighbors normally are the three people who live at our camp, two of whom are away, the workers on the road, about five miles away who are going out at the end of the month anyway, and then the Fishers at Portland Roads, twenty-two miles away and the miners at Wenlock, forty miles away perhaps.

Leo turned out to be a very gracious host and started ~~xx~~ by walking us a mile to a ford of the Claudie where was a crocodile hole, minus occupant. Van set some traps around the stream, while Leo and I crossed the ford and rummaged around in the scrub on the other side. Bugs and crawling things were prolific and plentiful and I made a good collection within a few hours. We returned across the river, were joined by Can and returned to Leo's house where he has a kerosene operated refrigerator but says his stomach will not permit him to take cold things or ice water. In the afternoon Van finished his trap-line and I prepared the things I had taken during the morning, and we later wandered around the strip, examining the bits of scrub on its edges; I noticed a number of old, crashed army planes.

The evening, from about 8 to 10, Van and I went out with lights but got no results at all except a few tree lizards, checkoes. The occupants of the croc pool were still absent or deeply submerged and the only thing we could see in the fairly still and rather murky waters of the Claudie were the eyes of some kind of fish. They shone a ruby-red in the light of our headlights and moved eerily along under the water.

With all modesty, Leo seemed delighted to have some company and has been talking almost incessantly since we arrived. It would not matter who was with him, of course, and so many of these men who lead solitary lives, have just enough society to make them kiss it and want more - they have not quite reached the state of complete bushness, when silence has become so ingrained that they cannot talk to visitors.

It seems that I can compare many of these men with various movie people, about the best way to describe them to others. Pop-eye the Sailor would be a caricature of Jetty Joe; Leo reminds me of James Gleason, though I don't know which would be the caricature.

The plane is due about 4 P.M. this afternoon and I have to collect our mail and return to headquarters in order to get our out-going stuff ready; Van will stay another night and return to camp on Thursday. Then we have to pack specimens ready for shipment to Cairns at the end of the week.

Thursday, 22 June 1940. George and I arrived in this morning from the district of the Pinnacles and visited a little. I had a rather agreeable night. I had a very good sleep and was very well when I awoke. I had a very good breakfast.

During the previous evening Van and I had prepared our gear for our trip to the airport and started off as soon as it was light. We had a good breakfast.

The airport lies approximately seven miles south by road from our headquarters and originally was used by the A.A.F. and U.S.A.F. during the war. It consists of three runways, each over a mile long, and two of them were completed. It is now under a mixture of scrub and open forest and at one time several hundreds of men were sheltered in the huts which were built in spite of the ravages of white ants. The houses are, however, in a state of ruin. The houses are now used as a storehouse for the stores of the army. The houses are now used as a storehouse for the stores of the army. The houses are now used as a storehouse for the stores of the army.

As I turned out to be a very good hunter and started my collection. I was to a kind of the island there was a good deal of life, which I collected. I was to a kind of the island there was a good deal of life, which I collected. I was to a kind of the island there was a good deal of life, which I collected.

The evening, from about 6 to 10, Van and I went out with lights but got no results at all except a few true lizards, chameleons. The collection of the birds was still almost or deeply submerged and the only thing we could see in the fairly still and rather murky waters of the lagoon was the green of some kind of fish. They showed a very good light in the light of our headlamps and moved easily along under the water.

With all modesty, I was so delighted to have two company and had been talking almost incessantly since we started. It was not until after we had with him, of course, and so many of these and who had collected birds, have that enough to satisfy them that it was not more - they have not, I think, reached the state of complete happiness, when silence has become so important that they cannot talk to visitors.

It seems that I can compare many of these men with various royal societies, about the best way to describe them to others. I have the feeling that I don't know the name of the society, but I don't know the name of the society, but I don't know the name of the society.

The plane is due about 1 P.M. and I have to collect my gear and return to the airport in order to get our baggage ready. Van will stay another night and return to the airport on Thursday. Then he will be back at the airport on Thursday.

Wednesday, 23 June 1948. The main purpose of my trip to the airport and the Lower Claudie River, to get a crocodile, failed completely, with not even a view of nor a shot at one of them. Leo and I went around together this morning, ending up at a place where, a few months ago, a man was nearly taken by one of them and would have been bur for his dog.

The bank of the river is high at that spot and the river itself divides, forming an island much lower than the bank itself. The man was seen by onlookers from the high bank, gathering bait on the shore of the island and standing about thigh deep in the water. The dog was lying on the sand of the island bank. The onlookers, about two hundred yards away from him, could see the crocodile swim up the river and pass the man who had not seen it. Then they saw the reptile turn in the water and make directly for the man. Finally they saw the dog, evidently sensing his master's danger, rise from the place where he was lying and leap into the river, landing directly on the back of the creature. One snap of the huge jaws and the dog was gone but the man was warned in time to scramble back to the shore.

On some of the sand banks in the river at that part we hoped to see one of them but nothing appeared, neither was general collecting particularly good for me though Van's improved.

Last night, after Van and I returned from jacking, Leo was still up and produced a bottle of claret from his refrigerator, together with wome sweet biscuits. It was a very nice going-to-bed snack though Leo's digestion, which abhors iced water but likes iced claret, is convenient if nothing more.

The big event of the day was the arrival of the plane with the mail and the stewardess, probably a very ordinary looking girl on Fifth Avenue, seemed quite a goddess in that bare waste. "Look" said Van "a white woman". "Yes" said "and wearing shoes". We gaped for a while and I could not fail to notice that nothing would persuade her to get out of the plane. Possibly the carcass of an eleven foot carpet snake, killed some days before by Leo, decapitated this day for the Museum by me, and a perfectly harmless skeleton, deterred her somewhat. Possibly it was just Leo, Van and me.

We sorted the mail and then Barrie took me back to camp in his truck, leaving Van to get another night of trapping in. Since my arrival back, and it seems as though I have been away for a long time, I have been hard at work on mail and the payment of bills, etc. There seems always something to be done in the way of business but of course particularly so on mail day. I don't yet know what arrangements can be made about in and out mail during the Tozer and Brown's Creek camps but doubtless something will be fixed up.

Thursday, 24 June 1948. It has been decided that we move to Tozer Gap on Sunday instead of Monday, a day forward, so this day and tomorrow are being and will be spent in packing specimens for shipment down to Cairns. From the pilot of the plane we learned that the Wandana is a week late but so long as we get our stuff down to the jetty we have nothing more to worry about.

George and Len have selected tentatively a camp site for the main Tozer camp, just off the wagon trail to Wenlock, but are not decided. From there we shall have to manhandle our stuff up to the mountain camp, one or two of them as the case may be. It is a pity but I have to stop our supply of fresh meat since there will be no way of getting it from the airport to us and in this temperature it will quickly become tainted. I think in the matter of mail, I shall write what I can before we leave here and ask Barrie to get it to the plane somehow.

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Friday, 25 June 1948. Again not very much to report except the packing and shipment of specimens, Tomorrow probably will be devoted mainly to preparation for the Tozer and Brown's Creek camps, for which we shall have to take our supplies for a three week period. We do not have food enough on hand for that period so some means of getting additional supplies from Portland Roads will have to be devised. The Wandana is due at P.H. about a week from tomorrow but of course by then we shall have gone from here.

My lamp, when I do not take it out and hang it in the scrub with the bug trap, usually hangs over my head and naturally I constantly bump said head against it forcibly. Van has a pair of scales hanging over his and this evening I heard the clatter of them and chuckled, thinking he had banged his head against them. It was a bit more serious as he had a pair of hooks pendant from the scales, from which he hangs some of his animals to skin them. One of the hooks went right through the lobe of his ear and had to be dragged out forcibly.

A report of a carpet snake in a tree not far away came in the afternoon from one of the abbos. Vernon and I went out to take it as Don wanted a live one for the Brisbane Museum but the snake had departed when we arrived there.

Deo Ferris arrived over in the evening for a chat and a final good-bye before our departure.

Saturday, 26 June 1948. In closing up camp here in readiness for the Tozer and Brown's camps, we actually are marking the finish of our work at Iron Range, although a lot of things will be left and we shall return in about three weeks. We are allowing three days for the duration of our return to this camp but that will not be spent in collecting so much as in fixing up whatever we have taken at Tozer and Brown's and in cutting down and packing all the gear, and there will be a great deal of it, that is not making the trip to Coen and Cooktown with us. Therefore, both Portland Roads and Iron Range are things of the past.

I cannot yet describe Tozer Camp, not having seen it, but I can describe its surroundings. It is about seven miles west of this camp and the road, a dirt one leading ultimately to Wenlock, lies in the valley between gradually rising ground until, at the site selected for the camp, we find ourselves in a deep cleft between Mount Tozer, south of us, and another mountain known as South Pap to the north of us. Following the compass around, north lies South Pap and north of it another similar mountain called North Pap. Northwest lies country unexplored with hills and ranges not named, due west runs the road which finally carries us to Brown's Creek and then turns south and goes on to Wenlock. Southwest again is unknown country; south lies Mount Tozer, the most northerly part, as well as the highest, of the Tozer Range; the east can be considered as country which we have covered as it consists of the road from Iron Range, the area of the airport and the country north of this camp.

It has rained most of today and the laundry I did this morning has been distributed about our living ~~room~~ quarters and Joe's kitchen, in the hope that it will be dry enough to roll up with my blankets tomorrow morning. It is to be hoped that we have a decent day tomorrow, at least until we get camp erected. There is nothing more disgusting than having to erect tents in heavy rain over soaking wet and muddy ground.

There is a possibility that we shall have left Tozer and moved to Brown's Creek by July 8th, my birthday, but I have packed my treasured half-bottle of brandy and a package of cigarettes (Tareyton) and shall have my celebration, come what may. It has struck me though that I have selected a rather odd place to become fifty at.



Sunday, 27 June 1948. If mountains have souls, a thing which I very much doubt, I think that of Mount Tozer would writhe at the sound of an Underwood Portable, vintage 1925, making these noises in the shadow of her stately bulk, but one has to give way to progress.

Barrie did not show up at all this morning and evidently had some trouble with his truck. I am sorry because I know he could have used the money for the job. However Leo Ferris came over from the airport to bid us goodbye and volunteered to bring us up here. The road was not at all bad to anybody who has been driven around the tip of the Cape by Ginger Dick Holland but Leo is far from being a good driver and there was just enough difficulty in the trip to make him stall every now and then, usually at the top of a steep grade so that the truck would begin to roll backward for a few feet before Leo managed to get the motor going again.

Two trips were needed to transport us and on the first all hands went except myself and Don Vernon. As far as I know their trip was without incident except that they stirred up a brown snake at the place we have camped and did not get him. However he has probably moved from these parts by now.

Don and I followed about three hours later, Leo coming back for us, and our trip also requires no particular comment save that we were several times almost shaken from our perches on top of the baggage when Leo happened to get off the track for a while.

About half way between Iron Range camp and our present one we saw a snake lying in the road. I put my snake stick into action for the first time but it failed to hold him and finally I had to put my foot on his neck, then grab him and deposit him in a bag. Needless to say it was not a venomous one but it is new to my collection and is noteworthy for having a coal black neck and head, there being an abrupt change, not a shading, from the light colored under part to the black. It is slightly over six feet in length.

Our camp is large and photogenic, situated at the foot of a mountain subsidiary to Tozer but just as rocky and sheer. Our elevation is about 400 feet and we are in open forest. Our encampment consists of eight tents and we are on a slight ridge between two gullies in which streams flow. The mountain, rising perhaps a thousand feet above us, lies a scant half mile to our west and behind it lies Tozer itself, five hundred feet higher but invisible to us as we are so close to the smaller one.

Our mode of assault has not yet been settled; it has been suggested that we scale the lower mountain first and take observations from there but I think myself that we can cut our way to a saddle lying south of the small mountain and reach Tozer summit that way. If we do tackle the small one, we simply will have the other and bigger job to do anyway and will have used up two days in ascending the smaller pinnacle. We shall see.

Monday, 28 June 1948. Most of the day was spent in putting the finishing touches on the camp and we now have a comfortable, highly photogenic outfit. Pictures, I am sure, will be taken, and I trust we shall have as great success as our camp is commendable.

I managed to get out for a couple of hours late in the morning and followed along the Wenlock trail. I had passed around the north of of Mount Tozer. The rock face is more in evidence there, jutting up from the brush and forest at the foot of the cliff, but compared, for example, with Roraima, it is just about negligible. Tozer's cliff is about 300 feet, Roraima's was 1,500 feet.

to get the motor going again.

The afternoon brought my greatest tour de force, when I undertook the construction of the camp latrine. Willie and Roy did the labor, according to my specifications, and we constructed a roof from fan-palm leaves, according to my plans also. Then, thinking that actually they knew much more about the use of palm leaves at tatch and walls, I told them to make the walls. Apparently their knowledge is no better or greater than mine, and their ingenuity somewhat less because the finished affair looks something like an enormous scrub-hen's nest from the outside and ~~inside~~ inside one is assailed with fronds of fan palm from every conceivable direction.

After the construction of that hygienic monstrosity I went out to do a little hunting before supper and was caught in what is called a scud by those who were not in it. Actually, from my point of view, it was a could-burst, and is still going on as I write. All evening hunting is off, of course, so we shall have to console ourselves with who-dun-its. Len refused to consider anything of lower degree than the Atlantic Monthly, but I am having a wonderful time with something called "Death at the Door", having recently finished "Slay the Loose Ladies", which is entertaining George. Van is perusing "The Loss of the Jane Vosper".

The mountain subsidiary to Mount Tozer, spoken of yesterday, has now received ~~an~~ a name. Joe specializes in a thing which he calls pufftaloneys, a sort of doughnut, when he does not have time to bake bread, and we has them last night and at all meals today. The pinnacle has been named "Pufftaloney Peak".

Van climbed several hundred feet up Pufftaloney Peak this afternoon and George started cutting the trail up to Tozer, reaching 800 feet. Tomorrow he will take Roy and hopes to finish the trail.

Tuesday, 29 June 1948. This day everybody except myself took a crack at some part of Mount Tozer. George took Roy and continued ~~a~~ cutting the trail he started yesterday. Len and Willie tackled Mount Pufftaloney from one side while Van and Don Vernon worked from another. Moreton was not invited, nor was Joe, and I decided I would go in the opposite direction entirely. My efforts were rewarded with the largest snake we have had up to date, twelve feet four inches.

Ever since Joe's original description of it, back when the expedition was still formative, the Claudie River has had a strong fascination for me and on learning that it drained this area as well as the last two we have been in, and flowed only about half a mile west of us, I wanted to examine it again. Accordingly I went down the gully from which we draw our water and finally struck the river. It was wide there, as wide as it is at the airport but being some hundreds of feet higher there is no fear of crocodiles. There was a gorge perhaps a hundred yards wide, clear of vegetation and composed of sandstone, I would say. The river ran down the center of the gorge and narrowed so much that it could be crossed in many places white dry-shod; at least it broke into many different channels as it ran down the gorge. Thinking to see it at its best I climbed the highest pinnacle of rock I could see and on a ledge a few feet below me saw the snake. It was sluggish, being in process of changing its skin, but the position was such that I had to be sure of killing it and therefore used No. 9 shot, damaging the skin more than I intended. However I could not climb down and wrestle with it with any hope of winning and if it had been only woulded it would have vanished into one of the many cracks and crannies in the rock. As it was my shot blew it off the ledge and I had to climb down about thirty feet to retrieve it.

Then came the job of transporting it back to camp. It weighed fifteen pounds and felt like fifteen hundred by the time I got back. I had the gear necessary to my two jobs, gun, haversack filled with assorted bug bottles and



snake bags, and butterfly net. I coiled the snake and lashed it into its coils finally slinging it by a strong over my back. At first the twitching and wriggling of the snake felt unpleasant but later it began to get itself entangled with the vines and trees. At last, the snake looped around a branch, my gun and haversack twisted in with some vine and the spikes of lawyer cane gripped the butterfly net and my trousers. I simply unloaded the whole lot except the trousers and cursed them all thoroughly. That seemed to bring some sense of order into them and I reached camp at last, pretty sick of snakes.

Moreton informed me very volubly that it was a man snake and there must be a woman snake, with a wider head, somewhere near, but I decided to have lunch before doing any *cherchez la femme* stuff.

The mountain climbers arrived back very weary but in good spirits and it is decided that we shall do the summit camp in relays, there being no water on top, or within reach, at all. The final plans for these camps are not yet made and I still have time to and get the woman snake before moving to more lofty things.

Wednesday, 30 June 1948. Two trips over to the Claudie Gorge today, morning and afternoon, failed completely to disclose any woman snake but did disclose the beauties of the gorge to me more fully. I am fond of scrambling around on rocks and I had my fill there.

George arrived back from Tozer summit about 3 this afternoon and has found a spring up there, which answers our water problem. Len is going up tomorrow with his boy and some supplies and Van and Don will up the following day. I plan two nights and three days, including my travelling up and down for the duration of my trip but do not know just when I shall make the climb nor whom I shall take with me as I have to stand by for a trip out to Portland Roads to get our stuff off the Wandana and up to the Iron Range base. A considerable portion will have to be transported up here as we are short of several things and still have at least two and a half weeks to go before returning to Iron Range to make preparations for our shipment of stuff our and our own move to Wenlock, the Archer River and Coen.

The means of my reaching Portland Roads also are very uncertain; we expect that a truck will be coming through from Wenlock and will carry me there and back as there is sure to be something on the ship for the men at Wenlock. The Wandana was due in Cairns today and it is a two day trip to P.R. so we hope the truck will pass through tomorrow. However it means that I must stay close to camp until the thing does arrive.

I shall be able to pick up at our base the mail which came in this afternoon and shall also be able to take mail out for transmission by the plane a week from tomorrow. We shall be able, I hope, to get mail our from Brown's Creek, when we get there, in the same way but the Wenlock men receive their mail overland from Coen once every two weeks and do not trouble about meeting the plane.

While at Portland Roads or at our base I hope to be able to make final arrangements for our travel to Brown's and our return so shall have things pretty well in hand, but it is quite impossible to say when I shall have my turn on the summit. We have decided that there will be no single-men camps, not that I would care very much to stay up there for three days alone, but I do not know who will be my companion there.

Weather continues to be spotty though the mornings are usually bright and clear. In the afternoon and night we are subject to short heavy storms of rain and the wind blows with considerable force and gusto. It is a good camp though and we are as comfortable as can be expected.

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Thursday, 1 July 1948. The big news of this day was the bringing up of mail by Ned Pinwell of the Main Roads. I received among other items a letter mailed in New York on June 21st which strikes me little short of marvellous and is a great credit to the various air mail services involved. Only half a mile away is what may be called completely unexplored country, and yet it is only nine days from New York.

The Wenlock truck, on which I expect to go down to Portland Roads, has not yet arrived and Ned says that Wandana will not be in until Sunday. That keeps me more or less tied to camp, waiting for the truck. Mail from B-P did not include packing slips covering the Wandana shipment so I have to go prepared to open many cases in order to get the items I need, of which there are quite a number.

It seems that I shall not be able to get my three days on the mountain until next week and most likely shall spend my birthday up there.

There is a lot of correspondence to be attended to so I shall have to make this entry short and close up now.

Friday, 2 July 1948. Fortunately there was no truck today since I decided I had been waiting around enough and started up the mountain this morning. Van and Don had gone but I thought I might as well find out what it was like before my turn came. V and D had packs averaging about fifty pounds each and I am very sure they felt considerably more before they had gone very long. I carried a ninety pound pack from Doullens to Arras, plus an extra fifty rounds of ammunition and went into action that night. I know about packs, having carried them for nine years. Doullens to Arras is thirty-five kilos.

George made a very good job of trail-clearing and the climb itself is not difficult but very tiring; I turned back at the 1,100 foot mark, having other things to do, whether or not the truck arrives, and I was pretty fagged when I reached that point. It starts easily and comfortably but one gets into thick forest quite quickly; rocks have to be scrambled over and vines cling to one's feet and ankles, making the down trip almost as bad as the upward one since if you trip going down you fall a lot further than if you trip going up.

From the 1,100 foot mark, at which there is a jutting pinnacle of rock, there is a marvellous view. The whole of Lloyd's Bay is visible, down to the mouth of the Lockhart River and up to the old beacon at Portland Roads. Clouds and gusts of rain obscured things somewhat but when the cloud broke, things were just that much more lovely. I waited up there for the space of two cigarettes and then started the downward journey, through brush so high that in some places I was passing through a channel of greenery. Everybody had had lunch by the time I reached camp, wringing wet, and I took the afternoon fairly easily.

It is unfortunate that Ven and Don have such bad weather for their first solo camp, away from us older (and wiser) lads, but now it is raining quite hard. I went jack-lighting and the rain-drops, both on my light and on the forest and the trail, made it impossible to tell what was what. I returned and Joe came in to the tent for a chat and to borrow a book. The expression on his face when he picked up "Reptiles of the Pacific World", thinking it was a who-dun-it, was rare. All his cheek muscles wriggled at once.

Tomorrow the truck really may arrive. I have a lot of things to do and a lot of stuff to bring up. B-P, with their usual efficiency, have failed to send any packing slips so I may have to open every case in order to find the things I want. In fact, they have not even told me that our stuff is on the Wandana but I must go and find out. There is a wonderful opportunity for some enterprising journalist to say "Archbold party starving in jungle".

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It is unfortunate that I have not had weather for their trip  
 his only way from the other (and since) today and now it is raining quite  
 I went back-lighting and two rain-coats, both on my light and on the  
 great and the trail, made it impossible to tell what was what. I returned  
 and two came in to the tent for a drink and to borrow a book. The expression on  
 his face when he picked up "The Life of the World", thinking in his  
 mind that it was a book. And his eyes were bright as once.

[illegible]

Saturday, 3 July 1948. Quite a lot of traffic flowed past the camp this morning; first of all, somewhere about 10 A.M. a truck bearing Hector MacDonald, known as the tightest-pocket Scot in the Wenlock gold field, and his wife, with another miner, Jack LeBon, reached us. Mrs. Mac was going out by the Wandana and the other two were seeing her off and planned to replenish their liquid supplies from the Wandana bar. I did not go in with them as another truck, run by one of the Fisher brothers of Wenlock, who are doing our transportation down to Coen, was on the road behind them. The McDonald truck refused to start and we finally had to push it some distance until the engine began to fire. It disappeared slowly from sight and for an hour afterwards we could hear it in the distance as it struggled up and down the gullies and across the streams which corrugate the Wenlock road.

About noon Norman Fisher's truck arrived, driven by Norman and containing two other miners, two wives and four children, one of them a nursing baby. They stopped and had lunch with us, took me and my bits of baggage aboard, and we reached Portland Roads without any unusual mishaps. First of all we went to Doug Fisher's place and arranged to camp there for the night. The Wenlock party had the hut we occupied when we were there and I bunked in another hut with Barrie. I took a trip down to the jetty and learned that the Wandana was not due until tomorrow so settled down very comfortably as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Doug. Fisher, and had a very pleasant evening. Doug, as I have stated here before, is unpopular, but speaking for myself, I have always found him very pleasant and cordial. We spent the evening over three bottles of port, yarning and listening to the radio, and he has insisted that I take two more bottles away to celebrate my birthday on Thursday.

Sunday, 4 July 1948. The Glorious Fourth in this year of Grace has been celebrated by a variety of experiences, good and bad, and a gathering which the expedition never reckoned on having. The Wandana got in early, about 7 A.M. and I was soon informed of the bad news that awaited me; it had been raining slightly at Cairns two days previously and the wharfies refused to load any cargo. Of our whole order the only thing on the ship was a crate of cabbage.

Being, or rather feeling, somewhat put on my mettle, I went on board and interviewed the captain, Pollson, whom I had met before. After I had explained the position, he sent for the chief steward and I was able to get a side of bacon, a ham, several tins of jam, nine pounds of dried apples (which B-P has repeatedly told me were unprocurable) and quite a bit more stuff, including, to my surprise, a dozen cakes of Cashmere Bouquet soap. I found that the steward had misread my list, on which soup appeared, but I was able to trade the soap with Mrs. Fisher for the equivalent value in tins of soup. Also I was able to purchase other things we were in need of, butter, fresh fruit, and several extras, from the Fisher store so ended up with a very adequate supply of groceries, and returned to Doug's house. Among the passengers on the Wandana was Bedosky, head of Samuel Allen's of Cairns, mentioned early in this journal, and Captain and Mrs. Bissett, retired captain of the Queen Mary, whom I knew when he commanded the Aquitania long before the war. Unfortunately I did not know that until after the Wandana had left.

The Wenlock people were in far worse straits than I, having made a journey totalling 150 miles under very difficult conditions, and also receiving nothing in the way of cargo. As a last resort and in the hope of taking something edible home with them, they spent the whole morning fishing from the jetty and on the reef, but had no luck there either. They also bought a little from Doug's store, and we started back about 3 P. M., they hoping to get through to Wenlock before dark. We started out in a howling rain storm, the four children, one man, two women and myself in the back of the truck, crouching

January 3, 1948. While a lot of traffic flowed past the camp this morning; first of all, somewhere about 10 A.M. a truck bearing Doctor Wydenfeldt, known as the light-footed one in the vicinity of Goldfield, and his wife, with another driver, each having a truck, was going out by the wagon and the other two were waiting for all and planned to refuel their light trucks at the station. I did not go in with them; another truck, run by one of the Fisher brothers of Goldfield, was doing our transportation down at noon, and on the road behind them. The second truck returned to start and we finally had to push it into the camp until the engine began to start. It happened about 11:30 A.M. for an hour afterwards we could hear it in the distance as it struggled to go down the gulches and across the river which crosses the back road.

About noon Norman Fisher's truck arrived, driven by Norman and containing two other drivers, two wives and four children, one of whom was named Betty. They stopped and had lunch with us, took me and my wife to the station, and we returned to the camp without any unusual mishaps. About 2 P.M. we went to look at the place and started to camp there for the night. The night was very quiet and we occupied when we were there and I packed in my own tent. I took a trip down to the river and found that the wagon was not too badly damaged as settled down very comfortably as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fisher, and had a very pleasant evening. I have always found him very pleasant and helpful. The night the evening over these parties of food, and listening to the radio, and he has looked at it to the two boys before away to celebrate my birthday on Thursday.

January 4, July 1948. The Christmas morning in this year of Grace has been blessed by a variety of experiences, good and bad, and the expedition never reached on Sunday. The morning and in early, about 7 A.M. and I was soon informed of the bad news that the animals had been released, finally as before two days, yesterday and the animals returned to look very tame. On our whole camp and the things on the ship, and a crate of supplies.

Finally, or rather feeling somewhat more in my power, I went up board and interviewed the captain, John, whom I had met before. Fisher and I explained our position, he said the chief steward, Mr. T. had been in for a while of the day, several times of the month of the ship (which I had not repeated) told me that the ship was in a bad way, and quite a bit more, including, so far as the captain of the ship was concerned, but I was able to make a plan and placed my list, on which I had a copy, and I was able to make the so with Mrs. Fisher for the equivalent value in time of day. Also I was able to purchase other things we were in need of, butter, fresh fruit, and several extras. From the Fisher store we took up with a very special supply of groceries, and returned to Doug's house. Among the passengers on the ship was a doctor, head of the clinic of the ship, and a few others, including, and Captain and Mrs. Hiss, retired captain of the Union Army, whom I knew when he commanded the battleship long before the war. Unfortunately I did not know that until after the Fisher had left.

The Wanlock people were in far worse shape than I, having made a journey totaling 150 miles under very difficult conditions, and also receiving nothing in the way of cargo. As a last resort, and in the hope of finding something else to do with them, they spent the whole morning running from the ship and as the fish, but no luck there either. They also picked a little from Doug's store, and he started back about 3 P.M., they hoping to get to the Wanlock before dark. He started out in a howling rain again, the four children, one man, two women and myself in the back of the truck, crunched

under a leaking tarpaulin in the back of the truck while Norman Fisher and the other men, with the baby, sat in front. The truck had no windshield so we were all thoroughly wetted with a complete impartiality. The first and only breakdown occurred about half way between Portland Roads and Iron Range and delayed us for about half an hour. The rain stopped soon after however and after passing Iron Range we were fortunate enough to get a good-sized pig. Darkness came down just as we reached our Tozer camp and of course it was impossible for them to go any further.

We had ample space for them under our canvas and with the pig, which we shared with them, there was plenty of food. The children thought it was great fun, the baby gurgled, the women took it very well and everybody spent a happy night.

It was very odd for all of us though, who have hardly seen a woman of any kind, to see them all, with the children, sitting at our table, and we were very glad to be able to be of assistance to them. We should reach Wenlock about the 22nd and it is good to make friends in advance.

Monday, 5 July 1948. Breakfast this morning was somewhat different from our usual austere routine; first of all we had broiled pork chops from the pig we got yesterday evening and secondly there was a considerable amount of childish prattling going on. The baby and its father was on "Uncle Joe's" bed, Joe having his bunk rigged in the dining tent, one of the other children refused to eat her bread and jam, just as children do anywhere, and was dealt with as summarily as other youngsters do who act up.

Finally they were loaded up and of course the truck was thoroughly wetted with last night's rain and the engine would not work. Pushing was necessary as has been the case with every truck that has stopped at our camp, and at last the Wenlock people went sailing off into the blue.

Rain and low clouds existed all through the day; in the morning I worked on things that had accumulated while I was away but in the afternoon went over to the river and worked up stream from the gorge, arriving about half a mile up the river at another place where there was a large rock expanse and a small fall. The rain started just after I left camp and continued first of all as a heavy downpour and then as a drizzle and light mist. I thought it might be quicker on my way back to cut my way through the scrub instead of retracing my way and did so, deluging myself with rain from the bushes and trees. The weather has been disgusting ever since we reached this camp and it seems to me that the last really clear, hot day was on the Alagna before we reached Portland Roads. Van and Don had a miserable time on the summit of Tozer, mist closing their visibility down to about twenty yards. Len and I go up tomorrow, and shall spend one night there. If things are promising in my department, I shall very likely go up with George again later in the week.

Supper tonight was an excellent meal, including many of the delicacies that I had been able to scrounge, and of course starting with roast pork.

While I was away I was able to complete pretty well all the arrangements for our departure from this camp, our return to Iron Range for the final packing, transportation to Brown's Creek and to Wenlock on our final journey to Coen, and also the transportation and shipment of the goods we are sending out to Cairns. That sounds like quite a feat and of course it still remains to be seen whether all the arrangements actually will work, when the time comes.

One of the Wenlock men is going out by plane from the airport on Thursday and passes our camp on Wednesday. I am able to get mail out through him and shall turn to it now.



Tuesday, 6 July 1948. The day broke somewhat foggy but Len and I decided to make our climb. Len, with Willie, got away earlier than I as I had a good catch of bugs last night and had to fix them up. Also I had to wait until Joe's bread baking was over so that I could take a loaf up with me. My total load ran somewhere about 60 pounds and I was pretty well sunk when I reached the camp at 1,300 feet.

Len and Willie had made some tea and left it by the fire, which was out, but the tea was still warm. I had some and made my share of the camp as comfortable as possible.

It is rather difficult to describe this 1,300 foot camp geographically; from 400 foot camp we travel between west and south west, first through forest then through scrub and finally through a high-growing ~~heath~~ sort of heath up to a crest at something like 1,350 feet. We crossed the crest, finding the travelling somewhat easier in the scrub on the other side than in the heath on the ridge, and travelled south to where another crest joins the one we had crossed. Camp was approximately there, there being a ~~xx~~ little bit of level ground about fifteen by twelve feet. The ridge we had crossed dips down and finally reaches Pufftalooney Peak, the other ridge leads ultimately to Mount Tozer, some eight hundred feet higher than Pufftalooney.

The camp was a very simple one, consisting only of a fly, under which two piles of fern fronds provided the beds. Our meals were as simple as the camp; tea, bread and bully beef being about all we had been able to carry up.

Len and Willie being away somewhere when I arrived, though I could hear them chopping trees in the distance, I did some collecting along the trail that George had cut some time ago and Van and Don had improved during their stay up there. Diverging a little, I cut through to the main crest here and there, but the collecting was disappointing. Van and Don had come down with exactly nothing after their three days and two nights there, so I did not anticipate very much.

Over supper Len and I decided to make the real ascent the next morning hoping the weather would be ~~good~~ as good as it was all day today. Then I took my kerosene pressure lamp, which had been one of the things making the bulk of my load, and hung it with the funnel trap in the bush. Len set a few mammal traps and we turned in on our fern beds after I examined my light trap and found victims to be very scarce. Willie slept outside, also on fern leaves, which are far less idyllic than they sound, and Len and I parked our weary carcasses under the fly.

The Australian use of the words "scrub" and "forest" is somewhat confusing to us. Scrub is thick, viney forest, usually permeated with that abomination, lawyer cane. Forest is open grass land with comparatively few trees and not at all thick in its vegetation. We would call it savanna forest.

Wednesday, 7 July 1948. The morning dawned misty though there had been no rain during the night. We had slept well though Len found some of the leaf stems pretty hard, and Willie had got up at intervals and built up the fire. We breakfasted, again on tea, bully and bread, and set out for Tozer summit.

Dense mist closed down on us almost immediately and heavy rain started so that before we had gone a hundred yards from camp, we were soaked. The trail, along the side of the other crest, at a steep angle, was slippery with greasy mud, and ran through scrub and viney forest for some distance. Later

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we left the scrub country and got into a sort of heath, the vegetation so high that our trail was a sort of tunnel of green, with vines hanging down in loops about throat high. Wince we had to watch our footing so carefully, gun or face was always being caught in these loops.

This sort of travel lasted for an hour, with the rain pouring down and a cold wind blowing. Then we reached a pandanus swamp and after that had another hour of stiff climbing over either bare rocks or else the same rocks under a knee-deep growth of vegetation. I had my full collecting gear, reptile and insect, including gun, and Len had his gun and photographic gear, with Willie struggling along behind under a load of plant presses and papers. We reached the summit, at 1,784 feet, about two hours after leaving camp.

During the war Mount Tozer, being the highest peak for many miles around (though 1,784 feet is not very high) had been surveyed by the Army and a cairn of stones built on its apex and a high pole mounted thereon. There has never been any collecting done on it. Len got some new plants and I did fairly well in my line, the prize being a series of five lizards, the first zoological specimens ever taken at that point.

Mist was heavy almost all the time we were at the summit, though occasional, and very rare, breaks enabled us to see surrounding mountains and the winding Wenlock wagon road far below us. We were saturated with moisture, of course, and the wind blew a continuous cold gale. We spent about an hour and a half there and then decided to allow fifteen minutes more, just in case there should be a good break in the cloud which would permit photography. There was none, so we started down.

Just above the pandanus swamp, George and Roy, coming up to spend this and tomorrow nights, met us, returning with us to 1,300 feet camp, for a meal. In addition to fare such as ours, they had a tin of syrup, the Sybarites.

From 1300 foot camp it took us only an hour to return to the camp at 400 feet on the Wenlock road, our main camp here. It had taken double that time yesterday to make the climb up!

Now, filled with one of Joe's best suppers, I am closing this, with a thought for George and Roy, up there in the little tent fly. I have not spent my fiftieth birthday, which will be tomorrow, on Tozer, but as I sit and write this, I am quite confident that my lefs will not let me forget the fact that I was there the day before.

Thursday, 8 July 1948. The day was fairly clear, by far the clearest day any of us have had while on the summit of Tozer, so perhaps George and Roy did fairly well up there. Personally I doubt if they will have any results worthy of the name and it is my belief that the area is too wet to sustain such except insect life.

George and I had hoped to speak together by Morse in the evening but just at dusk rain and mist came down, making it impossible. However I shall go up in the morning anyway: if we receive a ~~signal~~ smoke signal before 9 A.M. it means that George wants to stay longer and rations will have to be sent up. If there is no signal, it means the camp is being closed and the Tozer job is done. In either event I shall go up.

This was my fiftieth birthday and I was pretty busy working up the things I took during my spell up above. One of the Main Roads men came up with the mail that the plane had brought in yesterday and there was some New York mail and a package containing four bottles of Nescafe, sent from the Museum. In the evening I opened the half bottle of brandy I had brought from New York and



Joe contrived an apple pie from the dried apples I had scrounged from the Wandana last Sunday. He had garnished it with a flag cut from the label on a jam tin and written "Happy Returns" in flour but misjudged his lettering and the S of returns fell off. However it was a very fine birthday party and I venture to say that not many people reach their half century on the spurs of Mount Tozer. It was a pity that George could not be with us but I saved a nip of brandy for him ~~which~~ when he comes down tomorrow - he will need it, birthday or not.

Friday, 9 July 1948. This morning Willie Somerset and I went up again to the 1,300 foot camp to help George and Roy with the closing of that hospitable place. Van and Don, during their stay up there, had put up signs reading "Hotel Tozer", "Drive slowly" and such things. As on the Marine Phoenix we make our own fun, feeble though it may be, as we go along here.

Willie and I made the trip up in good time and the camp was quickly demolished and the return journey completed. We were back in the main camp at 400 feet before lunch time. George and Roy were hungry and suffering a bit from leech bites, of which I had a couple on Wednesday. My leeches are now in alcohol as specimens and I trust they form a new species.

I spent the afternoon getting mail ready for next week's plane since we shall start packing tomorrow, leave here on Monday and probably have no other chance of getting mail out except by the truck returning to Iron Range after depositing us at Brown's Creek.

Owing to the happy existence of the international date line and the fact that I saved a little of my brandy for George, my birthday is still going on in a rather weak sort of way, though it was very far from being rowdy at any time. Actually I can hardly recall such a quiet fiftieth anniversary for anybody.

Last night and today were a little drier and the trail was not quite so greasy as it usually has been. We really are in bad need of a complete drying out as everything is damp and mildewed, even the covers of our journals and catalogues, and almost all the envelopes I have with me have sealed themselves up tightly. In the stationery box at Iron Range there are plenty, with a bag of drying compound in the box, so we shall not be short. Brown's will be away from the mountains too, and we should be able to get ourselves somewhat less moist.

Saturday, 10 July 1948. For a change, this morning dawned bright and sunny, waking me from a sleep which had been rather troubled because my bed had been invaded by myriads of tiny black ants. I think I got them at Portland Roads last Sunday and they have been multiplying ever/ since. They have no bite but tickle excruciatingly.

In the morning I went over to the Claudie River Gorge, had a bath and washed my shirt there. Our water supply in camp, although adequate for cooking and that sort of thing, is too scanty and its puddles too small and full of vegetation to allow a decent job of laundering to be done. My shirt and I dried out nicely in the hot sun and before going over there I had put out all my bedding and hope to sleep tonight untroubled.

Packing is starting and the main part of it, including the taking-up of traps, will be finished tomorrow. We hope that our supplies on the Leisha, which should have been on the Wandana, will be in this evening, and that the Main Roads truck will be here early on Monday.

too contrary to the spirit of the thing as I had arranged from the  
 morning. He had arranged to bring out the thing on  
 a tin and written "My father" in front of it. He had  
 and the 2 of them left off. However, it was a very fine thing  
 and I wanted to see it. I went to the house and found it  
 about 10 feet long. It was a very fine thing and I  
 found a note of it for the morning when I came home. I  
 need it, I think so.

Friday, 9 July 1935. The morning I left the house and I went up again to the  
 1,300 foot camp to find George and Ray for the thing  
 of that house. I found them in the morning and they were  
 signs reading "Hotel" and "Lodge" and other things. As on the morning  
 Phoenix we were on our way, I found that it was not so good here.

At 11:30 and I made the trip up the good time and the only way to get to  
 mountain and the river. I found that the only way to get to  
 400 feet above the river. I found that the only way to get to  
 from the river. I found that the only way to get to  
 in the morning and I found that the only way to get to

I spent the afternoon getting all ready for the morning and I found that  
 shall start in the morning. I found that the only way to get to  
 chance of getting it all out except by the track running to the river and  
 according to the plan.

Friday, 10 July 1935. The morning I left the house and I went up again to the  
 1,300 foot camp to find George and Ray for the thing  
 of that house. I found them in the morning and they were  
 signs reading "Hotel" and "Lodge" and other things. As on the morning  
 Phoenix we were on our way, I found that it was not so good here.

At 11:30 and I made the trip up the good time and the only way to get to  
 mountain and the river. I found that the only way to get to  
 400 feet above the river. I found that the only way to get to  
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Saturday, 11 July 1935. The morning I left the house and I went up again to the  
 1,300 foot camp to find George and Ray for the thing  
 of that house. I found them in the morning and they were  
 signs reading "Hotel" and "Lodge" and other things. As on the morning  
 Phoenix we were on our way, I found that it was not so good here.

In the morning I went over to the Charles River and I found that  
 washed by the river. I found that the only way to get to  
 ing and that sort of thing. I found that the only way to get to  
 of vegetation to allow a decent job of farming to be done. I found that  
 tried out nicely in the hot sun and before going over. I found that  
 my feeling and hope to sleep tonight undisturbed.

Nothing is started and the morning of it, I found that the only way to get to  
 things will be finished tonight. I found that the only way to get to  
 which should have been on the morning. I found that the only way to get to  
 in the morning will be here on the morning.

*an interesting installation is  
being made in the house which is  
not yet back.* 107.  
Sunday, 11 July 1948. This has to be written by daylight during the late afternoon as the new supply of stores has not come up from Portland Roads yet; actually we have no knowledge that it has reached P.R. other than Capt. Paulson's promise to me last Sunday. We have to prepare for the worst though and as there are only two gallons of kerosene left, barely enough to fill the lamps for the plant-drying ovens for the period at Brown's Creek, such things as journals must be written by daylight or not at all.

Other things are short, many of them: butter, jam, the little luxuries such as dried fruit and rolled oats, if they can even here be called luxuries. Rum and cigarettes are our completely and several other things are very low. There is really nothing to worry about as we have plenty of flour, tobacco, cigarette papers and tea and can get fresh pork for the hunting of it, but a little thing like a jar of marmalade means a lot under these conditions. The feelings of the people who live in this part of the country, who are utterly at the mercy of the wharfies and such people, must be unprintable, as this sort of thing apparently happens all too often.

The day has been bright and dry and devoted mainly to packing in readiness for tomorrow's move to Brown's. Brown's Creek is Pascoe water, flowing into that river some miles northwest of the place where we shall be camping; the Pascoe in turn empties into Weymouth Bay some distance north of Portland Roads. It will be dry country and should offer a different flora and fauna, and it is hoped a more abundant one, than this locality.

The dry weather has been a boon for me in that my bed and blankets, as a result of yesterday's exposure to the sun, is now clear of ants and I can sleep without the patter of tiny feet on my ribs.

Monday, 12 July 1948. It develops on information from the Main Roads man who drove us up to Brown's Creek, that the Leisha has not yet reached Portland Roads, nor has there been any word of her arrival. That accounts for the non-arrival of our stores, and there is not much chance of them reaching us up here. When received I imagine they will be dumped at Iron Range as we shall be returning there a week from today.

Our chief difficulty, the shortage of kerosene, has been solved by the promise of our driver to come up again tomorrow and bring some of the Main Roads store with him which we shall return from our own stocks when received. It is mighty good of them, particularly as none of these trips are being charged for.

We are in totally different country now, the mountains being quite out of sight, concealed by low foothills which lie between Brown's and Mount Tozer. This country is easy to get about in, being open forest, with small patches only of viny scrub. About a mile or a little more back on the Tozer road there is another creek, Yam Creek, ~~and~~ said to be very good country for my activities, which I must get to as soon as possible. Brown's Creek is a nice little stream, about five or six yards across and at the camp, running over a pebbly bed. A little way down stream there is a sandy bank which I have adopted as a bathing place. There are fish about eight or nine inches in length so perhaps we can vary a diet which ~~is likely~~ is likely to be somewhat monotonous for a while.

The erection of camp has from frequent ~~max~~ practice, become a fairly mechanical operation and we are all comfortably settled in. George, Van and the boys are out setting traps and I am finishing this page as I have to get film and letters ready to go out tomorrow by the Main Roads man. I can do better in the way of description tomorrow after I have been around a little.



Tuesday, 13 July 1948. Yam Creek proved a complete nust, so far as reptiles are concerned, when I went over there this morning. It is nearly two miles back along the trail to Iron Range, the intervening country being arid, sandy and somewhat dismal. Creeks in this part of the peninsula are rare and consequently established camping spots for the journeyer.

I climbed up the hill on the further side of the creek, turning boulders and stirring up dead leaves and underbrush until I was so tired I could not have turned a pebble, but no death adders showed themselves and only one scorpion, which is something of a record.

The trail to Ralph Dodson's tin mine turns off the main Wenlock Road at Yam; Ralph's place is some miles along that barely visible trail and there he lives all alone, occasionally visiting Portland Roads to send some ore out and making an annual trip to Cairns.

We had visitors for lunch today, two lads passing along the road to Wenlock. They gave us the news, which came over their radio last night, that the Lochiel had an explosion on board and was beached on the Barrier Reef. Eight men were taken off her by the Wandana, which probably would be her whole complement. There were no details other than the above but undoubtedly we shall learn more about it somewhere along the line. The Lochiel and her crew seem like old friends to us and we are all interested in learning what happened. Surmises vary from sheer barratry to an explosion in Terry's galley.

These two boys also told us that the Leisha still had not reached Portland Roads and it seems very likely that our short commons will continue until we return to Iron Range next Monday.

Last night I was out jacking and came back with scores of spiders of all degree. The mammal boys did not do any too well and spiders seem the most plentiful of anything around here. This afternoon I went along the main trail to Wenlock and branched off into a deep gully about a mile and a half further on. The soft ground in it gave plenty of sign of many animals, pig, native cat and other things but not much in my line. Between Yam this morning and four miles or so this afternoon I shall not go out this evening for spiders or anything else.

Wednesday, 14 July 1948. This was just another run-of-the-mill sort of day, cloudy, some rain, a little sun, relieved for me by turning out to be rather a good one from the point of view of collecting. I went along in the morning to the gully referred to in yesterday's entry and at a point where it is perhaps fifteen feet deep, I noticed a hole in the sloping bank. Thinking it might be of interest to the mammal men, I climbed up, to hear, when I scrambled nearly to the top, a strange hissing sound. It turned out to be a goanna hole and its occupant was standing at the top of the bank warning me to go no further. I didn't; instead I slid down, knowing that a goanna can bite as large a chunk as a police dog, and shot the thing. It was four feet three inches in length and the first sand goanna I had taken, being slightly different from those taken at Lockerbie. It could be compared either with a very large lizard or a small crocodile.

The gully also afforded a good variety of butterflies and altogether is the best collecting ground for me that I have found in this area.

Skinning a goanna is a man's sized job and took all the forenoon, after which I was sadly in need of a bath. It was raining fairly heavily but I had a pleasant bath and did a laundry, during which I heard the plane fly over, north-bound. Don't know when we shall get our mail.

no more and consequently we did not remain long in the town. We were very early and somewhat tired. The Greeks in this part of the peninsula being very early and somewhat tired. The Greeks in this part of the peninsula being very early and somewhat tired. The Greeks in this part of the peninsula being very early and somewhat tired.

I climbed up the hill on the further side of the creek, turning behind me and looking at the leaves and branches as I was so close to them and saw  
turned a noble, old oak tree showing evidence of age and wisdom,  
which is something of a rarity.

[illegible]

very few other persons, to an extension in Texas highway. Friends to us and we are all interested in learning more about it. There were no details given that I have not already written about. There were no details given about the case. The localities and the persons involved were taken off out of the situation, which probably would be far more complete. Localities and an explanation of persons and the situation. They gave us the names, which came over the radio and the localities. We had a visitation for many people, and I had been along the road at 11:00.

There was also a small, dark, rectangular object, possibly a book or a box, lying on the floor near the door. It was covered with a dark, possibly black, material. The object was about 12 inches long and 6 inches wide. It was lying on its side, with the top edge facing the door. The object was slightly tilted, with the top edge angled towards the left. The surface of the object appeared to be made of a dark, possibly leather or plastic, material. There were some lighter, possibly white or light gray, markings on the surface, but they were not clearly visible. The object was lying on a dark, possibly black, floor. The floor appeared to be made of a dark, possibly stone or concrete, material. The object was lying on the floor near the door, which was slightly ajar. The door was made of a dark, possibly black, material. The door handle was visible, and it was a dark, possibly black, metal. The door was slightly ajar, and the object was lying on the floor just inside the door. The object was lying on the floor near the door, which was slightly ajar. The door was made of a dark, possibly black, material. The door handle was visible, and it was a dark, possibly black, metal. The door was slightly ajar, and the object was lying on the floor just inside the door. The object was lying on the floor near the door, which was slightly ajar. The door was made of a dark, possibly black, material. The door handle was visible, and it was a dark, possibly black, metal. The door was slightly ajar, and the object was lying on the floor just inside the door.

[illegible]

The first or a small prototype.

is a very fine and beautiful specimen of a very good quality of wood, and is very much valued for its beauty and utility.

...I know what he will get out of it. ...I know what he will get out of it. ...I know what he will get out of it.

We had no visitors today and nobody passed along the trail, in consequence we have no knowledge of the Leisha, our food or anything else. There is a chance that if the ship should come in, somebody will bring up our cargo and in that case he or they will be almost certain to stop at Iron Range and pick up our mail also, but it is a very unlikely thing. Our time here is short, however, and we shall move back to Iron Range on Monday morning, anyway. The, a week from tomorrow, we start the long  $\frac{1}{2}$  journey south to Coen though we may be a little longer en route than we first planned. It is proposed to make camp of two or three days each at the Pascoe and the Archer River crossings. Those would not make much difference to our journey as we should simply cut down the length of time at Coen, if necessary.

The trip from Iron Range to Coen is somewhere about a hundred and sixty miles and that from Coen to Laura, if we go out that way instead of Annir River, is slightly less. At Cooktown we shall probably have to spend a day or so refitting before we start the final series of camps.

Thursday, 15 July 1948. I was aroused at intervals last night by the rain drops landing like the explosions of hand grenades on the canvas of my tent, tight as a drumhead from the rain that had fallen during the day. The coffee, Nescafe which I had received on my birthday was doubly welcome at breakfast, both for its flavor and as a restorative. The weather is actually cold, during the night.

Rain fell intermittently all during the day and collecting is still quite poor. Nothing particularly eventful happened at all and consequently there is not much to write about here. There is a gale roaring above our heads as I write and the conditions on top of Tozer, for example, or down at Portland Roads, would be pretty severe. I can only hope that Leisha had not had the sad ending of Lochiel and that our stores will have reached Iron Range by the time we do, on Monday.

Friday, 16 July 1948. George was very elated this morning to find in one of his traps a specimen of Mesembryomys, a very rare sort of thing which does much to make up for the rather poor collecting which has been the rule at this camp. Mesembryomys is a large thing, about two feet long including tail, and is a sort of squirrel grey. The hair is rather coarse and the tail ends with a white plume for the last couple of inches.

The poor collecting has been due largely to the habit of drovers and others passing along the trail of burning up the country. The idea is to get rid of the old, tall grass so that new shoots can come in, on which the cattle can feed. Of course it kills off the natural fauna and does not help mammal collectors. The burning, we have been informed, extends as far south as Coen; it will not matter very greatly as between here and Coen we shall be collecting only at the Archer River and Wenlock, the Pascoe River camp having been cancelled.

An odd thing about this country is a direct result of the burning and consequent maintenance of a low level of vegetation, in height; the ant-hills of course are uninjured and from a distance they stick up above the low flora and look much like a ragged and little used graveyard.

My own morning gave me good collecting in the way of bugs, my gully, which I have mentioned before, proving to be a very fine collecting ground. In the afternoon I stripped down to shorts and, with Roy, went fishing. We had only slightly better luck than we had on the Claudie, getting five small fish, but it was fun and we shall do the same again tomorrow, taking Van along as well. The river varies in depth but I do not think there is any fear of crocs this



far upstream. We are of course very wary and do not get into any deep holes.

In about eight weeks from now we shall seriously be considering our return journey. I hope that when I get hold of last Wednesday's mail there may be some information which will enable us to make some definite arrangement and if there is not, we shall have another mail the day before we start from Iron Range. There has of course been no news of our shipment of goods, nor anybody to give us the news; matches are now running short and the original plan of leaving Van here with one or two of the blacks to continue hunting while the rest of us return to Iron Range to attend to the packing and shipping may have to be abandoned because we shall not have enough rations to leave with him.

George and Van have gone out tonight to hunt along my gully; I was out last night and think I shall stay in camp this evening. A thing I have to consider carefully now is containers for the things I collect. I have to ration myself on some of the equipment and cannot go out and fill up vials and so on with the same thing over and over again. My nescafe bottles are a good and handy size and two of them are now doing duty as spider containers.

We have only two more collecting days at Brown's Creek, before our return to Iron Range but the method of our return is still a matter of conjecture. It may be Charlie Taylor, who inherited Joe's job on the jetty or the Main Roads may crack through again. It makes a difference as we shall have to pay Charlie but not the Main Roads lads.

Saturday, 17 July 1948. I was a little previous in my entry last night; no sooner had I finished than we heard the noise of a truck coming down the trail. It turned out to be two of the Wenlock miners on their way in to Portland Roads. Word had been received of the arrival on Thursday of the Leisha and they were going in to get their supplies.

It is good news for us as well, of course, provided our supplies are on board. We have two orders in with B-P, one for shipment to P.R., which should have been on the Wandana when I went in two weeks ago, and the other for delivery at Annie River Landing. Leisha called at Annie River and we are offering prayers that she did not land both cargoes there.

Instead of staying here, it has been decided that Van and Moreton will go on to Wenlock tomorrow when the men return; our scheduled stay there is only for three days and it will give a little more collecting time there. Brown's is just about finished as far as mammal men are concerned.

The Wenlock boys will also bring in our mail tomorrow, as well as news about our cargo, so in the morning I shall most likely finish my collecting for this area and devote the afternoon to packing and attending to whatever there may be in the mail. We move back on Monday, get things shipped out for Cairns and Cooktown and then start out for Wenlock ourselves. We have been informed that there are to be three or four parties shortly after we get there, birthdays and so on, and shall be in time for a rousing social season apparently. Wenlock has a population of twelve men and six women (I don't know how many children but have seen four so far); the men are all engaged in gold mining and I think one of their parties might be something to write about. I shall try anyway as I have an idea we shall be invited.

Had an enjoyable time with my fishing this afternoon and got a better catch than yesterday but had to fall back on the unfair method of shooting a heavy rifle into the river, stunning the fish. In that way I took about fourteen of them.



As soon as I finish this, I am going out for a short time in order to finish the spider collection from Brown's. I find myself wishing I knew a little more about quality and quantity required to make up a good collection for a field trip of this duration. At a rough estimate, I must have some thousands of spiders since every time I go out I get about fifty of them; of reptiles so far I have well over three hundred and butterflies, moths and such small fry must be well up in the thousands. Centipedes and scorpions and such things will be pretty close to a thousand, so I think I am doing well so far as quantity is concerned. As for quality, I shall learn about that when I get back, I suppose.

Van has asked that I make a note of my appearance when doing my fishing and since I have commented fairly freely on other people it is only fair that I should do so about myself. My costume consists of a pair of pale blue shorts and a sheath knife though I am not quite sure what the latter is for. Certainly I would not attempt to stab a crocodile. But what seemed to be of greatest interest to the on-lookers was when I ~~tried~~ tried bending over and getting my head under water in order to see where the stunned fish were lying. The pale blue shorts remained above water though I was bent to such an extent that my head and feet were near one another. Fortunately nobody had thought to bring a camera along.

Sunday, 18 July 1948. I was out this morning when the Wenlock boys returned from ~~Portland~~ Portland Roads but they remained to have lunch with us and brought the mail, very welcome. Van and Moreton went off with them when they drove on, and we also had the news that our transport to Wenlock from Iron Range will be a day later than expected. All in all, it is a very good thing that Van and Moreton have gone on.

There does seem to be some mix-up in cargoes though until I get to Iron Range and check, I cannot say what. We know the Leisha did come in and did leave cargo for us but apparently some of the Annie River cargo has been set ashore at Portland Roads. We may have more than we expect but that is better than less.

Rain has settled in again this evening and most likely we shall run into bad weather when we get back on the other side of the range; usually it is worse on the east than the west side and this, on the west, has been far from good.

Monday, 19 July 1948. It was the Main Roads truck that finally came up to get us this afternoon, which means more money saved, I am happy to say. Jim Moon, whom, for some reason unknown to me, we have been calling George ever since we met him, arrived about one o'clock and we were back at Iron Range about 3.30. The only things worthy of note were the facts that it was a fine day and that there was a snake on the trail which I missed as I was day-dreaming or dozing and did not come to quickly enough to get it. My shot hit it and lifted it off the ground but did not stop it going into the scrub at about a mile a minute.

The population of Iron Range is intact now, Mr. and Mrs. Connell having returned from Cairns about two weeks ago. Bert Connell cut all our hair, to celebrate. My last haircut was on that strange throne at Thursday Island where the black barber sat on a little shoe box beside me and reached up to do the trimming.

Our stores were here and in order save for one or two things which have been omitted and a little party ensued after we had made ourselves comfortable again.

[illegible][illegible]

Tuesday, 20 July 1948. This day was spent packing specimens and the job of packing other things will continue through tomorrow and the next day, I think. The specimens, mine, that is, fill two fiarsized cases and provided they make that journey in safety, should be welcomed by the department heads, I feel.

As a result there is not very much to write about in this entry, nor will there be until we get on the move again, but the mail plane is due in tomorrow and we can be sure of getting what mail there may be for us late in the afternoon. I managed to get my hair cut by Bert Connell, one-third of the population of Iron Range, and consequently feel rather lighter in the head than I have for some time, but that is about the sum of this day's news.

Wednesday, 21 July 1948. This has been a day of disappointment since the mail plane did not arrive. We put in a very busy time on our packing, confident that mail would come in and we could have a pleasant evening answering or reading it, but something happened and, simply no plane. No word about it either.

We shall move out of here considerably lighter; I have prepared a shipment of seventeen boxes and cases for Cairns and twelve for Cooktown, which cuts our baggage considerably. On the other hand, there will be a shipment of supplies when we reach Coen but as we shall stay in that area a few weeks, that too will be depleted by the time our next move occurs.

Supper this evening was enlivened by a discussion of ART. Don Vernon has studied painting and, for the sake of argument, is an artist. None of the rest of us know very much about it but all of us has his opinion. We started on Epstein, Bima, Night and Day, and so on, Don defending and everybody else attacking. Don did a remarkable job and before long we all found that we really meant the same thing but expressed ourselves differently. That meant George, Len and Joe; I did not take much part, being completely out of my depth on that subject. When they got into poetry, blank verse and the moderns, I could do a little better but they shifted back to painting again.

Reverting to the plane again, Doug Fisher, his wife, Barrie and the two younger children all came up here to get the mail and say goodbye to us. The concensus is that another plane will come up tomorrow, finish the trip to T.I., turn around and come back the same day, in order to catch up with the schedule again, so the Fisher family did not say goodbye and will turn up again tomorrow morning.

A message came through from Hughie Fisher of Wenlock, no relation to Doug, who is to convey us down to Coen. Hughie expects to be with us either late tomorrow night or early on Friday and we shall pull out of here on Friday definitely, unless Hughie breaks down somewhere.

Roy Stephen, now promoted to a gun-boy, and bedecked with a pair of my old trousers, is very cock-a-hoop and brought in a porcupine for George this afternoon. Both parties are rather pleased and that about ends the gossip for this day.

The Fishers told us that the U.S. is demanding an army of nine million and that the situation in and around Berlin is constantly getting worse. We are wondering whether we shall have time to finish the expedition before things begin to pop. Leo Ferris came over in the evening and said that most likely a plane will come up about 9 A.M. tomorrow with the mail but nobody has heard anything about what was wrong.

Friday, 20 July 1945. This day was spent looking for the house and the next day, 21 July, I found it. The house was a small, one-story building with a porch. It was located in a rural area, and the surrounding land was mostly open fields. I was very happy to find it, and I felt that I had found a new home.

As a result of the search, I was very much relieved. I had been looking for a house for a long time, and I was finally able to find one. The house was in good condition, and it was a good size for a family. I was very happy to find it, and I felt that I had found a new home.

On 21 July 1945, I was very much relieved. I had been looking for a house for a long time, and I was finally able to find one. The house was in good condition, and it was a good size for a family. I was very happy to find it, and I felt that I had found a new home.

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After this event, I was very much relieved. I had been looking for a house for a long time, and I was finally able to find one. The house was in good condition, and it was a good size for a family. I was very happy to find it, and I felt that I had found a new home.

Returning to the house again, I was very much relieved. I had been looking for a house for a long time, and I was finally able to find one. The house was in good condition, and it was a good size for a family. I was very happy to find it, and I felt that I had found a new home.

A message came through from the house of the house, and I was very much relieved. I had been looking for a house for a long time, and I was finally able to find one. The house was in good condition, and it was a good size for a family. I was very happy to find it, and I felt that I had found a new home.

My father, who was very much relieved. I had been looking for a house for a long time, and I was finally able to find one. The house was in good condition, and it was a good size for a family. I was very happy to find it, and I felt that I had found a new home.

The house was in good condition, and it was a good size for a family. I was very happy to find it, and I felt that I had found a new home. The house was in good condition, and it was a good size for a family. I was very happy to find it, and I felt that I had found a new home.

Thursday, 22 July 1948. The Fisher (Doug) family arrived over fairly early this morning and shortly afterwards the northbound plane passed overhead. We learned that there had been some minor breakdown at Townsville, enough to hold them there over night, and another plane had left Brisbane early this morning, taken over the mail and passengers and continued the run. She had to get to Thursday Island, make a quick turn-around and get back today, which left little time for answering the mail that had come in.

Nothing of interest came in from Burns, Philp and I am left in the air on a great many subjects. A letter did come, however, saying that the Pioneer Star, U.S. Lines, would leave either Brisbane or Sydney eastbound about "mid-October" and did we want passages on her. I wrote back immediately, the only letter I was able to get away in reply to the mail, making reservations on the ship for us all. She will dock at New York but I do not know the date or the ports she will call at, en route.

Tonight two men from the Main Roads Camp came up to bid us good-bye and somehow Joe has managed to get himself foully drunk again. It is becoming rather too much of a habit again and I am afraid he may be getting himself into trouble unless he pulls himself together. There is also the question of whether he can pull himself together.

A large quantity of cases and boxes went out by Doug. Fisher, a total of twenty-nine, as I said last night, I think, which leaves us pretty well cut down in our gear. We should be able to make the Coen and Cooktown trips in comparative ease.

Up to the time of writing, our transport for tomorrow, Hughie Fisher of Wenlock, has not yet arrived. He said either tonight or early tomorrow morning, and there is nothing to worry about yet.

Friday, 23 July 1948. Our Wenlock-Coen transportation has failed us and now at 4 P.M. there is little chance of him arriving and less of our getting away tonight, even if he did. We can only hope that he gets here in time for an early start tomorrow, but there is now not much chance of getting to Coen before the end of the month.

Although we want to do, and no doubt shall do, some collecting in Wenlock, we were anxious to get to Coen and out of it again to the nearby scrub as fast as we can. The Coen Races start on the 5th of August, and are famous in their way, in that horses from all the ranches and stations on the Peninsula arrive, hundreds of whites and blacks come in and there is a state of jollification that lasts for a week. Normally there is a population of about twenty-five in Coen but all the visitors would certainly want to call on us and pay their respects and there would be a week completely lost, to say nothing of the inroads on our rations. We shall still try to get out to the scrub before the big time starts and we have several localities which can be considered as in the Coen area, which we must work. Since we now know definitely, more or less, our sailing date, we can calculate our time and have agreed that everything must be finished by October 1st, including the Cooktown and Mount Finnegan work.

Joe was in bad shape this morning, neither feet nor brain being able to work properly. It may not all be due to drink and his health may not be too good. There is no doubt that the quality of the food is falling off but he cannot be blamed for that since many of our necessities are missing, partly due to errors in B-P's shipments and partly because the stuff is at Coen waiting for us. We shall see what happens.

Thursday, 28 July 1943. The Klamath (boat) family arrived over 2 days early. This morning and evening... (faded text) ...the boat family arrived over 2 days early. This morning and evening... (faded text) ...the boat family arrived over 2 days early. This morning and evening...

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Saturday, 24 July 1948. Our transportation, in the form of Norman Fisher of Wenlock, taking the place of his brother, Hughie, whose truck had broken down, arrived sometime after 11 P.M. last night. In order to make the Wenlock trip in one day, we got up somewhere about 4.30 A.M. this morning, loaded up, had breakfast and left Iron Range before 6. The population had not fully waked when we left and, in fact, there is something of a rift developed recently. Bert Connell hit Malcolm Holmes in the jaw because Malcolm let his dogs get into Bert's part of the hut and was a bloody nuisance anyway. Malcolm retreated with speed and Mrs. Connell screamed. That was a couple of days ago and outwardly things are quiet now.

The road as far as Brown's Creek is old stuff for us now and from Brown's on, until we reached the Pascoe, it was much the same. The Pascoe, where we stopped for a mouthful of food and a drink of tea, was a pleasant stream about fifty feet wide, bouldery and something of the order of the Mossman River, without the swift current.

The trail and the country get more and more arid, sandy soil and sparse trees with few leaves on them predominating. There were no outward events during the trip and we reached Wenlock, known as "the town", about 3 P.M. to learn from Van that a grand party had been planned for the evening and the previous week had been spent in cooking and baking. By the time we had had an excellent meal with another branch of the Fisher family, and set up work rooms and sleeping space, the former in what once was a sort of stable and the latter in a former blacksmith's forge with roof but no sides, it was time for the party.

Everybody was dressed in their best, two of the men going to the extreme of wearing ties, which quickly came off. Drinks of rum and fruit juices were served, pleasant concoctions, there was dancing for those who wished to dance and music was provided by a radio and a victrola, the former being interrupted frequently by people who wanted to find out how the England-Australia cricket match was going on. The food spread out was delicious and, as George remarked, brought home to us the things that we have given up and the other things which we have become accustomed to. Joe gave his professional approval but seemed rather upset that they should spoil good rum by adding fruit juice to it.

We were all pretty tired and gradually sifted away into our smithy and the party ended somewhere about 11.30.

This whole area, once, and even now, being operated fairly profitably, is run by the Fisher family (not related to the Portland Roads Fishers). Three mines, the Casket, the Spotted Dog and the Black Cat, are all producing gold-bearing ore in fair quantity. Old Fisher, the patriarch, has four sons, all of whom are married except Norman, and have children of their own so in time a clan will be built up, possessing considerable wealth and numbers. In a few decades there may be a large population and in a greater time it is quite likely that they will wield considerable influence in North Queensland. The party was to celebrate our arrival and Norman Fisher's birthday; Norman, the one who is not contributing to the population, has been married but his wife left him and is now living with Lennie Somers, another miner who has a place on Scrubby Creek, near Portland Roads.

In general, on a superficial estimate, the country, sandy and with its scanty vegetation even now in flames, will not offer good collecting possibilities. I think we shall move on to Coen as soon as Hughie gets his truck in shape to carry us but tomorrow we shall all, in our particular activities, investigate further.

McDonald let his dogs get into people's yard and was a bloody nuisance every day. McDonald threatened to shoot and kill Cornell's dog. Last week a couple of days ago and outwitted him the other day.

The town of ... is ...

The trail and the country are very different from those seen in the previous week and have been spent in cooking and baking. By the time we had reached the trail with another bunch of the latter family, the rest of the week had been spent in the former in which there was a great deal of work and the latter in a former plantation's large open field and no sign of the trail.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Sunday, 25 July 1948. When we woke this morning, all hands felt that a few more hours could have easily been used. However, it has been just another day for us, except for an invitation to another house for afternoon tea, consisting of tea, scones & butter, five kinds of cake and two kinds of pie.

The morning I spent in fixing up the few things that had come to my light trap last night and a general survey of the country from the top of one of the mine derricks. From every point of view it is poor. Not only has game of all sorts been scared away by the activity of the mines, each with a tall derrick and steam engines operating all over the place, but in addition to that the whole district for miles around in every direction has been burned and still is burning. I went to a semi-circular hill to the east of us, climbed it and travelled along its crest to the other end. In every direction I could see the smoke of ~~ferex~~ fires in the distance and on the hill itself, very recently fired, logs were still smouldering and smoking.

Tomorrow Don Vernon and I are crossing the Batavia River and visiting a lagoon on the south side in the hope of getting some fresh-water crocodiles. So far, with the exception of one at Red Island Point, there have been no crocs in our lives at all. It might be a good idea to keep things that way but one has to look, if only to find out what places to avoid.

When we shall leave here is a moot point and depends on when Hughie Fisher can get his truck into movable shape. In general we are anxious to get along into Coen and out again before the crowds begin to gather for the races. I had a letter today from Walter Rose, postmaster of Coen, telling me they would be honored to have us there, which was nice of Walter but would not help us to get our work done.

Monday, 26 July 1948. An uneventful day, so far as I am concerned. I went over to the lagoon, Don returning after having shot a bird; it consisted actually of three lagoons and nothing in any one of them. I circled them all and the only tracks I could see in the mud were those of pigs.

In the afternoon I started out intending to wander up and down the Batavia River bed but was buttonholed en route by one of the miners named Scotty MacDonald. During the party a couple of nights ago we had exchanged reminiscences together and I learned that he had for a while worked in the ship-building firm of Cammel-Laird in Birkenhead, at about the time I enlisted in the Cheshire Regiment in the first war. Later he had visited New York and today he showed me one of his most prized mementos - a theatre ticket stub for B. F. Keith's Orpheum Theatre in Brooklyn, dated May 21, 1917. Anyway Scotty decided to take me over where there were some trap-door spiders. We found the place and found also four of the trap doors and tunnels but no spiders. The area had been burnt over since he was there last.

I took my heavy rifle out this morning in my crocodile hunt and ended up by bringing back one of the smallest mice I have ever seen. It was hiding under some wood I was turning while looking for reptiles, and is a most valuable addition to the collection, being the first of its kind we have taken and the first of its kind known north of a place some hundreds of miles south of here. I did not shoot it, of course, it being hardly bigger than the shell of my .303. I caught it with the butterfly net.

Tuesday, 27 July 1948. The morning was not very productive; I cut across to the Batavia River, got into its channel, mainly dry sand now, with a shallow stream about twenty feet wide, and travelled

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north for perhaps a mile and a half. At one point a red kangaroo sat on the sand and looked at me from a distance of about sixty yards. I did not fire, first because the range was doubtful for a shotgun, which I was carrying and, secondly, because George has said that he does not want any more of them. We gazed at each other for fully a minute and the sun behind the roo shone through his ears, sticking up from his head, making them look transparent and hazy. Finally he loped heavily away.

Most of the afternoon was taken up with a visit through the workings of the Black Cat Mine, entered by standing in a bucket and being dropped down an eighty foot shaft. The tunnels and passages are extensive and the heat terrific. The mine got into bad condition during the war as all the Fisher boys were in the army; on their return they found it flooded and even now the passages in the lower levels are choked with water and unworkable until pumped. They have pumps but they are not powerful enough to do all the work required to clear those parts of the mine that are being worked and clear the lower levels also. It is a grim, back-breaking job that they have set themselves and one can only wish them luck.

The truck that is to take us to Coen is still out of order and so far I have no word of our next move, nor where we shall camp in the Coen area. It is essential that we get out of the place because, with Race Week on, there would be little chance of getting any work done on account of constant visitors.

Wednesday, 23 July 1948. It was not until this afternoon that Hughie got his truck in such shape that he could say definitely that we could get away tomorrow morning. Accordingly, after a morning spent wandering fruitlessly over the burned countryside, have begun to load up this afternoon.

During my wanderings I had found a little but some aboriginal sketches on the rocks. They represented a man, a crocodile, a dingo and many turtles, done in red ochre on the inside of sandstone rock overhangs. They were in a place named Tunnel Gully, because, probably, of the channels and tunnels formed by the rockfalls.

Fairly late in the afternoon we manhandled the trailer up to camp and began to load up. At the moment only the trailer is here but we hope that the truck itself will somehow materialize.

Everybody except George, Joe and I were invited out somewhere for dinner and went untimely; we three stayed in camp and eventually the others filtered back and entered our party. Now we have broken up and I am doing this by inferior light but in a few minutes we go to a farewell party.

We hope to pull out about 8 A.M. tomorrow morning and should reach the Archer River crossing by mid-afternoon, where we shall spend two nights. The "terrible" Archer, it has been called by people who have crossed it before, on account of its width mainly, I think. Even now it is about four hundred yards wide and in the wet season must be a couple of miles. Its crossing I shall write about later when I know more about it. Then too I shall be able to write about the hunting on its banks, and the day after I do that I can say something about Coen, something of a metropolis, with forty people.

Thursday, 29 July 1948. The farewell party turned out to be rather a sing-song than anything else, owing to an unfortunate shortage of the things required to make it anything else, but it was very nice and Joe rendered "Dangerous Dan McGrew" with such an expression of com-

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bined pathos and ferocity that everybody wondered how he got that way at a comparatively dry party. To me the most interesting thing was the presence in Joe Fisher's house of a piano and I wondered at what I know must have been the heart-breaking toil required to get such an instrument to Wenlock. It is appreciated there greatly, and these evenings of music are quite frequent things.

It was not until after midday that we finally bade our Wenlock friends goodbye, with the assurance on their parts that they would see us at the Coen Races, which I now capitalize, the Races being the next biggest thing to Christmas in this part of the Peninsula.

Our road to the Archer River was the same as all other roads, just the two parallel cart wheel tracks, though it was not as rough as some trails we have followed. Hughie was very careful with his driving and it was dusk when we reached the Archer and too dark, by the time our beds were rigged, to see much of the river itself. That will have to wait until tomorrow. In view of the shortness of our stay here, probably not more than two or three nights, we shall not erect tents since we have at least, it seems, passed out of the wet districts.

Friday, 30 July 1948. Undoubtedly in the wet season the Terrible Archer lives up to its formidable name. It is composed of several separate channels, running through rocky gorges in spots, the islands between the channels being topped with trees. Now, however, there is only one of the channels carrying any water at all, the others are sandy highways, giving easy access up and down stream, the rocky gorges seem to be huge boulders worn by time and water into graceful shapes. It is one of the prettiest rivers it has ever been my fortune to camp on.

Our first crocodile came in last night and I, the collector of crocs, did not get it. Van did. It is not more than eighteen inches long and he shot it, probably thinking it was a rat as he got its eyes in his headlight, but none the less it is a Johnson River crocodile, the first in our collection, and, I think, the first the Museum has. Spurred by that I spent the whole morning roaming along the river bank looking for something a trifle larger and made myself so tired that I had to strip and have a bath to cool off. The water was crystal clear and not thigh deep but even with that bait nothing appeared. In the afternoon I went out with Hughie who said he knew a lagoon where there were sure to be some. We walked miles and then he seemed a bit doubtful as to just where the lagoon was; ultimately we came to a muddy pool, where there was absolutely nothing. We put up a large pig but did not trouble about him; he was too old for food and the mammal men don't seem to want to skin pigs.

It is not yet supper time but I have an opportunity to get this written which I am taking. This evening I have to go out hunting so must close up and get ready.

Saturday, 31 July 1948. After dark last night I went down to the river and at one point got a pair of crocodile eyes gleaming redly and wickedly in the glare of my headlight. They were far out in the river so I did not shoot, thinking that I might have a better opportunity when I go out tonight. The eyes, like little crimson pinheads, were so close together that the beast could have been no larger than the one that Van got the previous night.

It has been decided that we move on to Coen tomorrow and I hope that we shall be able to consider ourselves settled there sufficiently to make a proper camp. I have spent far more time sitting and just holding the var-



ious things on my table against the wind than I would have in erecting three or four tents. Also I have mail to get out and am anxious to get back to my regular routine.

Our first camp site will be at a place called The Bend (of the Coen River), two or three miles north of Coen, and another will be set up somewhere south of Coen. Our main objective however is to get over the Mill-wraith Range into the Rocky Scrub, a large, un-named area on the map in which Breakfast and Dinner Creeks, Rocky River and Scrubby Creek all have their sources. That will probably be either a pack-horse job or else we shall have to tackle it as we did Mount Tozer, a few at a time, and each party adding to and improving the trail and the camp. There is no road of any sort, nor any trail, leading into the Rocky Scrub.

The camp south of Coen has not yet been decided up it could be either Ebagooola or Lalla Rookh or somewhere around either of them. In the matter of time, since tomorrow we start on our next-to-last month, it will probably work out at a week at The Bend, two weeks in some part of the Rocky Scrub and the fourth week at whichever camp south of Coen we may decide upon.

The postman went through this camp yesterday, Jim McDowell; he travels once every two weeks in a circle from Coen taking in Mapoon and Wenlock, which shows on the map either as Plutoville or Lower Camp. A place now called Top Camp shows on the map as Choc-a-block. There is no air strip so the Wenlock people only get mail once a fortnight.

Sunday, 1 August 1948. My search last evening for the elusive crocodile was quite without result. I picked a large boulder on the river bank from which I had a clear view for fifty yards both up and down the river, and perched myself there for what seemed hours, flashing my headlight in both directions at intervals. There was not a ripple in the water and eventually, feeling cold, I came back to camp.

We packed and left the Archer about 10 "A." (sic) this morning and travelled right through to Coen, where we arrived somewhere about 5 P.M., without a stop. The trip was extremely tiring and the country much the same as the previous half of the trip. Simply sparse forest, burned to a crisp by the sun and by travellers wherever there was any vegetation. Dust rose in clouds all the way, caking our faces and parching our throats. I think everybody was far too spiritless to worry whether or not we stopped and had food - the main object was to get the trip over. That was done without mishap, however.

Our quarters, on a bend of the Coen River, itself a tributary of the Archer, consist of a very comfortable hut made of the ~~iron~~ ubiquitous corrugated iron. I have a notion that without corrugated iron, the British Empire would never have come into existence. The house is divided into four rooms, there is a wired-in enclosure for a garden, unplanted, and the river is about twenty yards away.

After a much-needed wash and meal, all hands, including the blacks who got an advance of pay of ten shillings each, went in to Coen. It was dark and a description of the whole place must wait until tomorrow, but we managed to find the Exchange Hotel, which has a big sign on top of it reading "Drink at Herb. Thompson's" and did so. There were not many people there but a bookie has come up for the races and was entertaining in the bar. Old Herb is our agent in this district and made us welcome, Joe of course knew everybody, and we found that our cargo had come in and been broached by somebody in the hotel. Back to camp and to bed, pending investigation tomorrow.

[illegible]

Monday, 2 August 1948. One of the big moments of yesterday I entirely forgot to write about. Too tired, I guess. Just after we had unloaded at this camp, while the blacks were scouting around looking for timber, firewood, and so on, they ran into a couple of other abbos. I was spreading my bed when I heard Moreton yell something about a snake, a black snake. Taking my gun, I ran up the rise to where he was, with two of the strange boys and all three began to dance around wildly, each pointing in a different direction and yelling about the black snake. Taking a sort of average of the three gesturing arms, I found a brown snake, one of the Coastal browns, and promptly dispatched it.

This morning most of us went into Coen to get acquainted and to make our plans for the next camp as we expect to stay here only about a week. The place is odd but somehow pleasing. Of course there are no streets and only about ten houses but each stands in its bare, clean patch of earth and each has its vegetable garden, watered with Coen River water pumped up by wind pumps. In these gardens they grow green vegetables mostly, lettuce, tomatoes, cabbages and so on and a quantity of each was sent out to us this afternoon by Mrs. Arbuthnot, one of the oldest inhabitants.

Crowds are beginning to gather, largely abbos, and one old gentleman was resplendent in a brass gorget on which was inscribed the fact that he was King Tommy, of some tribe which I forget. There are still one or two hereditary tribal kings left and each has his gorget as a badge of office, which in due course passes down to his son.

Our plans seem to have changed slightly in that it is likely to be so hard to penetrate into the Rocky Scrub that all the time we have allotted for Coen will be required to do it. Consequently there will probably be no camp at Ebagoola or Lalla Rookh except perhaps a night or so, on our way down to Cooktown. Another piece of news was that a boat is leaving Annie River tomorrow and there will not be another for five or six weeks so Laura becomes our only route to Cooktown.

A great mass of office detail and letters to be answered have accumulated. I have done a considerable amount tonight but must spend a lot of tomorrow on them as well.

Tuesday, 3 August 1948. Practically all the morning was taken up in catching up with office work, and as another mail is due in tomorrow, I probably have not yet really caught up. In the afternoon I was able to get away and take a walk up the Coen River for about a mile but got few bugs and no reptiles except a small, unwise lizard.

This evening I went out jacking again, having done so last night, and feel that tomorrow I can put on mail and office work again in the evening if necessary. Len and George have gone in to Coen to try for more information on the Rocky Scrub but I decided that I would not go. Joe has gone also, having emptied his bottle this afternoon; he has been drunk as a goat for two days but constantly informs me that if he is nothing else, he is a reliable man.

The three boys also have gone in to town, having asked for £3 each and receiving £2. I explained to them that they would need money in Cooktown and also when the races start and they seemed pleased with their £2.

A difference here from Iron Range is that we are unable to answer letters on Wednesday in time to catch the south plane on Thursday. The airport is fourteen miles from the post office and the road is such that the carrier leaves at 6 A.M. on Thursday to connect with the plane going through at 10.30.



Wednesday, 4 August 1948. It is odd how one's ideas change. Here we are in a dry, hot climate where nothing can possibly live, and I find myself wishing for rain which I cursed so thoroughly a few days ago

because it drowned everything. Here I cannot find even a scorpion or a centipede and since the brown snake I shot the other day when we arrived and a tree snake which Len found the next day, there is nothing in the reptile line either.

Coen, I understand, is going full blast. George and Len were in this afternoon and returned with the mail, but there was absolutely no word of any sort from Burns Philp though they have been holding me up on several matters for weeks now. They have proved themselves to be thoroughly broken reeds.

In the matter of our next camp, there is still some question as to how we shall penetrate into the Rocky Scrub. It is no simple matter and much of the terrain is impassible even to pack animals. The difficulty in this part of the world is to find anybody who really knows what he is talking about. Many of the bush men and miners have made statements about things to be found in ~~this locality~~ certain localities and when taken out cannot even find the localities, much less the things they said were in them. They call themselves, proudly, bush men, yet do not know the bush they talk about. I would take an Indian any time in preference to the half-white.

After letters, and, finally, a telegram to the Protector of Islanders, permission came through today for our boys to obtain clothing at Coen. The method was crude - first the letter of authority had to be shown from the individual boy's Mission, then his hand was grasped by a policeman (there are three in Coen), his thumb inked and applied to a receipt. After that he was thrown some clothing, regardless of size. Moreton came back with a pair of jodhpurs, of all things.

Joe is silly drunk again this evening; there is little we can do, in point of fact. It would be hard to replace him and a new cook would probably be no great improvement. Once we can get away from places where there are grog sellers he will be all right again, but if it is obtainable, he will find means of getting it. The money is his, and we cannot hold up his pay, earned as it has been. It seems to me that it would almost be better to let him go and somehow do the cooking ourselves, but I am sure it would fall to my lot. At the moment he is sitting outside my window, swigging from his bottle and talking to himself.

It is too late now to go out and do any hunting, so I shall turn in soon. Hunting here is poor anyway but it fills in the time.

Thursday, 5 August 1948. This morning I spent in unpacking and checking the shipment which came in to Annie River. As far as I can see, we are short only a half bag of potatoes, which may be in Thompson's store somewhere.

Joe was slightly better this morning but is talking to himself again now. He is something of a problem but is all right when we get away from the grog shops. That we shall be doing in a few days, for a few weeks, so things may come through all right, but I am so heartily sick of the hopeless inefficiency I see all around me, disguising itself, and even getting itself some sort of praise, under the name of the "bushman's way".

I seem to be in some sort of a mood tonight. It would be better, I think, if I write no more and just spend the rest of the evening with some sort of book.



Friday, 6 August 1948. We had a little sort of meeting this morning and came up with another time-table of sorts. It is proposed that we finish and move out of the Coen area on August 26th, but travel slowly on our road to Laura. Annie River is right out of the picture, so it will work out, after leaving here, that we spend the night of the 26th at Ebagoola, the night of the 27th at Musgrave, the night of the 28th on the Hann River, where the main trail is crossed by it, and reach Laura for the night of the 29th. Our effort at the Rocky Scrub will be of two weeks duration, since we cannot leave here until Monday, the 9th, and have to be back by the evening of the 24th in order to have time enough to get ready for the trip to Laura.

The Scrub trip, while still indefinite in details, will mean by truck to the Peach River (Peach Creek) where we shall set up a sub-base, the bulk of our stuff being left here at the Bend. Preliminary trail cutting and pack animals will be the method of getting into the Scrub and we shall not all be in at the same time; some collecting will be done along Peach Creek as well as in the Scrub itself.

After our morning conference, most of us went in to the Race Meeting and I must confess that I found myself heartily bored. Horse-racing contains no thrill of any sort for me and the people who attended all looked rather bored. Influenza seems to have come in with the influx of out-back visitors and there was a general air of listlessness over the whole assembly. The local member of Parliament, who flew in yesterday in the hospital plane and whose presence was highly touted, failed to put in an appearance, and the staff of the hospital plane itself was doing much better business with the locals than in treating accidents on the Course.

There really was nothing sufficiently spectacular to write about, perhaps because I do not care much for racing, but to me one of the surprising things of this country is the effect of the American movies. Almost everybody, white or black, who is even remotely connected with cattle or horses wears a ten-gallon hat though originally the Australian bush headgear consisted of a wide-brimmed, flat crowned thing.

A telegram came in from Burns Philp, stating that our reservations on the Pioneer Star had been made but port and date of sailing are still unknown. Otherwise the day has been without event.

Saturday, 7 August 1948. The mist and drizzle of rain which was with us yesterday, though I did not mention it, had gone this morning, and a furious wind has taken its place, blowing dust all over everything. George and Van have gone off to some cave somewhere in order to collect some bats, if they can; Len has gone to Coen to make arrangements for our move, which will probably take place on Monday; I have started my packing for the Scrub but still have some supplies to check in and some specimens to wrap and put away. Another brown snake and a few other things, including our first frilled lizard, came in yesterday.

The festivities at Coen will continue over the week-end, it seems and our departure is correspondingly uncertain. A visitor from Laura, about whom a telephone call to Cairns was made yesterday since she was complaining of illness and severe headaches, died during the night. She was supposed to have been taken to the Cairns Hospital by the ambulance plane last night but the plane did not go. Presumably the member of Parliament was not ready, so the woman died. Politicians seem to be much the same, the world over.

Having finished this page I must now write and make our Cooktown reservations, another mile stone.



## 1948 Archbold Cape York Expedition

Program for work in Rocky Scrub area.

August 9. Leave Coen by truck for Peach River.

10. Open trail from Peach to a camp site in Rocky Scrub; trail to be passable for pack animals.
11. First party moves to Rocky Scrub Camp (George, Can and 1 boy).
12. Second party to Rocky Camp (Geoff, Don and 1 boy).
- 13 or 14. Third party to Rocky Camp (Len and Willie).

Joe remains at Peach Camp, sends food in to Rocky Camp every second day by horse boy.

21. First party moves back to Peach Camp (Geoff and Don).
22. Second party back to Peach Camp (Len and 2 boys).
23. Third party back to Peach Camp (George, Van and 1 bly).
24. Return to Coen by truck.
25. Pack gear and specimens. Prepare shipment of specimens, etc., to go out by Annie River route.
26. Leave Coen for Laura. Camp at Ebegoola.
27. Camp in Musgrave area.
28. Camp on Hann River.
29. Arrive Laura.
30. Spare day.
31. Rail-motor to Cooktown.

...and the ...

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

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1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the President of the Senate, dated January 1, 1877. The letter is signed by Rutherford B. Hayes and is addressed to Charles Schreyer.

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Archived by www.bannedbook.org

Sunday, 8 August 1948. Again a day of packing - it is impossible on this sort of job to put out roots anywhere, even if one wanted to. We were favored with a visit from one of the police constables this morning, who told us there had been a theft of sixteen 44 gallon drums of gas from the airport during the races and that old Joe Fisher of Wenlock was under suspicion. Knowing him, it does not seem possible but I suppose we shall never hear the end of that story and really there is no place here for it. Shortly after the constable had left, young Joe Fisher and a lot of the Wenlock folks came out to bid us goodbye. With them were some Cooktown people who had flown up for the Races, whom we shall meet again in three weeks or so.

It is perhaps time for us to move out as there is talk among the blacks of devil-devils wandering around after dark, with one big bright eye, our head lamps. I think these boys would run from, rather than spear, a devil-devil, should one approach them, but you never can tell.

The program of work for the Rocky Scrub has been made out and is attached. It carries right through to our arrival at Cooktown. Until we get back from the Scrub we shall be completely out of touch and no mail will reach us; I am going in to Coen tonight to take some which will go south by the plane next Thursday but of course we shall not be able to get anything on the plane the following week. There should be quite a pile of stuff awaiting us on our return.

Monday, 9 August 1948. What a day, what a day, and of course our fine new schedule is knocked as high as a kite. Since I shall be writing no letters for best part of a couple of weeks, I can give myself a little more leeway in this and can be a little more expansive perhaps than I have heretofore.

Our little world turned upside down last night but we did not know it then. Len and I went in in the evening to make sure that everything was set. The report was that five pack horses, three riding horses and a boy would leave first thing in the morning, a guide had been arranged for with the police (all these things being done by our agent, Herb Thompson) who would come out in the truck before 9 A.M., we would load up, leave by 9 and reach the Peach River in one day. It would all be attended, what had not already, said Herb, so Len and I returned to camp lively and rejoicing. Then came the first portent - we learned that Joe had gone to Coen to say goodbye to people.

We turned in with some misgivings and on getting up this morning there was no sign of Joe. However, expecting the truck and guide, and hoping against hope that Joe would return under his own steam, we completed our packing and got everything ready. By the way, the guide was a boy who had been through to the Peach about ten years ago and was supposed to know a track that was rumored to exist. By 10 A.M. there was no sign of anything so Len started in to Coen. By 12.30 there was no sign of anything, including Len, so we had lunch. By 1.30 P.M. there was no sign of anything at all so I started out for the place. I had gone about a mile along the trail when I heard the sound of a truck in the distance. I stopped and sure enough it contained the lad who was to drive it, the guide, Joe in a drunken stupor and Len. Herb Thompson had done nothing whatever so Len arranged for the guide; Joe was found in one of the bedrooms in Herb's "hotel" with a bottle of whiskey empty beside him and had been thrown bodily into the truck without even waking. To complete the ensemble, at that moment the horse-boy came wandering along. He had been ~~at~~ out to camp but decided he would go back to Coen "to buy something for his wife". He was shanghaied and dumped into the truck beside Joe, we all reached the Bend, loaded up and started.



The trail led back along the road to the Archer River for about five miles and was in good condition. It was during that part of the journey that I found the driver had brought his girl friend along with him. She is English, from Oxfordshire, and what she is doing around these parts is none of my business. I think we can let her drop; she leaves for Thursday Island on Wednesday and doubtless will find another driver there.

After the five miles was over, we turned from the trail and started across country. The road the boy followed was the remains of a single horse trail; every hundred yards or so, we would all have to dismount to pull away logs that had fallen, fill in gullies that had developed and so on. Joe was by this time in a mumbling sort of coma, so we knew he was still living but did not care very much. He took a fearful beating - with every lurch of the truck either he was banged against something or something fell on him. I saw a four gallon drum of kerosene fall on him and his shoes came off.

By the time darkness came on we were still some miles away from water and that worried in the truck was not sufficient for our party which numbered our own group of nine, the driver and his gal, and the guide. The horse-boy had left us to round up his horses. We continued, cutting our way in the light ~~in~~ of the truck headlights, stumbling, cursing, falling over each other, smacking each other with axes, fortunately not hard enough to draw any blood, and eventually, about 3.30, by the light of the stars and a new moon, found our way to a thin stream of water, the south branch of the Peach, which shows on some maps as Falls Creek, on others as Horne Creek and yet on others simply as a dotted line. There we made camp, shook Joe into a state of consciousness sufficient for him to boil some tea, and then went into a coma ourselves.

Before closing, I must record that we did learn the end of the theft of gasoline from the airport and that it was old Joe Fisher who did it. The gasoline however did not belong to the air lines and was the property of Joe Keppel, an old friend of Joe Fisher. Joe Keppel had bought and imported it quite formally and properly. On being interrogated and informed that it was not the air lines property, Joe Fisher admitted immediately that he had stolen it. "Joe Keppel, he's a friend of mine for years. I wouldn't steal a shilling from him. I'll return it at once." Which he did. Case dismissed.

Tuesday, 10 August 1948. This has been something of a replica of yesterday, minus the unknown quantities and with the hard work redoubled. To bring it to date quickly, we reached and now are camped on Peach River or Creek, as the case may be. We all walked the total distance because at no time would anybody have been able to just sit on the truck without being instantly shot by his mates.

The final episode was a job of roadmaking, far from the first but definitely the worst. There was a gully about twenty feet or more in depth, but the road on the opposite bank hardly existed. Smoothing the road down to the bed of the gully was easy, and getting the truck there was correspondingly so, but the job of getting it up on the ~~other~~ other side was quite a different story. It ended with our cutting a diagonal road up the opposite side, hacking and scooping the earth away from the inside and piling it on the outside of the channel we created. And, with that, we got here and are now camped on the banks of the Peach. Who was here last is uncertain - Dr. Logan Jack wrote of his visit here in '89, and doubtless some others have been here since then. There is a story of a crushing battery being moved over here across the top of the divide, to work the one produced by miners in this vicinity. The battery site is a little downstream from us, but certainly it is many years since anybody was here. A propos, Don wondered if the presence of a battery meant that the artillery had been in.

George and Len tomorrow are taking a couple of horses and will try to get across the Divide into the Rocky Scrub. And that brings me to the horses. The



boy arrived very shortly after we camped. He had made excellent time but his horses looked jaded and he had driven them hard. But he had lost at least one en route - and we are trying to find out the facts. He, like crows and most abbas, cannot count beyond three, and states that he started with five, lost one and arrived with three. He describes in detail the horse he lost, but we cannot find out yet if he started with four and lost one, the one he described, or started with five and lost two. The solid remaining fact is that he came into camp only with three.

I have other things in my notes to write about but want to get out with my light and also to turn in at a decent hour, decent here meaning about 9 P.M. I shall stop therefore and do more tomorrow. I shall not be going up to the Scrub on the date shown on the time table.

Wednesday, 11 August 1948. George and Len returned this evening about 5 P.M. with the opinion that while it will be a tough sort of trip, we shall be able somehow to get in to the Scrub. Feorfe, Don and one boy, Willie, will form the advance party going up tomorrow and Van will be left down here to keep the mammal collecting going during the trail-cutting period. I don't know when my turn comes but if there is an attempt to follow the old schedule, I shall be next up. The trick is that the horses can go only every other day as the trip cannot be made to the Scrub and back in one day. I shall write more on the Scrub and its approach after I have arrived there.

Looking at my note-book I find that I have touched on most of the things I had listed for entry here. I have intended to write about the Coen people but find that I am not familiar enough with them to do much but tell their names and occupations. There is Walter Rose, representative of the press who is responsible for the fantastic things that have been printed in connection with the expedition. He is elderly and seems rather quiet on first acquaintance, but there is a shrill, hysterical quality about his laugh which might explain some of his press contributions. There is Herb Thompson, our agent, who has been mentioned. Herb is seventy-two, has been in New Guinea and Cape York all his life, has stock valued at somewhere about a hundred thousand pounds and drinks gin; his years are telling on him a bit and his memory is not what it used to be. Mrs. Armbrust is an important woman in the community, having been the first child, white, to be born in Coen. She, a widow now, and probably around sixty, is a competitor of Herb's and the place is split into factions, about twenty persons to a faction. The blacks are fairly numerous and are given rough treatment; their pay, for instance, is considerably less than our own boys receive. Most of them have their masters surname, Armbrust, Thompson, etc., and any first name anybody cares to apply to them. Most are known as Moonlight, Sunlight or something else concerned with the luminosity of the planets.

I think all hands slept soundly last night but I woke once or twice, roused by the clangor of the gorse bells. We have, including riding and pack animals, eight of them, I think, and perhaps three are belled; they sound rather like the peddlars' wagons, as I recall them years ago.

During our journey of yesterday the load on the wagon slipped; I asked that it be relashed but it was not. As a result a box containing two lamps, one of them mine, was thrown out. The lamp did not break but something in its internal works was damaged. It went dim last night and is going so now. I shall have to stop this now, and try to fix the lamp by daylight.

Thursday, 12 August 1948. Before starting on what passes for current events these days, I had better clean up the odds and ends in my note-book. There is not much. Van wishes me to record that the dog, a



'possum dog, which very materially assisted in the last night's hunting before our departure from the Bend, is named Teddy, and he is the grandson of a Best of Breed at the Brisbane Dog Trials. His owner is old Joe Fisher, who took part in the hunt which probably would have been the foundation of his alibi in the matter of the sixteen 44 gallon drums of petrol, had he not discovered that they belonged to old Joe Keppel.

About the only other thing in the note-book is a memo concerning Len's watch. He lost it when we stopped the night at Falls Creek (Horne Creek) and I found it buried in the dust on the trail. He lost it again last night somewhere along the trail he and George rode to the Scrub and I am afraid this time it will stay lost.

George started up to the Scrub again this morning to make camp and stay there. He took with him Don Vernon, the youngest of us and consequently the most energetic, and Willie, the best axe-man. With the horse-boy and three loaded pack animals, the procession was quite imposing. They expect to reach the camp spot, its exact location still undecided, about 4 P.M. this afternoon and the horse-boy, with all the animals, will start back, camping for the night at a place called Camp-Oven Pocket, where there is water and grass for the horses. He will get in tomorrow some time, the horses will be rested for the rest of the day and tomorrow night, and I think Van and I go up next, probably with Moreton.

Len, Roy and I went out shortly after George's party started this morning to cut a trail which will eliminate a deep bend and about an hour's travel. During one of our rest spells Roy told me of his war experiences, such as they were. I believe he guarded Thursday Island, for some reason, but was one of several of the Cowal Creek boys who were formed into the T.S.L.I. Roy said he did not know what it meant but it is Torres Straits Light Infantry. The T.S.L.I. was clad in shorts and its members wanted long trousers, he informed me, patting his skinny calves proudly. "Me, I got some meat, but them other boy skinny too much. Them boy put on boots and shorts and feet stick out too, too much." Which means that even the Cowal Creekers became aware of the size of their feet and the thin-ness of their legs, once they were in uniform.

Our camp here is about twenty or thirty yards from the edge of the Peach River, in green, cool open forest, but I am very surprised at the scarceness of specimens of all kinds. My theory about no snakes if there are no rats seems to be born out again. There are no rats and so far I have seen only one snake, which I failed to get. It was sitting right beside me on the river bank but I did not see it until it slid into the water and swam away. It was quite a harmless one, and Willie also brought me one, harmless too, which he found in a tree; I comment on this particularly as this is the place where the first specimen of the almost fabulous taipan was said to have been taken. George and Van have had little luck in their efforts though I saw a big wallaroo the first day I wnet out over the hot land over which we passed to get here. About the only things I can find are spiders; there are lots of them, and quite different from those I have from other places. These in the main are big reddish things and their eyes gleam so vividly in my head-light beam that they are easy to pick up. I have become expert in the use of long forceps for that and many other purposes.

Friday, 13 August 1948. In spite of the ominous date, nothing has gone wrong so far, and it is past noon. I have to write this up now as I have to get my stuff packed ready to move up to the scrub first thing tomorrow morning. Van and Roy come with me.

The only thing of moment was the arrival about 10 A.M. of a couple of

...and the only other thing in the note-book is a small sketch of a bird, which, the note-book is titled 'Birds of the Green (Green) and ...' ...

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The only thing of a bird ...

Thompson's blacks with some extra horses to make up for the one that got away and for the one we were short anyway. The horse furniture is not complete, however, and we now have three surcingles between five pack animals.

At the time of writing the horse-boy has not come back from his trip up with George and Don yesterday. When he arrives, there should be some kind of note to tell of their travels and final camp but it should not have anything to do with our move particularly and our stay up there will be about a week in duration. Beds probably will have to be constructed from leaves, as we did at Tozer and no doubt even my skimpy little camp cot will feel palatial when I get back.

It does not particularly bother me but tomorrow will be the first time I have been on a horse for twenty years or more. I expect to feel considerably more bothered about this time tomorrow.

I had better close up now and get my stuff weighed; the loads for the horses are slung half on each side and have to balance each other.

Saturday, 14 August 1948. Between the short cut that Len, Roy and I cut and the trail which George and Willie cleared, we made the trip up to the Scrub in just five hours; we had expected that we might be compelled to camp overnight along the trail and it was a pleasant surprise to do everything so quickly.

All the horses were quiet and probably had not recovered or recuperated from their efforts of yesterday. I had a young animal with a constitutional dislike for going down hill. Our road was full of steep gullies and my steed would stop and turn to look appealingly at me. Van's horse was even ~~fun~~ funnier - it would not get mine out of its sight at all. On a couple of occasions Van lost his hat which was snatched off by the prongs of low lawyer cane and I had to halt before his horse would stop and let him retrieve the hat.

George and Don were somewhat surprised to see us so soon but they had rigged a good camp, only about twenty yards from a rapid little river. There is considerable doubt about all this part of the country in nomenclature but a prospector named Lakeland is said to have been here about forty years ago and named the creek after his daughter, Claudia; not far away is another called after his son, Leo, so we describe the camp as Upper Nesbit River, Claudia Creek. It is in thick scrub and the camp site has been cut in the forest. George's collection so far, one night, has been good, and we shall all have to be busy as about a week is our limit for here. I shall write concerning my own results tomorrow.

The horse-boy went back this afternoon and should easily get to camp by nightfall. Len may come up tomorrow but in my opinion it would be well to rest the horses for a day. Moreton seems to have a touch of 'flu and may not come up at all. By the way, he refers to the horse-boy as "the old man", a title of great respect. Moreton himself is an "old man" but this one seems to be his tribal senior.

Sunday, 15 August 1948. The above "old man" failed to get his convoy safely back to the Peach. His horses, or one of them, bumped into a hornets nest and one of the horses galloped away, shedding its load, empty saddle bags, as it went. Hornets seem very abundant about here and, having gone this far without a twinge, I ran into two of them within the past week. One was during our road-making trip out to the Peach and the other when we were cutting the short cut out to here. On the second I took revenge, putting a load of shot through it from a safe distance and thereby removing the occupants from this vale of tears.

There was a horse with some white spots on its body and the other was dark. The horse with white spots was named "White" and the other was named "Black".

At the time of writing the horse-boy had not yet been named. The horse-boy was named "White" and the other was named "Black".

If I had not written this book, the horse-boy would not have been named "White" and the other would not have been named "Black".

I had better close up now and go to bed. I have written enough for tonight.

Saturday, 12 August 1910. I set out at 10:30 AM. I rode to the top of the hill and saw the horse-boy and the other horse. They were both very fat and healthy.

All the horses were fat and healthy. I saw many other horses and some of them were very fat. I saw a horse with white spots on its body and the other was dark.

The horse-boy was named "White" and the other was named "Black". I saw many other horses and some of them were very fat. I saw a horse with white spots on its body and the other was dark.

The horse-boy was named "White" and the other was named "Black". I saw many other horses and some of them were very fat. I saw a horse with white spots on its body and the other was dark.

Monday, 13 August 1910. I set out at 10:30 AM. I rode to the top of the hill and saw the horse-boy and the other horse. They were both very fat and healthy.

Somewhat to our surprise, since we thought the horses would be given a day to rest, Len arrived up this afternoon with the foregoing report about the missing horse, which had not been recovered up to his time of departure. Moreton had been brought along on a spare horse and had the job of tracking and bringing back the horse that had bolted.

As for the fabulous Rocky Scrub, it lives up to its reputation by being a complete fable. I think I could find just as many things for my two or three departments on Times Square as I can here. I have been up and down the trail, up and down the river, and my complete bag so far is about five frogs for the reptile department and five butterflies for the bug department. I am no scientist but I am a remarkably fed-up layman, so far as the Scrub goes. George and Don are doing well with rats and such things and according to my adeas, where there are rats there also are snakes. Now I am beginning to believe that my theory was a mistaken one. The stream is nice and near camp rushes over a fall about four feet high into a small and deep pool. There is nothing in the pool, no fish, no turtles, no nothing, but it is a pleasant spot to sit and is one of the few to which the sun penetrates. I have sat there for the space of one cigarette and enjoyed it thoroughly. But to return to science, I shall have another try tomorrow and if the day is not more productive shall consider returning to the Peach with the pack train that brings the rations up on Tuesday.

Monday, 16 August 1948. My comparison of this place with Times Square was not a happy one; there are always some sorts of specimens that are worth watching, but not here. About six very small microbes came to my light last night and I walked about a mile along the trail in the dark and caught only one spider in my head-lamp beam. This morning I was out for two hours and five minutes and never had need to fire a shot, wave the butterfly net or even pick anything up with the forceps. In the afternoon I took my laundry down to the river at the little fall, washed it and my old body and caught two dragonflies.

I shall not be able to go out tomorrow as I find that Don has requisitioned the transport. He is as fed up with the place as I am but happened to be in camp yesterday when Len arrived and arranged for a horse.

As far as anybody can guess, the season is wrong for my departments and, presumably, will get worse, I suppose. Now I at any rate am paying for the delay in Cairns at the beginning. Of course I know very little about it but my companions tell me that some rain would bring out all manner of flying and crawling things. Even leaches do not seem to exist here though we passed through a belt of country on our way up where they abounded. I got through unscathed but George and Don both got them and they even bored a way through Willie's thick, ~~ix~~ chocolate-colored hide.

Our time is now becoming short. We must leave Coen on the 26th, ten days from now, and in between must get back to the Peach River and close up camp there. After leaving Coen we must be in Laura by the 30th to catch the weekly train on the 31st, for Cooktown, and we must leave Cooktown by the 30th of September in order to pack our stuff at Cairns and catch the boat. At the outside there are only six collecting weeks left and while I cannot ~~the~~ truthfully say my soul is in my collecting, I do like to do well whatever job I may be on. So I shall try to get into some place where there is something to be collected as soon as possible.

Tuesday, 17 August 1948. In some respects it perhaps is a good thing that there is little doing in any of my departments since I have now had the cooking foisted on me. I am surprised only by the fact that the job has not reached me ~~fx~~ before now. Joe of course is back



at the base of the Peach River, where Don has joined him today. I am remaining here until the camp closes, presumably because I am such a good cook.

The missing pack horse, chased by hornets, has not been found, and we have now lost two out of six. That may in turn make a difference in our deration here as there is a lot of equipment to be moved and one horse less than we had planned and felt we needed, to do the job. So far, George and Van Will leave on the 19th for a place called Camp-Oven Pocket, a clearing in the scrub on the western side of the dividing range, through which we passed on the trail in here. Len and I will remain here until the 21st and then return to the Peach and George and Van will come in from Camp-Oven Pocket on the 22nd. That should allow time for all necessary packing at the base and our departure from Peach River on the 23rd or 24th.

Reptiles waked up a trifle today as George brought in three Goannas, taken in his steel traps. Each was over four feet in length and skinning was necessary in each case. It is a long and tedious job, skinning a goanna, which is a large, lizard-like creature. Those I got up at Lockerbie were over five feet but even a four footer takes a lot of time.

I am writing this by daylight as George and Len want to go out and set a net with which to catch bats. That means they want an early supper and I had better watch them or else they will eat tomorrow's breakfast as well.

Wednesday, 18 August 1948. Today was another bust from the point of view of my collecting. I am to remain here until the 21st or 22nd and there is no reason to expect that things will improve within that space of time so I begin to feel that, excepting ~~in~~ the four weeks at Cooktown, my organized collecting is about done. Of course there is the journey south from Coen and unexpected things and specimens sometimes appear; those I shall mention if they are worth it but I think for the present I can drop that subject and turn to things of more general nature.

This afternoon I went to the waterfall and later Roy joined me, first of all, I think, to enlist my help in the matter of their return home. The idea was conveyed, after suitable expressions of appreciation of the good things that have come to them, that they would prefer to return overland rather than by ship from Cooktown to Thursday Island. They want to buy horses and ride, which, since horses cost about the equivalent of \$3.00, is not out of the way. As far as I can see, we must pay their return trip anyway and we might save money by buying them horses rather than steamer tickets. They Roy went on with his war experiences, as follows, "I be in big ship going New Guinea. Plane him bomb too much. Beeg, beeg bomb, like that rock, fall this side, fall that side. I cry." Then he got into family relationships, which are hard to decipher at times as they all claim to be related and it is not rare for a gin to point to another, younger than herself, and say "That gin my mother." Roy spoke of his brother-in-law and explained "Him marry my aunt's daughter. Him my brother-in-law."

I have just finished splitting the rations we have in camp with George for his Camp-Oven Pocket; we do not have too much on hand but at the outside there is only four days to go before we all meet at the Peach base. I shall be glad when we get back to Coen as there will be an accumulation of two planes mail and another one arriving the day after we get there. I am hoping that some of our missing bills will by now have been sent to us and I shall be able to make up a complete list of expenditures to date.

It has been cold here although the elevation is only 1,500 feet; when we rose this morning the thermometer read 58 and the water of the stream is so cold that one does not bathe just for pleasure. Down at Peach Camp both water and temperature are more comfortable.

It is not the object of this document to be a guide to the interpretation of the law. It is not intended to be a guide to the interpretation of the law. It is not intended to be a guide to the interpretation of the law.

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It has been said that although the mission is only 1,500 feet, it is very difficult to climb because of the steep slopes and the fact that the water level is so low that the boat cannot get up the river.

Tuesday, 19 August, 1948. This has been another unproductive day and was occupied mainly in getting George and Van ready for their departure to pastures new, where they hope to find more and better things. I hope they will though they have done very well here.

It was a couple of degrees warmer this morning, when we rose, being 60, but it is such an abrupt change from the lowlands that I shall be glad on that score also when we return to Peach Camp and to Coen. Len and I leave here on the 22nd, since the missing packhorse came ambling into the camp down below, but one is now laid up with saddle sores and only four came today to remove the mammalogists.

Now they have been gone some hours and I have to get supper ready for Len, Willie and myself. I have been doing fairly well, instructing the boys in how to prepare stews for the midday meal and to render palatable what is left of the stew for the evening meal. If only I could bake bread, we would not need Joe at all.

Friday, 20 August 1948. The day yielded me about ten dragonflies and not very much else - so much for the day.

I have been thinking about the three blacks and their wish to return overland. I mentioned it to Len but he thinks we are committed to the Protector at Thursday Island to return them by sea. It seems to me though that their idea is a good one and instead of having their passage money simply gone, for them to arrive in possession of a horse could do nothing but good for all concerned. It might be worth while to write to the Protector.

On the subject of abbos, it seems to me that they are not getting a very square deal - of course they never have anywhere. But here it seems particularly bad though the ultimate idea, that they cannot save anything themselves and that their earnings, placed in the Protector's hands will enable them to live in their usual manner after they are unable to work, is good. The crux is of course the Protector himself and his interest, if any, in his charges. Some of them quite plainly have no interest whatever and I should guess that the Thursday Island man is one.

They offer a difficult problem but in war times are treated as are the whites, so far as military service is concerned, and it seems to me wrong to take them in times of trouble and when these times are over just to tell them to go back to their hovels and treat me as a God again. So far as that is concerned, I suppose not apply only to abbos; from the press we are led to believe that some of the middle-European countries, or populations, I should say, are in no better condition.

Len seems a bit under the weather today; twice he has left what he was doing and lay down on his bed for a spell. I hope there is nothing wrong as it will not be possible to get him out of here until the horses arrive on the day after tomorrow. Now I must fill my lamp and start considering what part of our larder will be consumed tonight. It is a scanty, sketchy one, I am sorry to say. In fact I seem to be dwelling on it subconsciously - I was wondering while washing my socks in the stream this afternoon which I would take, were I offered my choice between sea-food and steak.

Saturday, 21 August 1948. Len turned in last night shortly after I had finished the above entry. He had been quite violently ill and it may be that he has somehow picked up a touch of the flu' which was rife in Coen. He complained of having had a bad night when we roused this morning and immediately was ill again but after spending the greater part of

I have been thinking about the three of you and their wish to return to the States. I would like to see you all but we are committed to the State of New York and I am not sure if we can do that. I am not sure if we can do that. I am not sure if we can do that.

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but I always find time to think of my friends. I hope to hear from you soon.

[illegible][illegible]

the day lying down he seems a bit better now and has been able to eat and retain a little food. tomorrow morning will be pretty hectic, closing this camp and getting the horses loaded and everything back to the Peach so I hope the recovery is permanent.

I think I have not given a very clear picture of this camp at all. We are about three hours ride from the edge of the scrub, the western side, that is, and therefore deep in the forest. During our passage of this forest we passed the top of the dividing range and started down the eastern fall. Our camp is in a little clear glade but the forest wall is thick in every direction. A lot of it is small stuff but here and there huge trees rear themselves up. The little stream, rushing around and over the boulders in its bed, is only about twenty yards downhill from camp and we have cut and worn a trail down to the washing place. Narrow trails have also been cut in various directions as we have gone about our business but they will be gone in a few weeks after we have. The only really clear place, so far as forest is concerned, is the stream bed which forms a narrow cleft in the dense vegetation. Along the stream there are lots of the largest trees, many of them rotted at the roots and leaning upon one another, sometimes spanning the stream itself as the roots have given away and the trunk has fallen until brought up against an equally large tree on the opposite side of the river.

Birds are fairly plentiful, to judge by their calls, though hard to see but only in a few places, occasionally in our camp clearing but mainly on the occasional rock outcrops along the river bed, where the sun can beat down, do the butterflies, dragon-flies and a few other insects appear. They are indeed few. Reptiles, snakes particularly, seem non-existent save for a very tiny lizard and the goannas; if they had not been taken in the traps and brought in in that way, I should have doubted their existence also. In mammals only small things have been taken though a fairly good harvest of them; of course I do not yet know how George and Van are doing in the new camp at Camp-Oven Pocket, but we shall pass them on our way out tomorrow and I shall hear then.

Sunday, 22 August 1948. This is being written back at the Peach Camp, where we arrived somewhat tired. Len had another bad night and evidently has a touch of flu'. He is off his feed but seems to be improving fairly well and should be quite fit by the time we leave.

The journey down was without event and I had the horse I had before, still with its reluctance to go down steep gullies. It stopped and turned its head questioningly everytime we came to one and then, finally realising that it might just as well do it without any further bother, went down like a whirlwind and practically bounced up the other side.

We reached Camp-Oven Pocket about 4 P.M. and stopped for a few minutes for a talk and a cup of tea with George and Van. I do not think they are getting great quantities but are making some records, furthest north this thin was ever found and so on. They presented me with a large black python, I think it is; Roy found it under a rock and stunned it with a stone and I am not sure whether it is dead or alive. I am not going to find out tonight either but shall just leave it in its sack until I can see all about it in the morning.

Joe and Don gave us a hearty welcome and it was good to eat somebody else's cooking for a change. I really am not in Joe's class at all - he can turn out such things as stewed fruit whereas I did not have enough cooking utensils, nor the fruit, to do that; he also makes a confection he calls rice-custard which requires rice and dried milk, neither of which I had. Well, we didn't starve anyway.



Monday, 23 August 1948. As expected George and Van arrived in camp shortly after 1 P.M. and as I expected a scene of great activity ensued, marred only by one thing. They had brought in a number of specimens and, like wise men, did not unpack them. The rest of us were very busy and everything was well in ~~xxx~~ hand but for the one thing. The truck did not arrive.

That leaves us in something of an impasse which cannot be simplified until tomorrow. In all probability the truck will arrive some time in the morning and everything will go well. They did not undertake to be here tonight. But, on the other hand, in order to get us back tomorrow, they should have been here tonight. Possibly they will come rolling in after I have closed this entry. But old Herb Thompson admits that his memory is failing and we know that nobody wants to drive out here and get us. I shall simply have to leave the whole thing in abeyance until tomorrow.

And, with that subject removed from the agenda, what do I write about next. Having no idea, probably the best thing to do would be to go to bed but it is barely 8 P.M. yet. I have done nearly an hour of night hunting but have got what I want and do not want to open up fresh containers now, so that is out. I have packed all I can until the morning so there is nothing in that line.

Ever since his horse was bitten and stung by hornets, the horse-boy has been burning the long grass which covers the slopes of the dividing range. They were smoking when we came in last night and Len told him not to do it. So when he took his nags out to get George this morning, what did he do. He set fire to what remained of the grass.

I have a book; I think I shall read it.

Tuesday, 24 August 1948. The paragraph with which yesterday's entry was opened would apply just as well today except that the day was spent not in packing but in waiting, and in waiting fruitlessly. No truck has yet arrived and a full day has been lost thereby. We allowed a spare day on the journey down to Coen and this is it. We shall still require one clear day at Coen to do our packing and get things ready to be shipped out from there, but we have been liberal in our time allowance for the journey and there is another day available there, should we need it. But it will be taken at the cost of collecting.

Moreton went in with the horse-boy this morning and was given a note to our Coen agent, whose job it was to have the truck here either last night or this morning. To be on the safe side, Len and I will walk in to Coen Airport tomorrow, a distance of about fourteen miles, from where we can telephone in and not only find out what has gone wrong but also, we trust, be able to right it. We shall start about dawn so that we can travel before the heat of the day sets in; for myself I would much rather be doing something, even walking fourteen miles, than just sit here, but my hope of getting work done and letters ready to go out by Thursday's plane has gone a-glimmering.

To add to the unpleasantness of our position, the sky has clouded over and we have had a little rain, the first since arriving at Coen. Of course all our tents and shelters were dismantled this morning, and only one lamp, mine, is available, though I don't know why the others can't unpack their lamps as I did; it would be much simpler for everybody.

In view of tomorrow's long walk, unless we meet the truck somewhere on the road, I shall close up and turn in very early tonight. The walk will not be too bad but there is no water for the last seven miles and we shall be pretty dry.

Monday, 22 August 1943. The morning was very quiet and the weather was fine. I went to the office and worked until 12.30. Then I went to the bank and did some business. I then went to the post office and sent some letters. I then went to the cinema and saw a picture. I then went home and had a good dinner. I then went to bed and slept very well.

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Thursday, 25 August 1943. The morning was very quiet and the weather was fine. I went to the office and worked until 12.30. Then I went to the bank and did some business. I then went to the post office and sent some letters. I then went to the cinema and saw a picture. I then went home and had a good dinner. I then went to bed and slept very well.

I have a book; I think I shall read it.

Friday, 26 August 1943. The morning was very quiet and the weather was fine. I went to the office and worked until 12.30. Then I went to the bank and did some business. I then went to the post office and sent some letters. I then went to the cinema and saw a picture. I then went home and had a good dinner. I then went to bed and slept very well.

Saturday, 27 August 1943. The morning was very quiet and the weather was fine. I went to the office and worked until 12.30. Then I went to the bank and did some business. I then went to the post office and sent some letters. I then went to the cinema and saw a picture. I then went home and had a good dinner. I then went to bed and slept very well.

Sunday, 28 August 1943. The morning was very quiet and the weather was fine. I went to the office and worked until 12.30. Then I went to the bank and did some business. I then went to the post office and sent some letters. I then went to the cinema and saw a picture. I then went home and had a good dinner. I then went to bed and slept very well.

Monday, 29 August 1943. The morning was very quiet and the weather was fine. I went to the office and worked until 12.30. Then I went to the bank and did some business. I then went to the post office and sent some letters. I then went to the cinema and saw a picture. I then went home and had a good dinner. I then went to bed and slept very well.

Wednesday, 25 August 1948. It was not daybreak when Len and I rose this morning to have breakfast and get away on our long walk. Neither was it fourteen miles, for that matter.

We started from camp about 6.15: the sun was not through and we could discern only rather vaguely at first the trail which we had to follow, but within a short time it was full daylight and the stumps of the trees cut down to make the road on our inward passage became clear. We had travelled about ten miles when we met Herb Thompson's truck coming in; the reason for the delay was that Herb's son-in-law, who had been imported to work in the hotel during Race Week, had to be taken out to Fort Stewart and had picked the day we were to be called for as the one on which he would like to move out. Blood is thicker than water so the expedition was held up while the son-in-law was taken out.

Rather than return over the road we had already travelled, Len and I sent the truck on its way to Peach Camp and we continued our journey outward. It was 12.15 when we reached the telegraph line, a distance which later <sup>showed</sup> on the truck speedometer as sixteen miles, and from there we went on to the airport, another three miles, making a total for the day of nineteen miles.

We saw the plane come in and by that time our truck also reached the airport as there was a passenger to be carried in to Coen. As a matter of fact there were three white and two black passengers so when we pulled out, after a good tea supplied by the airport keeper's wife, young Mrs. Armbrust, our truck had our complete Peach Camp equipment, our party of nine, five air passengers and the truck driver, and all too exhausted to get a photo of the turn-out.

George went in to Coen and came back with three weeks' mail and I was working until midnight, getting the urgent things attended to, before I could even take time to read my personal mail.

Thus ended our Rocky Scrub visit. It was to be one of the main objectives of the trip and the mammal and plant departments did well in their collecting. My collecting was a pain in the head and my return a worse pain in the feet.

Thursday, 26 August 1948. This has been another hectic day as our Coen commitments had to be settled, surplus stores disposed of, packing to be done and sundry other things. Leo Ferris, the airport keeper at Iron Range, had sent in a snake he had killed; it is the genuine taipan, as far as I am able to determine, and I am delighted to have it though it has been considerably mashed up, first by Leo and secondly in transport. It had to be skinned however and that, on top of my other duties, seemed just too much but it has been done. Then there are the boys - no sooner do I get settled to a job than they come up and want some money and tobacco to go to Coen and have a corroborree. It is all done now though and all I have to do is get my collecting and personal gear packed for the journey south to Laure.

O got a phone call through to Cooktown and have arranged for hotel accommodations and our being met by a truck to get out stuff into warehouse for examination and refitting; I have arranged for our food and supplies; I have settled most of our Coen bills; I have disposed of surplus stocks here and procured what is necessary for our journey. Now I am going to do my packing and then give myself the pleasure of reading again my personal mail of yesterday, after writing a few letters to local people and writing to assure Leo that to the best of my knowledge, he really did get a taipan this time. It sounds a fairly modest programme but will take time.



Friday, 27 August 1948. This is being written from a place named Edigoola, the first of our one night stands on our way down to Cooktown, and, for a change, our departure went off quite smoothly.

It was very cold last night and getting up this morning and moving about was rather pleasant. I had been up until after 11 last night, as had the others, so all the packing was well in hand. Joe went in to Coen and came back to camp at some small hour singing loudly but at least he did come back.

Our first call in Coen after leaving the Bend was on Walter Rose, the postmaster and local correspondent, as I had promised to let him know if the snake Leo Ferris sent in really was a Taipan. He was pleased to know it was and I expect Leo will be featured in the next issue of the North Queensland Register. Then I went to the Armbrust house to settle up our meat and other bills and Len went to the hotel to do the same with Herb Thompson. Everything was done most amicably - Herb gave Len a bottle of rum and Mrs. A. gave me a sort of tract about the Armbrusts, family of pioneers. The police force turned out to see us off and we drove away with sincere good wishes on all sides, including ours.

The road was the usual narrow trail through overhanging trees and Don, who had taken off his shirt, was rather badly scratched about the body. Otherwise there was little to write about and, leaving Coen at 10 A.M., we reached Ebagoola about 4 P.M. About fifty years ago gold was found here and a little settlement sprang up, only to be abandoned again very soon after as the reefs petered out. There is a dilapidated stamping mill, a tin house and a well dug by the government during the gold time, but of course there are no residents though the place shows in large print on the maps. We leave again at crack of dawn tomorrow as the trip to Musgrave is about forty miles whereas Ebagoola was only twenty-six. We have cut our load down again and are making fairly good time but cannot dawdle because of the day lost on our return from the Peach.

Collecting is supposed to be carried out at each camp and I went out in the afternoon, and again this evening. The country is very much on the order of the Jardine, up north - sparse trees growing in a sandy soil, with every outward appearance of possessing a lot of natural life, though it is hard to find. I got two small lizards for my share, Moreton came in with a sand wallaby, and George and Van, who have just returned this evening, from a jack-lighting trip, brought in a possum. Musgrave comes next, some time late tomorrow evening.

Saturday, 28 August 1948. I have just put a question to those of my colleagues who are here and they don't know the answer. ~~Some~~ Somewhere in the Bible there is a phrase or verse to the effect "Thou shalt bruise his head and he shall bite thy heel." The question was where in the Bible and the reason was that I fell off the truck and bruised my heel.

Other than that it was an ordinary day and I write from Musgrave, the second one-night stand. It was bitter cold last night - I had a blanket and raincoat over me and woke at some small hour, reached out and pulled a rubber ground sheet, which forms my bedside rug, over me. Our tents have been abandoned at Coen as our remaining camps, Shipton's Flat and Mount Finnegan, will be done in a timber cutters' camp and under the sky respectively, and the only possible use for tents would be en route to Laura. Their weight and bulk is greater than our need for them so we are just setting up cots and lying on them these nights. We have descended today to an altitude of about 400 feet so there is reason to think we shall be comfortable enough.

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
2. second of these is the fact that the  
3. third of these is the fact that the  
4. fourth of these is the fact that the  
5. fifth of these is the fact that the  
6. sixth of these is the fact that the  
7. seventh of these is the fact that the  
8. eighth of these is the fact that the  
9. ninth of these is the fact that the  
10. tenth of these is the fact that the

Here, at Musgrave, is one of the telegraph line stations and there is just the one house, owned by "Uncle" Fred Shephard, who has done well and is about retired on the proceeds of his cattle raising. Incidentally, it is always a matter of mild amusement to me that so many of these back-country people have attained comparative wealth and yet are perfectly satisfied to live under such very primitive conditions. But, getting back to Musgrave, it is a change from the rest of the journey, which led through forty miles of the same, unremitting, dismal, scanty forest, over the same double carttrack in the sandy soil. There were occasional patches of slightly green grass on which grazed Uncle Fred's cattle; there were occasional outcroppings of rock and all the way along there were little holes and trenches dug by miners making sample holes. There was no water at all during the whole forty miles, and that is a fair sample of all this part of the middle of the Peninsula.

Our camp now is at the edge of a large open meadow and the forest has receded from us but I expect we shall be in it again tomorrow. Beside us is a stagnant pool smelling strongly of sulphur and that not only is providing us with our water in this camp but also supplies Uncle Fred and his household. We have crossed the dividing range, about 1 P.M., and are now on the eastern side of the water shed, but well inland. We shall not see the ocean until we reach Cooktown, on the 31st.

The Hann River, named after an explorer of the early 1900's, is one of the many streams and rivers which flow into Princess Charlotte Bay. It has running water all year and should produce a good drink, if nothing more.

Sunday, 29 August 1948. Another of the same sort of day, one of blistering heat so great that Van is a bit upset by it, following a quite cold night.

Our journey was about fifty miles and our lot one of anthills and puffs of dust; our destination, the Hann River, where I am writing, was reached about 1 P.M. after a start and continuous travel at 8 A.M. The forest is getting more and more sparse and the country drier and drier. We pass through great fields of anthills, mainly of three varieties - there are the tomb-stone like magnetic anthills, thin and wide and about four feet high on an average; they look like the tip of enormous table-knives stuck upright in the ground and are blue-grey in color. They get their name from the fact that almost invariably their thin top edge runs in a north and south direction. The next most numerous are huge, cauliflower-like things, made from a light brown clay or mud, and the third consists of a single sharp spire of spike rising from the ground to a sharp point from three to five feet high. The double wheel track threads between these things and as we come to a bare and dusty place it looks as though we were bursting bags of ~~flour~~ flour and tossing it behind us.

The Hann is a narrow stream at present though all these small brooks and the hundreds of dry stream beds we have crossed, will run with water when the wet season starts in three or four months. It will be a great pleasure when we can look again on green grass but I am not quite sure when we shall do so. Tomorrow we reach Laura, after a sixty or seventy mile run and the next day the rain-motor takes us to Cooktown but I am sure there is no green grass there.

My bruised heel is still quite painful and I shall not do much walking about today. I have been to a sort of lagoon, or wide pool opening off the river which I shall look at after dark, but it is only a few hundred yards away. Van has been lying down for the last hour but George and his boys have gone out with the traps and Len and his boy are out gathering their stuff. I shall have a bath, a shave and cadge a cup of tea from Joe.

Here, at Kharagpur, is one of the telegraph line stations and there is just the one house, owned by "Uncle" Fred Shepherd, who has done well and is about retired on the proceeds of his cattle raising. Incidentally, it is always a matter of mild amusement to me that so many of these back-country people have attained considerable wealth yet are perfectly satisfied to live under such very primitive conditions. But, getting back to Kharagpur, it is a change from the rest of the journey, which had taken us through miles of dense, unbroken forest, over the same road, with the same old, same old, same old. There were occasional patches of slightly green grass on which grazed Uncle Fred's cattle; there were occasional undergrowth of tree ferns and all the way along there were little holes and trenches dug by miners seeking sample holes. There was no water at all during the whole forty miles, and that is a fair sample of all this part of the middle of the Peninsula.

Our camp now is at the edge of a large open meadow and the forest has receded from us but I expect we shall be in it again tomorrow. Besides us is a stagnant pool emitting strongly of sulphur and that not only is providing us with our water in this camp but also supplies Uncle Fred and his household. We have crossed the dividing range, about 1 P.M., and are now on the eastern side of the water shed, but still inland. We shall not see the ocean until we reach Cochin, on the West.

The Kharagpur River, named after an explorer of the early 1800's, is one of the many streams and rivers which flow into British Columbia Bay. It has running water all year and should produce a good trout, if nothing more.

Monday, 29 August 1948. Another of the same sort of day, one of blistering heat so great that Van is a bit uneasy by it, following a quite cold night.

Our journey was about fifty miles and our lot one of anticlimax and still of dust; our destination, the Kharagpur River, where I am writing, was reached about 1 P.M. After a short and continuous travel at 3 A.M. The forest is getting more and more sparse and the country drier and drier. We pass through great fields of antillia, mainly of three varieties - there are the sand-woods, like magenta antillia, thin and wide and about four feet high on an average; they look like the tip of enormous table-knives stuck upright in the ground and are blue-grey in color. They get their name from the fact that almost invariably their top edge runs in a north and south direction. The next most numerous are large, candle-flower-like things, made from a light brown clay or mud, and the third consists of a single narrow cone of spikes rising from the ground to a sharp point from three to five feet high. The double wheel track between these things and as we come to a bare and dusty place it looks as though we were passing over a Kharagpur flow and looking at behind us.

The Kharagpur is a narrow stream at present though all these small brooks and the hundreds of dry stream beds we have crossed, will run with water when the wet season starts in three or four months. It will be a great pleasure when we can look again on green grass but I am not quite sure when we shall do so. Tomorrow we reach Kharagpur, after a sixty or seventy mile run and the next day the rain-motor takes us to Cochin but I am sure there is no green grass there.

My trusted heel is still quite painful and I shall not do much walking about today. I have been to a sort of lagoon, or wide pool opening off the river which I shall look at after dark, but it is only a few hundred yards away. Van has been lying down for the last hour but George and his boys have come out with the traps and Van and his boys are now gathering the traps. I shall have a bath and close a chapter for the day.

Monday, 30 August 1948. Laura, and what a place is Laura. We arrived soon after 1 P.M. after the sort of drive that has now become a daily event, not only for the past four days, but ever since we passed Brown's Creek on our way to Wenlock. Last night was a trifle warmer and today was correspondingly hotter - so much hotter is it that in spite of the fact that we have all been living in the open for several months and are leathery and weatherbeaten, we all developed new sunburns on our faces. All except the blacks, that is, and it was rather amusing to see them slowly change from their rich ebony shade to a dull white as the dust of the journey settled over their features.

We passed the usual number of dry river beds and dry gullies; in fact we passed no running water of any kind at all, and about 1 P.M. we crossed the Laura River, a hundred yards of dry, coarse sand. After surmounting the steep bank of the further side, Laura itself swam into view through the heat haze. There are four houses, of the ubiquitous corrugated iron, surrounding a really lovely mango tree, under whose shade a solitary drunk was sitting. One of the four shacks is a pub. But there are the railway lines and we are now installed in the station, another corrugated iron shack which, with ourselves and our baggage, is now filled to overflowing. Soon the people who live here arrived to call on us; some of them we had met at the Coen Races and many, knowing our odd desires, brought gifts of specimens they had picked up here and there. As a result I was busy from the time we moved in, at 1.15, until well after 8 P.M., fixing specimens and doing up my books. In a minute or so I am going over to the pub with Joe for a nightcap.

The Hann River was a fly- and mosquito camp; both were very bad though here we are clear of the flies. I ~~wrote~~ went out in the evening, following the river to a spot where a twelve foot croc had been reported; of course there was no sign of it and probably the report is fifteen or sixteen years old. But I did manage to get a bit of work on my mail - I cannot answer fully and have had to abstract the letters and note the things that were of chief ~~interest~~ importance. I hope that somehow I can fit in time tomorrow to get answers done but in any event we leave here somewhere about 1.30 and travel along those lines that stretch so seductively toward the civilization of Cooktown. What the train will be like and what our Cooktown movements are going to be, I must leave until tomorrow.

Tuesday, 31 August 1948. One thing that I forgot to state yesterday was that there was a water ~~famine~~ famine in Laura when we arrived. We had to take the truck out about four miles, borrow a forty gallon container and fill up there.

Our morning passed without event and at 11.30 the rail-motor arrived. It looks much like one of the old-time open trolley cars and drags a closed baggage van behind it. Our party and baggage filled the train to a great extent but perhaps a total of twenty passengers got aboard somehow, including three nurses who had come up with the train just for the ride. The journey from Laura to Cooktown is about seventy miles and we left at 12.30, to arrive about 4.30. Our agent here, Lewis, met us and our baggage now reposes in his warehouse, waiting repacking and replenishing tomorrow.

It was about the middle of April when we put in for a few hours during the Lochiel journey; at that time I did not see Cooktown by daylight and electricity lends fictitious values. The place, even after our months in the bush, looks more like an oversize Laura than anything else I can think of. ~~From~~ From Laura the country was the same arid sort of land that we have had ever since leaving the Tozer district and while there is a nice little bar here, Joe is on the verge of falling down now, the light though electric is so dim that I can barely see what I am writing. Now I shall quit and try to get some mail done.

Monday, 30 August 1943. I came, and what a place it was. We arrived soon after 1 P.M. after the sort of drive that has now become a daily event, not only for the past four days, but ever since we passed Brown's Green on our way to Kew. Last night was a little worse and today was correspondingly better - so much better in fact in spite of the fact that we have all been living in the open for several months now. Yesterday and yesterday, we all developed new tumours on our heads. All except the black, that is, and it was rather amusing to see them all change from their rich ebony shade to a dull white as the dust of the journey settled over their features.

We passed the usual number of dry river beds and dry gullies; in fact we passed no running water of any kind at all, and about 1 P.M. we crossed the Lams River, a hundred yards of dry, coarse sand. After surrounding the steep bank of the further side, I saw a view into the heart of the forest. There are four houses, of the mid-twentieth century, surrounded by a really lovely mango tree, under whose shade a solitary drink was sitting. One of the four houses is a good, but there are the railway lines and we are now installed in the station, another connected from black with our selves and our baggage, is now filled to overflowing. Soon the people who live here arrived to call on us; some of them we had met at the Com Bar and many, knowing our old desires, brought gifts of specimens they had picked up here and there. As a result I was busy from this time we moved in, at 1.15, until well after 8 P.M., fitting specimens and doing up my books. In a minute or so I am going over to the bus with Joe for a nightcap.

The Lams River was a tiny, and muddy stream; both were very bad things here we are clear of the river. I must have been out in the evening, following the river to a spot where a tiny foot bridge had been reported; of course there was no sign of it and probably the report is fifteen or sixteen years old. But I did manage to get a bit of work on my wall - I cannot remember the day and have had to abstract the letters and note the things that were of chief importance. I have said somewhere I can't fit in this tomorrow to get a little done but in my event I leave here tomorrow about 1.30 and travel along those lines that stretch so effectively toward the civilization of Cooktown. What the train will be like and what our Cooktown movements are going to be, I must leave until tomorrow.

Thursday, 31 August 1943. One thing that I forgot to state yesterday was that there was a rather handsome female in Lams when we arrived. We had to take the truck out about four miles, down a forty gallon container and fill up there.

Our morning passed without event and at 11.30 the rail-motor arrived. It looks much like one of the old-time open trailer cars and draws a closed baggage van behind it. Our party and baggage filled the train to a great extent but perhaps a total of twenty passengers got aboard somehow, including three nurses who had come up with the train just for the ride. The journey from Lams to Cooktown is about seventy miles and we left at 12.30, to arrive about 4.30. Our agent here, Lewis, met us and our baggage now reposes in his warehouse, waiting repacking and repackaging tomorrow.

It was about the middle of April when we put in for a few hours during the night journey; at that time I did not see Cooktown by daylight and electricity lends fictitious values. The place, even after our month in the bush, looks more like an overseas Lams than anything else I can think of. Everywhere from Lams the country was the same wild sort of land that we have had ever since leaving the Lams district and while there is a nice little bar here, Joe is on the verge of falling down now, the light though electric as it is that I can barely see that I am writing. Now I shall shut and try to get some mail done.

Wednesday, 1 September 1948. This has been one of my busiest days; checking of stores, writing of letters, packing of equipment all had to be done somehow but has. Van has been too sick to do very much though it seems that an upset stomach is the trouble. Joe has been drunk all day, Len had to go and meet Marie, his wife, at 2 P.M. and of course we have seen little of them since. Don has been running around about his own business, the three blacks prudently kept out of sight completely, so that leaves George and myself.

The laundry we sent out this morning came back in time to be packed but was far from clean. However, at least it was a job that we could have somebody else do, for a change, and was that much of a help.

As a consequence of the above, I have not been able to see much of Cooktown by daylight yet and we shall leave fairly early tomorrow morning. I do have to walk down to the post office and air freight station so shall be able to form some impressions then, I hope, but I cannot do much about describing the place just yet. As for our outward journey, there will not be much time and we shall probably land here in the afternoon of the 28th and leave that night for Cairns. There is a weekly boat but that of the following week would not give us time to do the jobs that have to be done in Cairns. All in all this last month promises to be about the most hectic of the lot.

I don't quite know what Marie's destiny is - Len has spoken of taking her up to Shipton's Flat with us, which might serve to put Joe on his mettle a bit. Joe was so far gone that he burst into tears on being presented to Marie, overcome with the pathos of it all. He then had a short sleep and went back to the bar. But, getting back to Marie, I shall simply have to write on that subject later also. I found time this morning to have my hair cut, the first since Thursday Island on May 31st; most of it fell down my neck and I shall now go and have a shower to get rid of it.

Thursday, 2 September 1948. It is appropriate, since this is the last camp save for subsidiaries, that it should be the best, and it is.

We left Cooktown about 11 A.M. in the truck of a lad names Norman Watkin, who lives at a place called Helenvale, about nine miles north of the Flat. It should be understood, with these named places, that there is usually only one house there, and at Helenvale there is only the house of the Watkin's. It is a bush hotel and also bears the name of "The Lion's Den Hotel". Itinerant bushmen can get lodging for the night there and really it is a very comfortable place - we had lunch there.

After lunch we moved on up to Shipton's Flat, nestling under the shadow of Mount Finnegan, which looms high above and looks something of a climb. But when we got to the Flat we found a small village of abandoned huts, clean, white large and divided into cubicles so that we have private bedrooms. It is just about as luxurious as the Commercial Hotel, Cooktown. We moved in with promptness and pleasure, Len and Marie having one of the huts, the blacks having another and the rest of us sharing the largest of the lot. I am not sure when work was finished by the lumber people who erected and used to occupy the huts, but they are in excellent condition.

Joe had had a very large night last night and had been in the bar from 8 A.M. until we left, with the result that he slept precariously on top of the truck and its load, to which the rest of us also clung. At some stage in his Cooktown visit he had bought himself a pseudo-Panama hat; that went and was retrieved but at a later stage got between some parts of the cargo which were shifting and became more pseudo. Poor old Joe is a sad case; it is a reasonable certainty that the idea of going prospect

Wednesday, 1 September 1948. This has been one of my busiest days; preparing of letters, writing of letters, reading of letters. I have been too busy to do very much, though it seems that an urgent situation is the trouble. I have been busy all day, I have had to go and meet Marie, his wife, at 2 P.M. and of course we have been busy of that time. I have been running around about his own business, the three blocks, and I have been out of sight completely, so that I leave George and myself.

The family we sent out this morning came back in time to be reached but was far from clean. However, at least it was a job that we could have some body else do, for a change, and was that much of a help.

As a consequence of the above, I have not been able to see much of George today by daylight yet and we shall leave fairly early tomorrow morning. I do have to walk down to the post office and air freight station so shall be able to form some impression of them, I hope, but I cannot do much about describing the place just yet. As for our outward journey, there will not be much time and we shall probably leave here in the afternoon of the 28th and leave that night for Cairns. There is a weekly boat but that of the following week will not give us time to do the jobs that have to be done in Cairns. All in all this last month promises to be about the most hectic of the lot.

I don't quite know what Marie's destiny is - I have spoken of taking her up to Shipston's Flat with us, which might serve to put her on the right track. I was so far gone that I burst into tears on being presented to Marie, overcome with the notion of it all. He then had a short sleep and went back to the bar. But getting back to Marie, I shall simply have to write on that subject later. I found this morning to have my hair cut, the first since Thursday Island on May Day; most of it fell down my neck and I shall now go and have a shower to get rid of it.

Thursday, 2 September 1948. It is surprising, since this is the last camp save for a few, that it should be the same, and it is.

We left Cooktown about 11 A.M. in the back of a bus named Western Mail, who lives at a place called Melville, about nine miles north of the flat. It should be understood, with these names, that there is really only one house there, and at Melville there is only the name of the flat. It is a small hotel and also bears the name of "The Lion's Head Hotel". It is a very comfortable place and the night there and really it is a very comfortable place.

After lunch we moved on up to Shipston's Flat, nestled under the shadow of Mount Skinner, which looks high above and looks resembling of a ship. When we got to the flat we found a small village of scattered huts, some white, large and divided into cubicles so that we have private bedrooms. It is just about as luxurious as the Commercial Hotel, Cooktown. We moved in with friends, and Marie having one of the beds, the ladies having another and the rest of us sharing the largest of the lot. I am not sure when work was finished by the lumber people who erected and made so snugly the huts, but they are in excellent condition.

Joe had had a very large night last night and had been in the bar from 8 A.M. until we left, with the result that he slept precariously on top of the truck and the load, to which the rest of us also clung. At some stage in his journey, while he had bought himself a pseudo-famous hat, that went and was retrieved but at a later stage got between some parts of the cargo which were split and became very messy. I don't know if it is a reason.

able certainty that instead of going prospecting to the Escape River or collecting for the Queensland Museum as he proposes to do, his stake will go in the first few bars he reaches after we pay off and he will be on the beach again. I have no doubt that he has a bottle somewhere in his swag now and will not get on an even keel again until that has gone. Being left to his own devices this evening while preparing supper (the rest of us were busy unpacking collecting gear) it was found that he had opened every case of provisions we had brought with us in a search for some salt. I found it later in the case which he had opened third, of the dozen or more that we had.

In referring to the Commercial Hotel, Cooktown, I remember that I have not attempted any kind of description of the place or the town. The town fits somewhere between Laura and Cairns and at one time had a population of several thousands, most of them being Chinese who had followed one of the gold rushes. At that time Cooktown was still basking in the fact that Captain Cook had tied his ship, the *Endeavour*, to a tree on the side of the river, named after the ship, to careen her. The tree is still there and a monument tells of the tree's place in history. That all took place before Cook had claimed Australia for the British Crown, which he did some weeks after the Cooktown episode, at a place off Cape York tip named Possession Island. It is an historical fact that Cook did not know he was on a small island when he planted the flag and claimed possession of the whole continent, on which he thought he was. But to get back to Cooktown, it lost its prominence and most of its population when the miners and stockmen further north ceased sending their shipments out through Cooktown and instead used a road which was constructed to a point a lesser distance away. Now the place has sunk to a population of a few hundreds, mostly elderly, and is getting smaller and smaller every year; at present it has the status about of a frontier town but is on the down rather than the up grade.

The hotel, the Commercial being one of three, is a barn-like, ramshackle place and cannot possibly be paying its way; neither can the other two as each of them must have a certain payroll and rarely do the number of guests exceed the number of employees. In the case of a visit of such a party as ours, six whites and three blacks, there is great joy and our departure is deplored. Len said this morning that he heard the line in the grocery store, where I had just placed our order for supplies for the coming three or four weeks, remark "If only we got an order like this every day, there would be some use in having a store in Cooktown."

It struck me as very odd this morning when riding out on the truck, that it seemed so normal and natural and the two days in the hotel so strange and unusual. It is rather shocking that civilization can wear off so quickly and the bush existence take such strong hold in such a short time. It will be well, I think, to get back and start to follow manners and customs again for a while.

Friday, 3 September 1948. It was down to 53 degrees last night and all hands felt it a bit, particularly the boys; Moreton was around early asking for "rubbing medicine" which, unfortunately we do not have.

I have spent most of the day in getting books and so on up to date. I have not done so since June 10th and there was quite a lot of stuff to be done. It is finished now, however. Len and George went out with two of the blacks to examine the trail to the top of Finnegan and so far not much collecting has been done. I think we shall all be able to make a good start on it tomorrow unless there is trail-cutting to be done.

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Friday, 3 September 1948. It was down to 55 degrees last night and all hands  
 felt it a bit, particularly the boys; however we  
 around early asking for "rubbing medicinal" which, unfortunately we do not have.

I have spent most of the day in getting books and so on up to date. I  
 have got down to since June 1947 and there was quite a lot of stuff to be  
 done. It is finished now, however. Len and George went out with two of the  
 blacks to examine the trail to the top of Timagan and so far not much col-  
 lecting has been done. I think we shall all be able to make a good start  
 on it tomorrow unless there is a rain-cutting to be done.

Len and George, with two of the blacks, made an early start this morning and prettu nearly reached the top of Finnegan. George got to 3,500 feet and the mountain is 3,700? The absence of water may cause a slight change in plans; apparently there is only one place on the mountain side where there is any water so we may have to make just one subsidiary camp there, instead of two, as originally planned. There is not likely to be much difference in the results, for that reason, as the water that there is, is pretty high up.

The impending break-up of the expedition looms high in everybody's mind; last night Hoe told me confidentially and alcoholically that we were fine people and he had learned a lot from us. Today, sobered up a bit, he asked if we could leave him some traps. A lot of stuff is not worth freight-ing back and we can easily fix him up, but it is doubtful if he will ever do any of the things he speaks of.

Saturday, 4 September 1948. I don't know that I have anything much to write about today; my heel, injured some time ago by the fall from the truck between Ebagonla and Musgrave, has prevented my going out very much and until I am able to do so, I cannot tell much about the surrounding country. That it is not teeming with wild life I can say without any reservation, in spite of the stories told to us.

The population of Shipton's Flat, which promising burg is about three quarters of a mile nearer Cooktown than we are, consists of Jack Roberts, a bushman, and his wife; Jack told me today that the whole place teems with brown snakes and death adders, but the best time to get them is midnight. I doubt very much if there are any snakes about at all; it is very cold every night, down to about 53 degrees, and the snakes are either hibernating or have moved somewhere where it is a bit warmer. I have hobbled around the clearing about our camp, the old sawmill, and have garnered a few crawling things but no snakes at all.

The plans for Finnegan seem to have boiled down to two camps; one will consist of George and Moreton and will be at the junction of the open forest and the scrub, and the other, comprising everybody else except Mrs. Brass, Joe and myself, will be further up the mountain, at the last water. I have been given a sort of roving commission and shall visit both but probably shall return here for the night though George, Can and I may put in a period from the 9th until the 11th together on the mountain side somewhere. My heel is badly bruised underneath with the result that whenever I take a step, I land plumb on the bruise, so my walking is limited though I am sure a couple more days of taking it easy will fix me up. There is talk also of leaving here rather before the 27th, which ends our collecting, and moving back toward Cooktown, making interim camps as we go; the fault with that is that it involves more transport and animals than we can easily procure, so we are somewhat uncertain at present.

With quiet pride, Mrs. Brass announced tonight that she had hit a tree with "that rifle". Inquiry brought forth the fact that she had hit the trunk of a tree about twenty yards away with a charge of Number 6 from a 12 guage shotgun but we made no comments.

Sunday, 5 September 1948. This morning, injured heel and all, I started up the Finnegan trail, thinking I would go as far as I could, collecting as I went, and then return. However at the first turn-off, it looked more interesting that way and I took it. Soon after taking the right fork I came to the stream which supplies us with our water, Parrot Creek, and decided to follow it back to camp. In doing so, I renewed the foot trouble but it was well worth it.

Ben and George, with two of the blacks, made an early start this morning and reached the top of Timogean. George got to 3,500 feet and the mountain is 3,700. The absence of water may cause a slight change in shape; apparently there is only one place on the mountain side where there is any water so we may have to make just one subsidiary camp there, instead of two, as originally planned. There is not likely to be much difference in the results, for that reason, as the water that there is, is pretty high up.

The impending break-up of the expedition looks high in everybody's mind; last night he told me confidentially and apologetically that we were fine people and he had learned a lot from us. Today, sobered up a bit, he asked if we could leave him some traps. A lot of stuff is not worth bringing back and we can easily fix him up, but it is doubtful if he will ever do any of the things he speaks of.

Saturday, 4 September 1948. I don't know that I have anything much to write about today; my heel, injured some time ago by the fall from the track between Kogonla and Kinsarwe, has prevented my going out very much and until I am able to go, I cannot tell much about the surrounding country. That it is not healthy with little life I can say without any reservation, in spite of the stories told to us.

The population of Shipton's Flat, which promises to be about three quarters of a mile nearer Cooktown than we are, told us of good hunting, and his wife told me that the whole place seems to be a good place for hunting, but the best time to get there is in the night. I don't know very much if there are any snakes about it; it is very cold every night, down to about 25 degrees, and the snakes are either sleeping or have moved somewhere where it is a bit warmer. I have handled several the clearing about our camp, the old sawmill, and have gathered a few crawling things but no snakes at all.

The plans for Timogean seem to have boiled down to two camps; one will consist of George and Morston and will be at the junction of the open forest and the scrub, and the other, comprising everybody else except Mrs. Prass, Joe and myself, will be further up the mountain, at the last water. I gave them a sort of roving commission and shall visit both but probably shall not turn here for the night though George, Joe and I may put in a period from the 10th until the 11th together on the mountain side somewhere. My heel is badly bruised underneath with the result that whenever I take a step, I find plunging on the grass, so my walking is limited though I am sure a couple more days of taking it easy will fix me up. There is talk also of leaving here rather before the 27th, which ends our collecting, and moving back toward Cooktown, with the intention of going away with a charge of lumber from a 15 guage port and animals than we can easily procure, so we are somewhat uncertain at present.

With quiet pride, Mrs. Prass announced tonight that she had hit a tree with "that rifle". Inquiry brought forth the fact that she had hit the trunk of a tree about twenty yards away with a charge of Number 6 from a 15 guage shotgun but we made no comment.

Sunday, 5 September 1948. This morning, injured heel and all, I started up the Timogean trail, thinking I would go as far as I could, collecting as I went, and then return. However at the first turn-off, it looked more interesting that way and I took it. Soon after taking the right fork I came to the stream which supplies us with our water, Barrow Creek, and decided to follow it back to camp. In doing so, I renewed the foot trouble but it was well worth it.

The stream, where I met it, was about twenty feet in width, and I followed it downhill, of course, in order to get back to camp. Soon it passed over a wide expanse of flat sheer rock and the water is so low that only small runlets of shallow water completely crossed the expanse of rock. They joined again and plunged into a gorge about fifty feet deep and as many feet wide. The water ran as one stream, leaping down ten or twenty feet here, rushing under a natural stone bridge there, still confined into the gully which condensed the water sometimes into a narrow rushing flume only a couple of feet wide, and then letting it expand into deep pools ten or twelve feet across. It was not possible to get down to the water as the bottom twenty feet of the gorge were sheer, but I scrambled along the top; having travelled three or four hundred yards in that way, we, the stream and I, came to a place where there was another flat expanse of rock, sixty or seventy yards across and I was able to get down to the water level again. Here, as at the top of the gorge, there was not nearly enough water to completely cover the width of the stream bed but again at the foot it was pent into a small compass until, gradually the drop lessened, the stream widened and eventually I came to the place where our canvas wash-basin reposed.

My foot was in bad condition again after the scramble along the edge of the gully and I was glad enough to get back to camp, where I found everybody at lunch; I had been out much longer than I thought.

Tomorrow morning Len, Van and Don, with two blacks, set out for the top Finnegan camp and the next day George and Moreton move to the Scrub camp. I shall not attempt to reach the top of the mountain and indeed shall be lucky if I can walk tomorrow but on the 9th I shall join George at the Scrub. By that time the others will be back from Finnegan and also, I hope, I shall be in decent walking condition again.

My collecting was fair but confined to the crawling rather than the flying things; I got two lizards new to this area, one of which was new to the collection, and also took three varieties of scorpions and two of centipedes. One at least of the scorpions is new. At the top entrance of the gorge I saw at its foot two large lizards climb from the water; I shot one but unfortunately it fell back into the water. At least, I was saved a difficult climb down to get it. Snakes are completely absent or in hibernation and flying things, butterflies, moths and dragonflies are rare enough to be counted on the fingers. Even the light trap at night fails me and my evening catch consists usually of half a dozen tiny little microbes.

Tomorrow is Labor Day in the U.S. and three weeks from tomorrow we come to the end of the expedition.

Monday, 6 September 1948. There was something of a commotion before the Finnegan party got away this morning. There were two pack animals to be loaded and there was no problem with the first but the second, a mare, created something of a furor. Everything had been loaded that had to be and a surcingle was being set around the mare and the load; Len was tugging at one end when suddenly there was a crack and the leather broke. The loud snap disturbed the animal which started to buck, quickly the nicely balanced load was distributed over the landscape, but the horse was quieted and the operation started again, this time with a broad webbing strap from Len's crying(sic) equipment in place of the broken surcingle. Again the load was balanced and the strap applied, to hold this time. The cavalcade started off and the mare took a deep breath, upon which the strap parted with another loud report. Again the load was scattered to the four winds as the mare, thoroughly frightened by what she had done, started again to buck. It was not until the third attempt, this time with a new surcingle which Jack Roberts sent his boy

The stream, where I met it, was about twenty feet in width, and I followed it downhill, of course, in order to get back to camp. Soon it passed over a wide expanse of flat rock and the water is so low that only small ripples of shallow water completely crossed the expanse of rock. They leaped again and plunged into a gorge about fifty feet deep and as many feet wide. The water ran as one stream, leaping down the steep, rocky floor, rushing under a narrow stone bridge there, still contained into the gully which condensed the water into a narrow rushing stream only a couple of feet wide, and then leaping it expand into deep pools ten or twelve feet across. It was not possible to get down to the water as the bottom twenty feet of the gorge were sheer, but I scrambled along the top, having travelled three or four hundred yards in that way, we the stream and I, came to a place where there was another flat expanse of rock, this or several yards across and I was able to get down to the water level again. Here, at the top of the gorge, there was not nearly enough water to completely cover the width of the stream bed but again the foot of the gorge was a small, compacted, gradually the dry, leached, the stream widened and eventually I came to the place where our canvas camp-again reposed.

My foot was in bad condition again after the scramble along the edge of the gully and I was glad enough to get back to camp, where I found everything at lunch; I had been out much longer than I thought.

Tomorrow morning Ben, Van and Ben, with two blacks, set out for the top of the mountain and the next day George and Monahan move to the camp. I shall not attempt to reach the top of the mountain and indeed shall be lucky if I can walk tomorrow but on the 9th I shall join George at the camp. By that time the others will be back from Rinnehan and also, I hope, I shall be in decent walking condition again.

My collecting was fair but confined to the crawling rather than the flying things; I got two lizards but to this area, one of which was new to me. I collected, and also took three varieties of scorpions and two of centipedes. One at least of the scorpions is new. At one top entrance of the gorge I saw at its foot two large lizards climbing the rock; I shot one but unfortunately it fell back into the water. At least, I was saved a difficult climb down to get it. Snakes are completely absent or in abundance and flying things, butterflies, moths and dragonflies are rare enough to be counted on the fingers. Even the light trap at night tells me and my evening catch consists usually of half a dozen tiny little whorls.

Tomorrow is labor day in the U.S. and three weeks from tomorrow we come to the end of the expedition.

Monday, 6 September 1918. There was something of a commotion before the time Ben and I got away this morning. There were two pack animals to be loaded and there was no problem with the first but the second, a mare, created something of a furor. Everything had been loaded first but to be and a something was being set around the mare and the load; Ben was tugging at one end when suddenly there was a crack and the leather broke. The load and disturbed the animal which started to back, quickly the nicely balanced load was distributed over the landscape, but the horse was dazed and the operation started again, this time with a broad webbing strap from Ben's (sling) equipment in place of the broken surcingle. Again the load was balanced and the strap applied, to hold this time. The canvasbag started off and the mare took a deep breath, upon which the strap parted with another loud report. Again the load was scattered to the four winds as the mare, thoroughly frightened by what she had done, started again to back. It was not until the third attempt, this time with a new surcingle which Jack Roberts sent his boy

back to Shipton's Flat to get, that they finally managed to get away.

I busied myself after that by cutting a trail in to the open rock expanse over which Parrot Creek runs and spent the rest of the morning soaking my heel in one of its pools but the rolling of stones under my foot made things uncomfortable.

In the evening the horse boy came down with a note from Len saying that a tree-climbing kangaroo had been shot by Roy; that was one of the main reasons for coming up to this camp, since that variety is new to the Museum, not only to our collection. Between that kangaroo and my two taipans I feel that we have had a successful trip.

Just as we had finished our supper Jack Roberts and his wife came to call, which about ended the evening. I had hoped to be able to get some business and other letters written but shall have to wait until tomorrow.

Tuesday, 7 September 1948. This day was not marked by anything in particular and it is not too easy to find anything to say about it. George caught a small goanna in his traps, the first we have had for the area; I saw one the first time I went to the waterfall of Parrot Creek and shot it but it fell into the swiftly moving stream. This morning I went again to the fall and saw another; it saw my shadow on the water and was into it before I could have raised my gun.

In the afternoon George and Moreton moved out to establish a camp in some rain forest only two or three miles away; they had no difficulty this time with Jack Roberts' pack animals but on arrival George found that he had forgotten his cameras. I shall probably take them out to him tomorrow morning; I feel that I can walk that far and as I am going out to the camp for two or three days I had better see what sort of place it is and what I shall need there.

The mail comes in tomorrow morning by pack from Cooktown so there may be clerical work to be done in the evening and certainly there will be mail to go out the following morning; the horses take two days for the trip to Cooktown so we shall not be able to catch the Thursday plane south. There are two planes weekly connecting Cairns and Cooktown however and I think the other leaves on Monday morning.

The weather seems to be warming up somewhat with the new moon; last night I could have done without my socks and shall leave them off tonight but the windbreaker is still an essential. The midday heat is blistering but about 3.30 or 4 P.M. there is a most pronounced and noticeable drop in temperature.

Wednesday, 8 September 1948. Again I have little to relate in this and soon must think of some other subject than the scarcity of news.

Australia seems rather to run by moons, new and full, and with the advent of the new one, the weather has turned warmer. It is no longer necessary to wear socks in bed, as I said yesterday, and tonight I may even try leaving the windbreaker off. Midday today I walked into Shipton's Flat to get the mail, only about a mile total, and was dripping when I returned. I think a bath and a bit of laundering is the program for the afternoon.

Len got in from the Finnegan camp at noon and reported good mammal collecting there. Of course there has not been a report from George and I doubt if I shall be able to get up to see him this afternoon; the foot is still not too comfortable and since I cannot use my heel, all the weight goes on the ball of the foot which was smashed a long time ago.

back to Shipston's list to get, that they finally managed to get away.

I packed myself after that by cutting a trail in to the open rock exposed over which I had to go and spent the rest of the morning scaling my heel in one of the pools, but the rolling of stones under my foot made things uncomfortable.

In the evening the horse boy came down with a note from Jon saying that a three-climbing kangaroo had been shot by Roy; that was one of the main reasons for coming up to this camp, since that variety is new to the Museum, not only to our collection. Between that kangaroo and my two talpids I feel that we have had a successful trip.

Just as we had finished our supper Jack Roberts and his wife came to call, which about ended the evening. I had hoped to be able to get some business and other letters written but shall have to wait until tomorrow.

Tuesday, 7 September 1948. This day was not marked by anything in particular and it is not too easy to find anything to say about it. George caught a small gopher in his traps, the first we have had for the area; I saw one the first time I went to the waterfall of Petrot Creek and shot it but it fell into the swiftly moving stream. This morning I went again to the fall and saw another; it saw my shadow on the water and was into it before I could have raised my gun.

In the afternoon George and Horston moved out to establish a camp in some rain forest only two or three miles away; they had no difficulty this time with Jack Roberts' pack animals but on arrival George found that he had forgotten his camera. I shall probably take them out to him tomorrow morning; I feel that I can walk that far and as I am going out to the camp for two or three days I had better see what sort of place it is and what I shall need there.

The mail comes in tomorrow morning by pack from Cooktown so there may be clerical work to be done in the evening and certainly there will be mail to go out the following morning; the horses take two days for the trip to Cooktown so we shall not be able to catch the Thursday plane south. There are two planes weekly connecting Cairns and Cooktown however and I think the other leaves on Monday morning.

The weather seems to be warming up somewhat with the new moon; last night I could have done without my socks and shall leave them off tonight but the windbreaker is still essential. The midday heat is blistering but about 5.30 or 6 P.M. there is a most pronounced and pleasant drop in temperature.

Wednesday, 8 September 1948. Again I have little to relate in this and none whatsoever of some other subject than the activity of news.

Australia seems rather to run by moon, new and full, and with the advent of the new moon the weather has turned warmer. It is no longer necessary to wear socks in bed, as I said yesterday, and tonight I may even try leaving the windbreaker off. Midday today I walked into Shipston's list to get the mail, only about a mile total, and was dripping when I returned. I think a bath and a bit of laundering is the program for the afternoon.

Jon got in from the Shipston camp at noon and reported good mammal collecting there. Of course there has not been a report from George and I doubt if I shall be able to get up to see him this afternoon; the foot is still not too comfortable and since I cannot see my heel, all the weight goes on the ball of the foot which was smashed a long time ago.

Thursday, 9 September 1948. So far I have not hit on a subject which would both be appropriate to the expedition and also give me something to write about so I have to confine myself to the day's small activities.

Van and Don came down from the summit of Finnegan this afternoon and I went up to George's camp this morning. Both places produced a good quantity of mammal specimens but I have decided that I shall not move permanently to George's camp although Van and Don will go up on Saturday. It is a bare forty-five minutes walk from here so I shall go there for the day and evening, return after dark, doing my night collecting on my way down, and sleep and have breakfast here. That will save the trouble of transporting all my camp and collecting gear, other than what I carry in my haversack anyway, and since we have only two pack-horses to do the whole job, it seems distinctly a good idea.

With the advent of slightly warmer nights and correspondingly better days, it is possible that a number of things will emerge from wherever they have been. All my departments are very inactive but there is just a chance that a new batch of flying things may grow before long and that the reptiles will come out from their places of hibernation. They will have to do it with speed as we have only seventeen days left now before traps are lifted for the last time. George feels that two or three days more will be all he needs at his camp, on Rossville Creek, and what happens after that is somewhat indefinite. This evening Len asked me to join him in a one-day climb to the top of Finnegan; it would mean about eight hours climbing, either up or down, and three hours collecting at the top. If my foot recovers enough and no other camp has been opened, I shall most likely do it, but I am beginning to be really disturbed about the foot.

For the first time since our arrival here, I slept last night without my windbreaker; as a result I woke shivering somewhere about 5.15, but there really is a change for the warmer in the weather.

Friday, 10 September 1948. A carpet snake had to be skinned this morning and I was in no particular hurry to get up to George's camp anyway so arrived there just before noon, carrying with me, it later developed, our whole supply of bread for both camps; George needed bread anyway and Joe called to me that the bread was on the table, while I was packing my gear. Coming into the kitchen a little later I saw several packages and a new loaf, which which Roy and I between us loaded into our packs and then moved off. I found out later that the new loaf was just out of the oven and had been put on the table to cool, while George's bread was in one of the wrapped parcels.

Roy and I got to the camp, had lunch there and then George and Roy came back here; it was on George's return up there that I learned that I had stolen all the bread.

That camp is in rain forest and right on the bank of a tributary stream of Parrot Creek, which supplies the lower camp; it seems fairly promising ground and I should get some things up there during the period of the camp. I stayed until a couple of hours after dark and then started back, to find within fifty feet of the camp a death adder. The other one I got was banded in a sort of orange and cream effect (that was at Iron Range, where the ground is red) but this one is banded in grey-black and olive, taking after the colors of the forest. It showed clearly enough in my headlamp but otherwise would have just melted into the shadows of the grass. They have a record of about 40-50% mortality with their bites and I stepped carefully for the rest of the way down to the base camp.

I am very glad to have the snake and very glad also to clear it out of the vicinity of George's camp.

Thursday, 9 September 1948. So far I have not hit on a subject which would both be appropriate to the expedition and also give me something to write about as I have to continue myself to the day's small activities.

Van and Don came down from the summit of Kinangon this afternoon and I went up to George's camp this morning. Both places produced a good quantity of material specimens but I have decided that I shall not move permanently to George's camp although Van and Don will go up on Saturday. It is a long five minutes walk from here as I shall go there in the day and evening, return after dark, doing my night collecting on my way down, and sleep with my back to the tent. I shall still have the trouble of washing my skin and clothes in the evening, which I shall do in my bathroom and have a good wash.

With the advent of slightly warmer nights and correspondingly better days, it is possible that a number of insects will emerge from wherever they have been. All my specimens are very inactive but there is just a chance that a new batch of living things may grow before long and that the reptiles will come out from their places of hibernation. They will have to do it with speed as we have only a few days left now before the cold sets in for the rest of the year. I shall stay two or three days more will be all in need at my camp on Kinangon. I shall stay after that in a one-day climb to the top of Kinangon; it would mean about eight hours climbing, either up or down, and three hours collecting at the top. If my foot recovers enough and no other camp has been opened, I shall most likely do it, but I am beginning to be really disturbed about the foot.

For the first time since our arrival here, I slept last night without my chair; as a result I woke answering questions about 2.45, but there really is a change for the better in the weather.

Friday, 10 September 1948. A carpet snake had to be skinned this morning and I was in no particular hurry to get up to George's camp anyway as arrival there just before noon, carrying with me, it later developed, our whole supply of bread for both camps; George needed bread for my gear. Coming into the kitchen a little later I saw several packages and a box, which I took and I between as loaded into our packs and then moved off. I found out later that the new food was just out of the oven and had been put on the table to cool, while George's bread was in one of the wrapped parcels.

Boy and I got to the camp, had lunch there and then George and boy came back; it was in George's return up there that I learned that I had stolen all the bread.

Just camp is in rain forest and right on the bank of a tributary stream of Parrot Creek, which supplies the lower camp; it seems fairly promising ground and I should get some things up there during the period of the camp. I stayed until a couple of hours after dark and then started back, to find within fifty feet of the camp a dead abbot. The other one I got was buried in a sort of orange and green elicot (that was at Iron Range, where the ground is red) but this one is buried in grey-black and olive, looking after the color of the forest. It showed clearly enough in my headlamp but otherwise would have just faded into the shadows of the grass. They have a record of about 40-50 more killed with their bites and I stepped carefully for the rest of the way down to the base camp.

I am very glad to have the snake and very glad also to clear it out of the vicinity of George's camp.

Saturday, 11 September 1948. This morning Van, Don and I started up to George's camp with two blacks and two pack animals. Last night was warm again but the going was easy and we had no trouble of any kind.

The day itself, after we got there, was not especially exciting, culminating with strong wind and some rain; there was not much, just enough to persuade all the creatures I had expected to pick up on my way back after dark to stay in their respective lairs. Don got a fair number of birds and George and Van were planning to go out with jack-lights shortly after I left, but the weather being what it is, I doubt if they will get much.

They plan now to stay up there until Wednesday, so I suppose I shall go up daily until then, and the day after they return here, they speak of moving out of this camp entirely and getting somewhere nearer Cooktown. That place and the country nearer to it than we are here is the locality where a number of creatures which we have not yet taken have been found and as our time now is so short, it seems reasonable for them to go to where those things are.

For myself, I don't quite know what I shall do; owing to the season I am pretty well out of luck in all departments, both here and elsewhere, but elsewhere would at least be a change though I hate to give up these comfortable quarters. I think I shall wait a day or ~~two~~ so before deciding as they may change their plans anyway.

Sunday, 12 September 1948. Again simply a day of routine with nothing very much to enliven it. The rain last night prevented Van and George from getting anything with their lights just as effectively as it did me and that part of the forest seems to be about collected out now. Moreton and Roy, with Jack Roberts' boy, Nuggie, spent the whole day out today and came back completely empty-handed.

I shall go up there again tomorrow but shall make that the last time; on Tuesday I shall get at the mail and on Wednesday the camp is going to be broken up anyway. Also I have decided that I shall not move out with the mammal party on Thursday; mail goes out that day, supplies will be coming in on Sunday and in general it seems better that I stay here, particularly as their plans are uncertain and it is necessary that I be more or less fixed. Collecting would probably be better for me elsewhere and certainly could not be worse, but the other jobs which fall to my lot seem to make it inadvisable.

Monday, 13 September 1948. This is the first of my trips to the mountain camp and now I am back, having finished my last little Red Riding Hood trip, with the big bad death adder after me through the dark woods. George and the others will come down on Wednesday and on Thursday will move out of the area. So far as I know, the rest of us will stay here though there is nothing much to be caught and I myself am still pretty well crippled.

On my return here I found that Len had inadvertently left the rum bottle out and Joe had been at it; Jack Roberts was here also, as he has been every night since we arrived but fortunately he does not drink. Marie Brass, having first decided to go out last Sunday, changed her mind to tomorrow and now has picked a week from tomorrow. We, all of us, are due in Cooktown with the job completed, two weeks from today, so I think it quite possible that she will decide to wait until then.

Tomorrow I shall have to get onto the job of mail and supplies and there will be incoming mail on Wednesday. I hope the answer to a number of questions will be in it - where we sail from, the date, the stops the ship will make and the many other things about which we are uncertain.

Saturday, 11 September 1942. This morning Van, Ian and I started up to George's camp with two packs and two pack animals. Last night was again but the going was easy and we had no trouble of any kind.

The day itself, after we got there, was not especially exciting, uninteresting with strong wind and some rain; there was not much, just enough to permeate all the creatures I had expected to pick up on my way back after dark to stay in their respective lairs. Don got a fair number of birds and George and Van were planning to go out with jack-light traps shortly after I left, but the weather being what it is, I doubt if they will get much.

They plan now to stay up there until Wednesday, as I suppose I shall go up early with them, and the day after they return here, they speak of moving out of this camp entirely and getting somewhere nearer Cooktown. That place and the country nearer to it than we are now in the locality where a number of creatures which we have not yet taken have been found and as our time now is so short, it seems reasonable for them to go to where those things are.

For myself, I don't quite know what I shall do; owing to the season I am pretty well out of luck in all departments, both here and elsewhere, but also where would be a change though I have to give up these comfortable quarters. I think I shall wait a day or two so before deciding as they may change their minds anyway.

Sunday, 12 September 1942. Again simply a day of routine with nothing very much to achieve. The rain last night prevented Van and George from getting anything with their lights just as effectively as it did me and that part of the forest seems to be almost collected out now. Robertson and Roy, with Jack Roberts' boy, Naggia, spent the whole day out today and came back completely empty-handed.

I shall go up there again tomorrow but shall make that the last time; on Tuesday I shall get at the well and on Wednesday the camp is going to be broken up anyway. Also I have decided that I shall not move out with the manual party on Thursday; mail goes out that day, supplies will be coming in on Sunday and in general it seems better that I stay here, particularly as there are some certain and it is necessary that I be more or less fixed. Collecting would probably be better for me elsewhere and certainly could not be worse, but the other jobs which fall to my lot seem to make it inadvisable.

Monday, 13 September 1942. This is the first of my trips to the mountain camp and now I am back, having finished my last little job. Riding back trip, with the big dead adder after me through the dark woods, George and the others will come down on Wednesday and on Thursday will move out of the area. So far well known, the rest of us will stay here though there is nothing much to be done and I shall be still pretty well crippled.

On my return here I found that Ian had inadvertently left the two bottles out and Joe had been at it; Jack Roberts was here also, as he has been every night since we arrived but fortunately he does not drink. Marie Weiss, having first decided to go out last Friday, changed her mind so tomorrow and now has picked a week from tomorrow. Well, all of us are due in Cooktown with the job completed, two weeks from today, so I think it quite possible that she will decide to wait until then.

Tomorrow I shall have to get into the job of mail and supplies and there will be incoming mail on Wednesday. I hope the answer to a number of questions will be in it - where we will from, the date the ship will make and the many other things about which we are uncertain.

~~Saturday, 13 September 1948. This morning, Van~~

Thursday, 14 September 1948. The most noteworthy event of the day was a bath and swim in a pool up at the entrance to Parrot Creek Gorge, which may give a rough idea of the rapid tempo at which we live. The next most important is the fact that Joe has been drunk all day, and not on our rum; the only other source seems to be the preserving alcohol, so we shall send it all out with George when he moves out on Thursday.

I had a fairly restful day today and made no attempt to climb the mountain; I have an idea that my mountain-climbing days are over anyway. George and Van come down tomorrow and their last few days have been about as blank as mine, except for the tun-of-the-mill stuff they got in their traps. Their hunting and jacking has produced nothing whatever the last few evenings.

There are less than two weeks left now; in fact two weeks from tonight we shall be on our way down to Cairns with everything finished, rather a pleasant thought, I find. The boys are to be sent back to Thursday Island by plane and Joe will be left to his own devices in Cooktown. He has grandiose ideas, is going prospecting to the Escape River, is going to collect for the Queensland Museum, is going to plant paw-paw trees all over the Cape; though I don't know why, but it is my guess he will go on the beach at Cooktown though he did ask me to send his money in to his bank. Of course he draws checks against it as fast as it gets there so it will be interesting to see what does happen to him but we shall never know.

A mood is upon me tonight, I think; we have all had enough for the present, and need to get away from it, including Joe and the blacks. So the fact that there are only two more weeks is one to be approved.

Wednesday, 15 September 1948. Today was mail day and bucked me up considerably because it meant a great amount of activity for me, in the sense of work to do and to accomplish. Also it is the sort of work, on mail days, which does not entail any damage to or pain in my foot.

Amongst the mail there was a letter from Charles Wilmot, brother of the wartime British Minister of Supply, whom I met on the Marine Phoenix, informing me, having launched the Australian tour of Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh and the Old Vic Company, he had returned to England and was now back in Sydney until May. Charles told me there was a vacant bed in his apartment in Sydney and I think I shall take him up on that. I feel the need of civilized amenities. There also was word from the Protector of Abos that Roy would be permitted to take his father, Monkey, from Wnelock back to Cowall Creek. It simply involves somehow finding a ship which will call at Portland Roads, getting our boys on that ship instead of the plane for which we had reservations, arranging for transportation for Monkey from Wenlock to Portland Roads and one or two other things. Childs play.

This morning I had a heart-to-heart talk with Joe during which he told me he had been making his own grog and that any cook with a yeast bottle could do it. This afternoon, apparently finding the yeast bottle too slow, he got at the preserving alcohol and knocked himself out again. I went over the kitchen stores and found that we are practically out of everything, a condition which I cannot understand as there is nobody for him to entertain or to whom he might sell the things. It will be necessary either to get a wild pig or else to purchase and kill a goat to carry us through until the new order of supplies comes up on the Jubilee Pack on Sunday. However I managed to scrape enough together to get George and Van, with their two boys, away tomorrow.

All in all, it has been an active day and I enjoyed it, dragging myself out of the era of dumps in which I have struggled recently.

Thursday, 14 September 1938. The most noteworthy event of the day was a bath and swim in a pool at the residence of the late Mrs. George. The bath was a very good one and the water was very hot. The room was very comfortable and the food was very good. The day was very pleasant and the weather was very good. The only other thing that was noteworthy was the fact that the boys were very happy and the day was very successful.

I had a fairly restful day today and made no attempt to climb the mountain. I have an idea that my mountain-climbing days are over. George and Van come down tomorrow and their last day have been about as mine. I am glad for the fun of the day but I am not sure if I will be able to do it again. The boys are very happy and the day was very successful.

There are less than two weeks left now to the two weeks from tonight we shall be on our way down to Cairns with everything finished, rather a pleasant thought. The boys are to be sent back to Thursday Island by plane and Joe will be left to his own devices in Cooktown. He has a good idea of the prospecting to the Lacrosse River, he is going to collect for the Government Museum. He is going to plant some trees all over the place; though I don't know why, but he is my guess he will go on the beach at Cooktown though he did not go to send his money in to his bank. Of course he drew checks against it as last as it gets there so it will be interesting to see what does happen to him but we shall never know.

A good night's sleep tonight, I think, we have all had enough for the present and need to get away from the excitement of the day. The boys are only two more weeks to go to be prepared.

Wednesday, 13 September 1938. Today was very hot and I was considerably tired. I had a great amount of activity for me because it meant a great amount of work to do and to accomplish. I was very busy and I was very tired. I was very happy and the day was very successful.

Although the mail here was a letter from Charles Wilson, Director of the Marine Biological Museum of Sydney, who I met on the Marine Museum, informing me, having learned the Australian name of the Marine Museum, I was very happy and the day was very successful. The boys are very happy and the day was very successful. I was very busy and I was very tired. I was very happy and the day was very successful.

This morning I had a heart-to-heart talk with the young man who he told me he had been making his own grog and that any cook with a yeast bottle could do it. This afternoon, apparently finding the yeast bottle too slow, he got at the grog-making alcohol and smoked himself out again. I went over the kitchen stores and found that we are practically out of everything, a condition which I cannot understand as there is nobody for him to understand or to whom he might sell his things. It will be necessary either to get a wild pig or else to purchase and kill a goat to carry us through until the new order of supplies comes up on the Indian pack on Sunday. However, I managed to scrape enough together to get George and Van with their two boys away tomorrow.

All in all, it has been an active day and I enjoyed it, making myself out of the era of things in which I have struggled recently.

Thursday, 16 September 1948. Joe's feelings definitely were hurt last night over my preparing the supply order without consulting him but he knows he is very deep in the dog house now and is fortunate in being allowed to finish the trip. There was a bit of a rush this morning in getting George and Van, with their boys, away, and at the same time getting the mail out, the orders and letters written and so on, before 8 A.M.

Joe is about the worst of his kind that I have ever struck; I have heard of men who drink embalming fluid, metholated spirits and so on but he is the first I have met. He is a man of good appearance and a considerable culture when he is sober; he has had a good musical education, once upon a time had a passable voice and, Len thinks, must have appeared on the stage somewhere. Certainly he gives that impression. But this weakness is too great and he would sell us or anybody else out for a bottle of grog. He seems to feel some sort of loyalty to us but it is not great enough to help him very much.

After George and Van had departed I wrapped up those of my specimens which were ready and then worked out a tabulation which will have to be presented in order for us to receive our license to ship the things out. In the afternoon I took my laundry and myself to my favorite bathing spot and enjoyed myself thoroughly. The operation of bathing is known to the bushmen as bogeying and the swimming pool is a bogey hole.

With the end of the trip so near and the specimens in my departments so rare, it is hard to whip up enough enthusiasm to get on with the collecting. One feels unsettled, somehow, and the things of the future loom up so much more clearly and heavily - how to get down to Sydney, how to get the freight there in time to catch the ship, the final settlements with banks, B-P, the other business houses and so on, the dismissal and shipment back of the boys, Joe's pay-off. They are all imminent and will take time; I should like somehow to be able to start on them now but of course cannot do so until our return to Cooktown. George and Van have broken away and we shall not see them again until Cooktown, with the expedition over; they will work like mad but must have the feeling at the moment that they are more or less free-lancing. Don could not get himself to get on with his bird-skinning tonight; Len said that had it been Saturday he would have taken the afternoon off; I went out with a light but found nothing but spiders. The end is in the air now.

Friday, 17 September 1948. This morning I got the second specimen of a transparent winged butterfly; they have been taken nowhere else but here (by me, I mean) but I very much doubt if it is the thing that Comstock asked me particularly to look out for. That one feeds on the larva of the green ant, and for that reason deserves encouragement I think, but while it has been reported from Cooktown, all the reports are of November and December.

In the afternoon I managed to have my hunting trip take me up to my usual bathing place and thoroughly enjoyed my swim, though it was cold. It was last night also and I woke shivering about 4 A.M. this morning.

Other than the above there is little to write about tonight except that, also this morning, I got a blue and black dragonfly which has eluded me ~~sever~~ since we arrived here. This time I found him away from his usual habitat, a pool; at the pools he has easily dodged me, darting across the water easily and darting back again after I had painfully worked my way around three quarters of the pool after him. This morning he was in the bush and I was as much at home as he was; now he reposes in a neat little glassine envelope.

Marie speaks of going out next Tuesday and Don and I think of going out with her as far as Helenvale in order to get a new locality. Jack Roberts will take her as far as Cooktown and could pick us up on his way back, giving us about three hours to collect there.

Thursday, 10 September 1948. Joe's feelings definitely were hurt last night over my preparing the night order without consulting him. He was very deep in the dog house and is fortunate in being allowed to finish the trip. There was a bit of a rush this morning in leaving George and Van, with their boxes, away, and at the same time getting the mail out, the orders and letters written and so on, before 8 A.M.

Joe is about the worst of his kind that I have ever struck; I have heard of men who drink embalmers' fluid, methanol spirit and so on but he is the first I have met. He is a man of good appearance and a considerable amount of money. He has had a good medical education, once upon a time had a passable voice and, I think, must have appeared on the stage somewhere. Certainly he gives the impression. But his weakness is too great and he would sell us or anybody else out for a bottle of grog. He seems to feel some sort of loyalty to us but it is not great enough to help him very much.

After George and Van had departed I wrapped up those of my specimens which were ready and then worked out a tabulation which will have to be presented in order for us to receive our license to ship the things out. In the afternoon I took my lantern and myself to my favorite bathing spot and enjoyed myself thoroughly. The operation of bathing is known to the business as dogging and the swimming pool as a doggy hole.

With the end of the trip so near and the specimens in my department so rare it is hard to whip up enough enthusiasm to get on with the collecting. One feels unsettled, somehow, and the ending of the future lies up so much more clearly and heavily - how to get down to Sydney, how to get the freight there in time to catch the ship, the final settlements with banks, B-4, the other business houses and so on, the dismissal and shipment back of the boxes, Joe's pay-off. They are all things that will take time; I should like someone to be able to stand on them now but of course cannot do so until our return to Cooktown. George and Van have broken away and we shall not see them again until Christmas. With the exception of that, they will work like mad but just have the feeling at the moment that they are under a five-finger. One could not get himself to get on with the third-shifting tonight. I am afraid that it has been Saturday he would have taken the afternoon off; I went out with a light but found nothing but spiders. The end is in the air now.

Friday, 11 September 1948. This morning I got the second specimen of a *Thymallus* winged butterfly; they have been taken nowhere else but here (by me, I mean) but I very much doubt if it is the thing that Comstock called *Thymallus* to look out for. That one feeds on the leaves of the green and, and for that reason deserves encouragement I think, but while it has been reported from Cooktown, all the reports are of November and December.

In the afternoon I managed to have my hunting trip take me up to my usual bathing place and thoroughly enjoyed my swim, though it was cold. It was late night also and I wrote shivering about 4 A.M. this morning.

Other than the above there is little to write about tonight except that also this morning I got a fine and black Gregor's which has eluded me before since we arrived here. This time I found him away from his usual habitat, a pool; at the pool he has really dogged me, darting across the water easily and darting back again after I had painfully worked my way around three quarters of the pool after him. This morning he was in the pool and I was as much at home as he was; now he reposes in a neat little glassine envelope.

Marie speaks of going out next Tuesday and then and I think of going out with her as far as Beloville in order to get a new locality. Jack Roberts will take her as far as Cooktown and could pick us up on his way back, giving us about three hours to collect there.

Saturday, 18 September 1948. There being so little for me to write about in connection with my department of the scientific side of the expedition while in this locality, I have been rather wondering what is to appear in the daily entries in this journal. It seems to me that a more clear explanation of the treatment meted out to the aborigines might be of interest and have value to me for reference. Another thing which I must find out about, is the method used in educating the children of white bush dwellers.

On the latter subject, I have no information now but can get it. In the matter of the abbos, I have found out quite a little, though just where to start is something of a problem. One must understand primarily that the abbo does not, nor ever did, possess the ferocity and fighting ability of the majority of other peoples whom we call natives, the North American and South, the Burman, the Soudanese and many others. The abbo certainly killed white men but always by stealth and when the whites were greatly outnumbered. This is apart from such motives as the abduction of a woman or a personal cause of that sort. The last concerted stand or attack on white men took place somewhere near where Annie River Landing now is and its result was the hunting of natives by whites, much as kangaroos are hunted; a line of men formed, walking slowly across the area and putting up and shooting the natives like so many rabbits. The revenge exacted by the whites was so ferocious that the natives were glad to be herded together on the Missions and have showed no desire to escape from that form of living, with its lack of responsibilities.

The Missions are located on both sides and the tip of the Cape and are under the charge of local men named Protectors, the whole lot coming under the jurisdiction of Mr. O'Leary, the Protector of Aborigines. They are permitted the use of certain fire-arms, shotguns up to 12 gauge, but no rifles; they are issued with strong wire from which they make their fish spears, but are not allowed to make the barbed fishing spear. When there is work to be done and their services are required, they are compelled to take the jobs and their pay is standardized at two pounds, ten shillings weekly, of which they get the ten shillings and the two pounds are sent direct by the employer to the Protector. The money sent to him accumulates and is credited to the man's individual account and according to his balance on deposit with the Protector, so is he clothed and fed, but even though he may have no deposit, he is not permitted to starve.

The local Protectors have the power to marry and divorce and, I believe, may sentence a malefactor to serve time on the penal islands. He also decides which native will go on which job, presumably being guided by the amount of an individual's cash balance, but the total of those balances may have an effect on the Protector. If he is unscrupulous, large sums may be abstracted and there is no redress for the native, but in general the local Protectors seem to be men of honor and and there rarely is any such charge or basis for it.

The abbos therefore have exchanged their original life, one of the most primitive forms ever to exist in the world, for a regimented existence during which they are always sure of food and a modicum of clothing; they make their own huts or gunyahs, either of corrugated iron issued to them or of palm or other natural materials. They are all allowed their corroborees whenever they want them, though of course no alcohol is allowed. During a corroboree they will sing of past greatnesses or else make up a monotonous dirge covering their current activities. Our boys a few nights ago sang a long song to themselves which described how they had travelled a long way from Cowall Creek, had climbed a mountain, captured a python and put it in a bag to bring back to camp. On their arrival there will be a series of corroborees during which they will sing of all their accomplishments and add descriptions of us, dwelling, I very much fear, on our weaknesses rather than our strength.

On the latter subject, I have no information now but can get it. In the past, I have found out quite a little, though just where to start is something of a problem. One must understand fully that the Apoo does not, nor even did, possess the ferocity and fighting ability of the majority of other Apoo groups. The North American and South, the Burman, the Soudanese and many others. The Apoo certainly killed white men but always by stealth and when the whites were greatly outnumbered. This is apart from such motives as the abduction of a woman or a personal cause of that sort. The last concerted attack on a white man took place somewhere near where Amie River landing now is and the result was the hunting of natives by whites, much as Karamojo is hunted; a line of men formed, walking slowly across the area and cutting up and shooting the natives like so many rabbits. The revenge exacted by the whites was so large that the natives were glad to be banded together on the missions and have chosen no desire to escape from that form of living, with its lack of personal freedom.

The Mission are located on both sides and the tip of the Cape and are under the charge of local men named "Protectors", the whole lot coming under the jurisdiction of Mr. O'Leary, the Protector of Aborigines. They are permitted the use of certain firearms, shotguns up to 12 gauge, but no rifles; they are issued with strong wire from which they make their fish spears, but are not allowed to make the barbed fishing spears. When there is work to be done and their services are required, they are compelled to take the jobs and their pay is standardized at two pounds, ten shillings weekly, of which they get the ten shillings and the two pounds are sent direct by the employer to the Protector. The money sent of this account is credited to the man's individual account and according to his balance on deposit with the Protector, so is he allotted and fed, but even though he may have no deposit, he is not permitted to starve.

The local protectors have the power to marry and divorce and, I believe, may sentence a malefactor to serve time on the penal islands. He also decides which natives will go on which job, presumably being guided by the amount of an individual's cash balance, but the total of those balances may have an effect on the Protector. If he is unsuspicious, large sums may be abstracted and there is no reward for the native, but in general the local protectors seem to be men of honor and there rarely is any such charge or reprisal for it.

The above therefore have exchanged their original life, and on the most primitive terms ever to exist in the world, for a regulated existence during which they are always sure of food and a means of obtaining it; they make their own rules or laws, either of corrugated iron issued to them or of bells or other natural materials. They are all allowed their corporations whenever they want them, though of course no alcohol is allowed. During a corporation they will sing of past greatness or else make up a corporation larger, covering their current activities. Corporations last a night or two and a few days of themselves which described how they had traveled a long way from Down's Creek, had climbed a mountain, captured a python and put it in a bag to bring back to camp. On their arrival there will be a series of corporations during which they will sing of all their accomplishments and add descriptions of the dwelling, I very much fear, on our western side rather than our strength.

Sunday, 19 September 1948. Something of a change came over us today; this morning Len announced that after the show was over he had to get to Brisbane and arrange our clearances of collections and so on and thought we should get in to Cooktown by Sunday, the 26th, which meant leaving here early that morning. The Jubilee Pack, Norman Watkin, who brought us up here was due this afternoon with our supply order and as Len had to go up the mountain, it fell upon me to make the arrangements.

Norman arrived in due time but told me he had arranged with some of the miners over at Poverty to do a transport job for them next Sunday; I arranged for our departure on Saturday, that being the only way we could get Len on the Monday morning plane. However Norman brought a letter up from Lewis & Store in Cooktown telling us that the Wandana was due northbound in Cooktown on the 24th and that after her they did not know when the next ship would travel in that direction - certainly not for weeks. It was the obvious thing for us to arrange for somebody to be there, as we have to ship Joe up to Portland Road and the three blacks to Thursday Island. As a result of it all, I have to intercept Norman somewhere on the road between Poverty and Helenvale some time early and arrange that we all be taken out on Thursday morning. It means also that by some means I have to get word to George and Van, who are camped at Black Mountain, about midway between here and Cooktown, to have Moreton and Roy on hand at Cooktown sometime on Thursday.

Obviously we shall save some money in sending the boys up by ship instead of by plane and in addition we shall be free of Joe when he gets tight and also we can arrange for Roy's father, Monkey, to join the ship at Portland Roads. For myself, I am delighted as it will give me a chance to say goodbye to Capt. Paulson of the Wandana, who helped us so considerably when we were short of food at Tozer and Iron Range, and it will give us more time to do the packing at Cooktown.

I made some inquiry into the subject of schooling for the bush people but shall save that for tomorrow's entry, as well as reporting the result of my interception of Norman Watkin and my efforts to get a message through to George.

Monday, 20 September 1948. It is still early in the morning but I want to get this page finished and out of the typewriter in order to get on with correspondence relative to our final closing of things here and at Cooktown. I have returned from a walk to the trail to Poverty, which branches off the Shipton's Flat trail but learned from a passing cowhand who had come from there that Norman will not pass until fairly late this afternoon. I left a note for him, pendant from a branch stuck in the middle of the trail, asking him to call on us, and shall walk out again to meet him later on.

Now there are reservations to be made on the Wandana for Joe and the boys, telegrams to be sent to the Protectors at T.I. and Coen, in order to have old Monkey on hand at Portland Road when the Wandana gets there, letters to be written, to B-P about holding mail and meeting the Merinda, to Lewis about various accommodations and so on. Mrs. Brass will leave us tomorrow and look after the mailing of things and sending of telegrams when she gets to Cooktown.

In the matter of bush education, I have made some inquiry and find that there is a government service which supplies text books and other needs to the parents of bush children, whose job it is to see that their child receives an education of some sort. At best it cannot consist of more than reading, writing and simple arithmetic and is dependent, not only on the parents' ability to teach but also on their own understanding of what they are teaching. Those who can afford to do so later send their children in to boarding schools but the great majority cannot and the children end up barely literate.

Monday, 17 September 1946. Something of a change came over us today. This morning the men announced that after the show was over we were to get to Brisbane and arrange our collection of collections and so on and so forth. We should get in to Cooktown by Sunday, the 20th, which meant leaving here early that morning. The ladies pack, Norman Watkins, who brought us up here was the first afternoon with our supply order and as he had to go up the mountain, it fell to me to make the arrangements.

Norman arrived in due time but told me he had arranged with some of the miners over at Poverty to do a transport job for them next Monday. I arranged for our departure on Saturday, that being the only way we could get on the Monday morning. However Norman brought a letter up from Lewis & Stone in Cooktown telling us that the Waband was due homebound in Cooktown on the 24th and that after that they did not know when the next ship would travel in that direction - certainly not for weeks. It was the obvious thing for us to arrange for ourselves to be there as we have to ship too up to Portland Road and the time back to Thursday Island. As a result of it all, I have to intercept Norman somewhere on the road between Poverty and Hallsville some time early and arrange that we all be taken out on Thursday morning. It seems also that by some means I have to get word to George and Vera, who are camped at Black Mountain, about midway between here and Cooktown, to have Newton and Ray in hand at Cooktown sometime on Thursday.

Obviously we shall have some money in sending the boys up by air instead of by plane and in addition we shall be free of the when we get right and also we can arrange for Roy's father, Vernon, to join the ship at Portland Road. For myself, I am delighted as it will give me a chance to say goodbye to Capt. Paulson of the Waband, who helped me so considerably when we were about of food at Town and from Bengal, and it will give us more time to do the packing at Cooktown.

I made some inquiry into the subject of collecting for the poor people but shall save that for tomorrow's entry, as well as reporting the result of my inspection of Norman Watkins and my efforts to get a message through to George.

Monday, 18 September 1946. It is still early in the morning but I want to get this page finished and out of the typewriter in order to get on with correspondence relative to our final closing of things here and so on. I have returned from a walk to the trail to Poverty, which branches off the Highway's first trail but learned from a passing cowboy who had come from there that Norman will not pass until fairly late in the afternoon. I left a note for him, pendant from a branch stick in the middle of the trail, asking him to call on me, and will walk out again to meet him later on.

Now there are preparations to be made on the Waband for Joe and the boys, arrangements to be sent to the Protector at T.I. and Owen, in order to have old Monday on hand at Portland Road when the Waband gets there, letters to be written to B.P. about holding mail and meeting the Waband, to leave about various women's dresses and so on. Mrs. Tracy will leave us tomorrow and look after the writing of things and sending of telegrams when she gets to Cooktown.

In the matter of book donation, I have made some inquiry and find that there is a Government service which supplies text books and other needs to the parents of poor children, whose job it is to see that their child receives an education of some sort. At best it cannot be a great deal of money, but reading, writing and arithmetic is a requirement, not only on the parents' ability to reason but also on their own understanding of what they are teaching. Those who are able to do so have their children in to boarding schools but the great majority cannot and the children end up fairly illiterate.

Late this afternoon I went again to where the Jubilee trail branches from ours and waited there for a long time to intercept Norman Watkin. He did not show up and it was dusk when I started the homeward trek and fully dark when I had at least a mile and a half to go. I walked delicately, as can be imagined, having no light and Don having taken a taipan on the trail only yesterday. Further about Don's taipan, it was only a young snake, not much over three feet in length, but after he had shot it with dust shot, broken its neck with his gun butt and then shot it with No. 6, it still turned, bit his gun and plastered it over with venom.

In view of the failure of our efforts to meet Norman, I shall have to do something about it tomorrow. Marie leaves for Cooktown, Len is making another climb of ~~Fin~~ Finnegan and Don and I are moving back with Marie as far as a place known as the Forks. That is only a mile or so from Norman's home, at the Lion's Den Hotel, so I shall probably go right in that far and get him there, then work back to the Forks and join Don there. We have alternative means of getting out but we have to get word to George somehow in order to have Moreton and Roy sent in to Cooktown. Norman is to shift them to another camp site tomorrow morning, hence the desperate effort to get in touch with him.

Tuesday, 21 September 1948. Yesterday's efforts being so uncertain, it was nice that today's went off with a swing and were fully accomplished. Breakfast was called for 6 A.M. because Len wanted to go up Mount Finnegan again. Jack Roberts was to call for Mrs. Brass at 7.30 to take her out to Cooktown and I was to go along to try again to find the elusive Norman Watkin; Don came along with me as the lesser evil between that and going up Finnegan with Len. Everything went according to Hoyle but on arrival at Helenvale we learned that Norman had not yet come in. Don and I had figured on walking back to the junction of the Annan River and Wallaby Creek and knew Norman could only come that way. We met him shortly after leaving Helenvale, having sent Jack on to Cooktown with Mrs. Brass. The cables to the Director of Native Affairs at T.I. and to the Protector at Coen had to be sent as soon as possible and Mrs. Brass was the one to do it. On meeting Norman the details for evacuation on Thursday were arranged and word was sent down to George and ~~V~~ Van. On his return from Cooktown Jack Roberts brought word from Mrs. B. that the telegrams were being sent as she wrote, that a reservation for Len was made on Monday's plane to Cairns, that George and Van were on their way to Cooktown, that approval from the Queensland Govt. for Don's journey to Brisbane by plane had arrived and, in fact, everything was lovely.

In the meantime, after meeting Norman, Don and I went back to the junction of Annan and Wallaby, where Jack was to pick us up on his return journey, and immediately had a swim. They we boiled our tea and ate our sandwiches and did some hunting. I'm afraid our hearts were not in it as they should have been but I had a better day than any I have had at Shipton's Flat.

When Jack picked us up he brought the news of the approval of Don's flight back and the latter has been walking around in a sort of trance ever since. For myself I have become so excessively conscious of the fact that this is the end and so determined that I shall not be bitten by anything on the last day that I jump like a kangaroo if the ~~mx~~ long grass even stirs beside me. Last night's walk definitely had me sweating.

Len arrived back from the mountain about half an hour after our return from The Forks (the junction), and had had good collecting. We dined and I went out this evening spidering for the last time. Now I am back, my collecting days are over and tomorrow I get on with shipping, payrolls, packing and such things as that. On Thursday at 7 A.M. Norman should call for us and we return to Cooktown.

late this afternoon I went again to where the Indians trail branches from  
one and walked down the trail to the lower part of the mountain. He did not  
show up and it was dark when I started the horse and truck and fully dark when I  
went at least a mile and a half to get. I walked deliberately, as can be imagined,  
having no light and, not having taken a light on the trail only yesterday.  
I was very much surprised to find a young snake, not much over three feet  
in length, but also it was with dark spots. Broken it with his gun and placed it  
out and then shot it with No. 5. It still seemed, his gun and placed it  
over his shoulder.

In view of the failure of our efforts to meet Norman, I shall have to do some-  
thing about it tomorrow. He has been for Cooktown, but is making another climb of the  
mountain and now and I am moving back with Marie as far as a place known as the  
Hotel. That is only a mile or so from Norman's house, at the Hotel's Hotel, so  
I shall probably go right in that far and get him there, then work back to the  
Hotel and join him there. We have alternative means of getting out but we have to get  
word to George somehow in order to have Norman and I sent in to George.  
Norman is to shift from to another camp after tomorrow morning, hence the desperate  
effort to get in touch with him.

Thursday, 21 September 1948. Yesterday's efforts being so uncertain, it was nice  
that today's went off with a swing and were fully  
accomplished. Breakfast was called for at 8 A.M. because I wanted to go up Mount  
Timanaga again. Jack Roberts was to call for Mrs. Bruce at 7.30 to take her out  
to Cooktown and I was to go along to try again to find the elusive Norman. When  
Don came along with me as the latter was between that and going up Timanaga with  
him. Everything went according to hope but on arrival at Helmanale we learned  
that Norman had not yet come in. Don and I had figured on walking back to the  
junction of the Inman River and Helmanale Creek and then Norman could only come  
that way. We got him shortly after leaving Helmanale, having sent Jack on to  
Cooktown with Mrs. Bruce. The cables to the Director of Native Affairs at F.I.  
and the Protector at Oen had to be sent as soon as possible and Mrs. Bruce  
was the one to do it. On meeting Norman the details for evacuation on Thurs-  
day were arranged and word was sent down to George and Van. On his return  
from Cooktown Jack Roberts brought word from Mrs. B. that the telephone was  
being sent as the worse, that a reservation for her was made on Monday's plane  
to Cairns, that George and Van were on their way to Cooktown, that approval  
from the Queensland Govt. for Don's journey to Brisbane by plane had arrived  
and, in fact, everything was lovely.

In the meantime, after meeting Norman, Don and I went back to the junction  
of Inman and Helmanale, where Jack was to pick me up on his return journey, and  
immediately had a swim. They we boiled our tea and ate our sandwiches and did  
some hunting. I'm afraid our hearts were not in it as they should have been  
but I had a better day than any I have had at Shipman's Flat.

When Jack picked me up he brought the news of the approval of Don's flight  
back and the letter has been waiting around in a sort of trance ever since.  
For myself I have become so excessively conscious of the fact that this is the  
end and so determined that I shall not be bitten by anything on the last day  
that I keep like a kangaroo if the very grass even stirs beside me. Last  
night's walk definitely had no sweating.

Don arrived back from the mountain about half an hour after our return from  
the Forks (the junction), and had good collecting. We staid and I went out  
this evening splashing for the last time. Now I am back, my collecting days are  
over and tomorrow I get on with ethnology, psychology, pecking and such things as  
that. On Thursday at 7 A.M. Norman should call for us and we return to Cooktown.

Wednesday, 22 September 1948. The extreme caution with which I am conducting my life and movements these last few days rather amuses me, and everybody who is with me. But I am quite determined that nothing shall bite me on this, the last bush day; I feel rather pleased that I have a lot of inside work to do, packing, disposing of excess things, getting the final payroll ready and such like.

Collecting has now finished for all hands, and Len and Don have spent the day in their final preparation of specimens. Joe has started packing up kitchen gear and good and all my things are already away in the safety of formalin and naphthaline. Our evening meal was part of a little party adorned by a chocolate pudding concocted by Joe from cocoa; it followed the usual rum ration which was doubled as it was the last night. Everybody was talkative and amicable and our conversation wandered over many and varied fields, as the second ration began to take hold. Joe and I vowed eternal friendship and I presented him with two scalpels and a pair of scissors so that he could take up a scientific career.

Jack Roberts joined us during supper and seemed very glum at the prospect of our departure; it is quite understandable - we are no beauties but our visit has enlivened things for Jack and his wife and our departure leaves them with no neighbors within ten miles.

Thursday, 23 September 1948. Norman Watkin called to pick us up about 8.30 this morning and the active part of the expedition is now over. As we passed, we were entertained at the Lion's Den Hotel and got in to Cooktown after ancredibly dusty trip just in time to receive a hearty welcome and a hearty midday meal.

George and Van are about twenty miles back along the railway line to Laura but will be in tomorrow. Otherwise everything has worked out very well; the Wandana northbound will call here either tomorrow or Saturday and we shall ship Joe and the boys away on her; Len and Don will take Monday's plane, Len to Cairns and Don to his home in Brisbane; George, Van and I, with the baggage will leave Cooktown for Cairns on the Merinda on Wednesday early morning and will be at Cairns about 4 P.M.; a letter from Dupain, of B-P, awaiting me here, informs me that our reservations at Hides Hotel have been made. Now I can relax for a couple of days as all there is to be done now is get our equipment listed and down to the wharf for loading on the Merinda. There is a movie here on Saturday, "How Green is my Valley", to which I shall go. I think I saw it about eight years ago but at least it is a movie.

It was not necessary to send any mail out by the Shipton's Flat postman as he will not get to Cooktown until tomorrow; anyway the only was letters can get out now is by Monday's plane so I have plenty of time to finish off my correspondence, and leisure as well.

The afternoon was enlivened by the arrival in tow of three castaways, two men and a woman, who had started in a 28 foot boat, powered but with no sails, on a trip round the north end of Cape York to Darwin; their idea was to catch sharks and sell the skins but their ship would not be large enough to hold more than a couple or so of them. Anyway, off Port Stewart in Princess Charlotte Bay, their engine broke down and they landed, intending to walk to Cooktown. They were not bush people, forgot to take a compass and really should not have been allowed out after dark, according to reports. They were picked up on the Laura-Cooktown rail tracks in a starving condition. Apparently they did not know of the cattle road from P. Steward to Coen and they certainly did not know what ninety miles through scrub means. They do now.

Wednesday, 22 September 1943. The extreme caution with which I am conducting my life and movements these last few days rather amuses me, and everybody who is with me. But I am quite determined that nothing shall bite me on this, the last push day; I feel rather pleased that I have a lot of inside work to do, packing, dispatching, getting the final payroll ready and such like.

Collecting has now finished for all hands, and Len and I have spent the day in their final preparation of specimens. Joe has started packing up kitchen gear and all my things are already away in the safety of Laramie and nightfall. Our evening meal was part of a little party attended by a canoe-lake landing concocted by Joe from cocoa; it followed the usual rum ration which was dangled as it was the last night. Everybody was talkative and amiable and our conversation wandered over many and varied fields, as this second ration began to take hold. Joe and I voiced eternal friendship and I presented him with two scalpels and a pair of scissors so that he could take up a scientific career.

Jack Roberts joined us during supper and seemed very glad at the prospect of our departure; it is quite understandable - we are no doubt but our visit has enlivened things for Jack and his wife and our departure leaves them with no neighbors within ten miles.

Thursday, 23 September 1943. Norman Watkins called to pick us up about 8.30 this morning and the active part of the expedition is now over. As we loaded, we were entertained at the Lion's Den Hotel and got in to Cooktown after exceedingly dusty trip just in time to receive a hearty welcome and a hearty midday meal.

George and Van are about twenty miles back along the railway line to Laramie but will be in tomorrow. Otherwise everything was worked out very well; the Laramie northbound will call here either tomorrow or Saturday and we shall ship Joe and the boys away on that; then the Don will take Monday's train, leaving Cairns and Don to his home in Brisbane; George, Van and I, with the baggage, will leave Cooktown for Cairns on the Laramie on Wednesday early morning and will be at Cairns about 4 P.M.; a letter from Daphne, of B.F., awaiting me here, informs me that our reservations at Hides Hotel have been made. Now I can relax for a couple of days as all there is to be done now is get our equipment listed and down to the wharf for loading on the Laramie. There is a movie here on Saturday, "How Green is My Valley", so which I shall go. I think I saw it about eight years ago but at least it is a movie.

It was not necessary to send any mail out by the Laramie's first postman as he will not get to Cooktown until tomorrow; anyway the only mail I can get out now is by Monday's plane so I have plenty of time to finish off my correspondence, and leave as well.

The afternoon was enlivened by the arrival in town of three eastways, two men and a woman, who had started in a 28 foot boat, powered but with no sails, on a trip round the north end of Cape York to Darwin; their boat was to catch sharks and sell the skins but their ship would not be large enough to hold more than a couple or so of them. Anyway, off Port Stewart in Prince's Charlotte Bay their engine broke down and they landed, intending to walk to Cooktown. They were not rash people, forgot to take a compass, and really should not have been allowed out after dark, according to reports. They were picked up on the Laramie and taken to a starling condition. Apparently they did not know of the cattle road from P. Stewart to Glen and they certainly did not know what ninety miles through scrub means. They do now.

Friday, 24 September 1948. Unquestionably the greatest boon which man ever conferred on himself was the sanitary toilet and the lavatory system. Every time I wash myself and hurl the dirty water over the balcony rail into the street I have visions of the black death, the plague of London, bubonic and a variety of other things. All the hotels and houses have the same lack of equipment; geographically Cooktown is a jewel mounted in a most lovely natural setting. If one leaves the town itself out of the picture and examines only the surroundings, there could be nothing fairer - the blue of the ocean and of the Endeavour and Annan rivers is such a deep and lovely blue, the palms wave with such exquisite grace, the hills and mountains shine red in the daytime and blue and purple at dusk, with the foliage ever green on them. That must have been what Captain Cook saw so many years ago, but why nobody has improved the town itself since his era is a mystery. It could be so lovely, far more so than many of the wealthy Florida resorts, but it isn't because of such things as this paragraph opens with.

There has been no hitch of any sort develop in our plans so far and our day was one of easy routine, packing and so on; George and Van came in in the afternoon with some specimens but not the rock wallabies they had hoped to get. The rest of the party went for the evening to Dr. Kesteven's place but since I have not met him, I went to my favorite resort, the Royal Sovereign, where we were entertained with the crew of the Lochiel last April. A condition existed there like it does in our place, the Commercial - no water. Water is supplied by wind pumps and there has been no wind for two days, with the obvious result. But after a few rounds of beer, the water shortage ceased to have much significance. Joe was there also, very far gone in drink but the landlady, with a great deal of very kindly tact, took him in hand, helped him along and finally had him dancing in the back room. She, Mrs. Malvina Johnston, is a lissome young lady and poor old Joe is a bit creaky in the joints now, but I have rarely seen anything funnier than their team dancing; Joe's shirt tails were hanging out, his trousers at the danger point, his tongue swollen so that every sentence he uttered, and he was uttering most of the time, caused a fine spray to settle everywhere. But it worked and instead of getting morose or sick, Joe found himself having the time of his life and had almost decided to forsake his old love, Portland Roads, and move to Cooktown.

Tomorrow there is a celebration in honor of the explorer, Kennedy, who was speared and died up by Jacky-Jacky, in the north. Kennedy was never in Cooktown in his life and there is some argument as to why there should be a monument erected to him here; dark threats have been passed, suggestions that the Committee examine the monyment carefully before removing its cover, and such things, but probably that is just talk. Anyway, in addition to that excitement, the Wandana, which has plied this coast for forty years, makes her last trip and final call at Cooktown. Sports are to celebrate both events and we are to sit on the speakers dais, as descendents in spirit from good old Kennedy. People are coming from the outback country and the Wandana's passengers and crew will about double the population. I shall have a chance to pay my respects to Andy Paulson, her captain, and I understand young Jack Burke, head of the steamship line, is also to be on board.

Relaxation and easing of tension seem to be taking hold quite satisfactorily.

Saturday, 25 September 1948. The arrival of the Wandana and the unveiling of the Kennedy Memorial were the two main functions. The latter was done very gingerly and the colors were not taken off the whole monument, but I should take them in proper order.

George and Van left in good order and will be away until Monday morning and the remainder of us got on with the routine stuff. The Wandana docked

Friday, 22 September 1948. Unusually the breakfast room which was ever  
considered as himself was the last thing I did  
the laundry system. Every time I wash myself and have the dirty water over  
the balcony will into the street I have visions of the black death, the plague  
of London, bubonic and a variety of other things. All the hotels and houses in  
the same lack of equipment; geographically Cookstown is a town mounted in a mass  
lovely natural setting. It leaves the town itself out of the picture and  
examines only the surroundings, there would be nothing better - the line of the  
ocean end of the river and which is such a deep and lovely blue, the  
plains with such exquisite grace, the hills and mountains around in the  
distance and blue and purple at dusk, with the foliage ever green on the hills. That  
must have been what Captain Cook saw so many years ago, but why nobody has im-  
proved the town itself since his era is a mystery. It would be so lovely  
to have so many of the wealthy British resorts, but it isn't because of  
such things as this, perhaps again with.

There has been no hint of any more coming in our plans as far as our  
day was one of easy routine, packing and no one George and Van came in in the  
afternoon with some specimens but not the rock wallabies they had hoped to get.  
The rest of the party went for the evening to Dr. Kesteven's place but since  
I have not met him, I went to my favorite resort, the Royal Government, where  
we were entertained with the crew of the boat last April. A celebration ex-  
isted there like it does in our place, the Government - no water. Water is  
supplied by wind pump and there has been no wind for two days, with the ob-  
vious result. But after a few rounds of beer, the water shortage ceased to  
have much significance. There was there also, very far from the town but the  
landscapes, with a great deal of very kindly food, took him in hand, helped him  
along and finally had him dancing in the back room. Mrs. Malvina Johns-  
ston, is a lissome young lady and poor old too is a fit creature in the house  
now, but I have rarely seen anything funnier than their team dancing. Cook-  
stown still were hanging on, his trousers of the danger point, his legs  
swollen so that every movement he uttered, and he was spending most of the  
time, much of the day to settle everywhere. But it worked and instead of  
getting worse or sick, he found himself having the time of his life and had  
almost decided to forsake his old love, Portland Roads, and move to Cookstown.

Tomorrow there is a celebration in honor of the explorer, Kennedy, who  
was explored and died up by Jack-Jack, in the north. Kennedy was never in  
Cookstown in his life and there is some argument as to why there should be a  
monument erected to him here; dark threats have been passed, suggestions that  
the Committee examine the monument carefully before removing the cover, and  
such things, but probably that is just talk. Anyway, in addition to that ex-  
cellent, the Warden, which has held this coast for forty years, when he  
last trip and final call at Cookstown. He is to celebrate both events and we  
are to sit on the speakers' table, as guests in a spirit from good old Kennedy.  
People are coming from the Coback country and the Warden's passengers and  
crew will about double the population. I shall have a chance to say a few words  
to Lady Paulson, new captain, and I understand young Jack Burke, head of the  
steamship line, is also to be on board.

Revelation and easing of tension seem to be taking hold quite satisfactorily.  
Saturday, 23 September 1948. The arrival of the Warden and the unveiling of  
the Kennedy Memorial were the two main functions.  
The latter was done very gloriously and the salute was not taken off the whole  
monument, but I should take them in proper order.

George and Van left in good order and will be away until Monday morning  
and the remainder of August in with the visiting staff. The Warden's duties

about 2 P.M. and I went aboard to pay my respects to Capt. Paulson. He, I found, was enjoying the most popular Australian indoor sport, listening to the afternoon broadcasts of the races at Sydney. We had a pleasant chat together but I could not persuade him to come ashore and watch the unveiling.

Len was the only one invited to the speaker's rostrum, which consisted of five chairs; the other four were an old lade, the oldest resident on the Cape and one of the first arrivals, the mayor who looks after the lighthouse, a member of the Queensland Historical Society and another local man. Some of the speeches contained some unintended masterpieces such as "This monument has been constructed entirely by local workers. It will be all right when it is polished up a bit." The wind swept sideways across the gap between speakers and audience and little of the speeches were audible; I know that St. Paul and Lincoln were featured and at times Kennedy did not show at all, but after Len had spoken I retired to the Royal Sovereign.

Joe was apparently completely used up after his dancing of the previous evening and did not circulate very much. I learned that he had been responsible for quite a bon mot while listening to the music in between his furious activities - somebody played a little Beethoven which did not appeal greatly to Joe but, being in a gracious mood, he remarked "You've got to hand it to Beethoven; he certainly tried."

My evening was another pleasant one, starting at the Royal ~~Service~~ Sovereign and ending at the West Coast, the place with the famous frieze. I am not sure who painted the frieze but it too has its place in history, depicting in pictures the departure of the gold-miners from the cities, waving goodbye to their wives and families, their search for gold, conflicts with the blacks, establishment of Coen and other mining centres, the entry of the Church and its departure with the arrival of the painted ladies and so on. It is an interesting thing, as so much of the small and distinctly ramshackle town is.

Tomorrow the pieces really do begin to fly off our expeditionary machine but I shall deal with that when tomorrow comes.

Sunday, 26 September 1948. The day for me has been one of sad farewells and incessant walking from the hotel to the wharf to find out when the Wandana actually would leave. At the time of the first walk I introduced Len and Capt. Paulson, who had not previously met and then returned to the hotel to take a number of local lads from the bush on a personally conducted tour of the specimens which were not wrapped. It was Len's joy but he had been button-holed yesterday and bullied into a promise to go to Church. He managed to get out of it by invoking the uncertainty of the Wandana's departure, but still had to go and make his apologies.

Joe was spruce, trim and erect but with a sob in the voice when it came to parting; he is a rogue by certain standards but a lovable one by any. I marched the black contingent down on the second trip to the ship and some of the passengers who were ashore photographed them standing in front of the Kennedy Memorial, unveiled yesterday. The passengers seemed unaware of it but there was a distinct touch of irony in the fact that these boys were direct descendants, and Moreton probably only one generation, of the men who had speared Kennedy.

The town seemed strangely empty and the Royal Sovereign was in a decline after the ship departed. Joe has kept the town on its toes, the arrival of Wandana and the Memorial unveiling all made yesterday a great day in Cooktown annals; I called at the Sovereign for a moment on my way back and, leaving there the road was completely empty. The only signs of life and movement were two horses grazing on the grass beside the road.

about 2 P.M. and I went about to pay my respects to Capt. Tatham. He found, was enjoying the most popular Australian indoor sport, listening to the afternoon broadcast of the race at Sydney. He had a pleasant chat to me, but I could not persuade him to come earlier and watch the unveiling.

There was the only one invited to the speaker's reception, which consisted of five chairs; the other four were in his hands. The oldest resident on the Cape and one of the first arrivals, the Mayor who took after the lightness, a member of the Queensland Historical Society and another local man. Some of the speeches contained some misstated facts, such as "This monument has been constructed entirely by local workers. It will be all right when it is polished up a bit." The wind swept sideways across the gap between speakers and audience and little of the speeches were audible; I know that Mr. Paul and Lincoln were featured and at times Kennedy did not show at all, but after I had spoken I retired to the Royal Sovereign.

Joe was apparently completely used up after his dancing of the previous evening and did not divulge very much. I learned that he had been responsible for quite a hot war while listening to the music in between his various activities - somebody played a little Beethoven which did not appeal greatly to Joe, but, being in a gracious mood, he remarked "You've got to hand it to Beethoven; he certainly tried."

My evening was another pleasant one, starting at the Royal Sovereign before 8 and ending at the West Coast, the place with the famous frieze. I saw some who painted the frieze but it too has the same in history, depicting the discovery of the gold-mines from the cities, saving goods to their wives and families, their search for gold, conflicts with the blacks, establishment of open and other mining centers, the entry of the British and in departure with the arrival of the painted ladies and so on. It is an interesting thing, as so much of the wall and distinctly remarkable composition.

Tomorrow the clock really to begin to fly off our expeditionary machine but I shall deal with that when tomorrow comes.

Sunday, 26 September 1948. The day for me had been one of the worst and I was not walking from the hotel to the airport. I had cut when the bandana actually would leave. At the time of the first walk I introduced him and Capt. Paulson, who had not previously met and then returned to the hotel to take a number of local leads from the bush on a personal conducted tour of the specimens which were not wrapped. It was Paulson's job but he had been button-holed yesterday and pulled into a garage to go to church. He managed to get out of it by inventing the necessity of the bandana's departure, but still had to go and make his apologies.

Joe was spruce, firm and erect but with a sob in the voice when it came to parting; as he is a lover by certain standards but a little one by any. I reached the local contingent down on the second trip to the ship and some of the passengers who were seated photographed that standing in front of the Kennedy Memorial, unveiled yesterday. The passengers seemed unaware of it but there was a distinct beam of irony in the fact that these boys were direct descendants, and Norton probably only one generation, of the men who had appeared Kennedy.

The town seemed strangely empty and the Royal Sovereign was in a decline after the ship departed. Joe saw faint the town on the road, the arrival of bandana and the general unveiling of the monument a great day in Cooktown. I called at the Governor's for a moment on my way back and leaving there the road was completely empty. The only signs of life and movement were two horses grazing in the grass beside the road.

Monday, 27 September 1948. The remainder of this journal can hardly be considered as expeditionary material, I am afraid. There may be a few observations of interest but in general I suspect that a series of farewells cannot be of any particular interest to anybody at all.

Dan and Len left this morning and got away from Cooktown promptly, their plane rising and crossing above the Endeavour River about 7:45; They probably will have their breakfast in Cairns. George and Van came in during the morning and the bulk of the freight has been packed and is ready for shipment, the small balance remaining being an easy job for tomorrow.

The evening was devoted to another party at the Royal Sovereign, as amusing as its predecessors have been; but in all those things there is little that can appeal to anybody else who may read this. I do not want to close it up yet because there may be subjects that will bear repeating later on, but my entries will probably not be daily items from now on.

Tuesday, 28 September 1948. Everything was set aboard the Merinda before 11 A.M. this morning, I paid our various bills, hotel, Lewis, passages and freights and so on in the afternoon and with the accomplishment of that, our business in Cooktown came to an end. However that is only business and the friendships I have made here I shall cherish for a long time. I have been ~~not~~ accepted open-heartedly and since I like so many of the people so much, I feel somewhat proud over that. Old Dave ~~Rowbottom~~ Rowbottom, proprietor of the West Coast, made a special visit to his arch-competitor, the Royal Sovereign, this evening, just to say goodbye to me. The post-master, Tom, did his best rendering of Paddy McGinty's Goat for me; Gordon McDonald, a really accomplished pianist, provided his music all through the evening, and I feel I am leaving real friends.

We went aboard the Merinda during the night as she sails at 5 A.M. and it seemed better to keep our sleep as much in one piece as possible, but George and Van got there before I did. Among our fellow passengers are the survivors of the wreck mentioned a few days back, and some other people with whom I have become well acquainted. We should have a pleasant trip down and the wreck survivors have laid in a specially large quantity of buns and hard boiled eggs, to include our party - we hear food is not too plentiful on the Merinda. I have become well acquainted with the wreck folks and remember now that the girl of the party was at Cairns with her mother when we were there in February; she was then just about double the size she is now; she still shows the effect of the privations during their overland trip.

My list of things to be done in Cairns has assumed huge proportions and time is going to be at something of a premium when we get there; it will be too late tomorrow to do much after our arrival at Cairns.

Wednesday, 29 September 1948. The trip south from Cooktown was quite a delight and we all enjoyed it and its freedom. I got on board about 1 A.M., George and Van having boarded the Merinda a while earlier, and turned in until we were waked at 4.45 by the rest of the passengers coming on board, including our refugee friends. It was dark, of course, until long after we had left Cooktown astern of us but we could see the loom of the mountains to the west of us. It was about 11 A.M. when we came abreast of Mount Finnegan, and shortly after that we stopped at the mouth of the Bloomfield River to take aboard my old friend, Lady Bissett. We stopped also at Cape Tribulation and took on a load of fruit, but in between those whort calls most of us dozed, ate hard boiled eggs and read and gossiped. I dug out maps to get the refugees to show their route and found that I had been misinformed previously and they were nowhere near Port Stewart. The overland course they followed was about the only thing they could do under the circumstances. They had a very hard trip and, I think were lucky to get out as well as they

Monday, 27 September 1948. The remainder of this morning was spent in the examination of the material, and a few specimens of interest were found. A series of photographs were taken of the material.

Tam and I left this morning for the Government property, where we were to examine the material. The material was found in the area of the river, and was found in the area of the river. The material was found in the area of the river, and was found in the area of the river.

The evening was devoted to another party of the Royal Government, as usual. The party was held in the area of the river, and was held in the area of the river. The party was held in the area of the river, and was held in the area of the river.

Tuesday, 28 September 1948. Everything was set about the Marinka before 11 A.M. this morning. I also saw various things. The material was found in the area of the river, and was found in the area of the river. The material was found in the area of the river, and was found in the area of the river.

We went about the Marinka during the night and the day. The material was found in the area of the river, and was found in the area of the river. The material was found in the area of the river, and was found in the area of the river.

My list of things to be done in Cairns has assumed large proportions and time is going to be a premium when we get there; it will be too late tomorrow to do much after our arrival at Cairns.

Wednesday, 29 September 1948. The trip south from Cairns was quite a delight. The trip was made in the afternoon, and was made in the afternoon. The trip was made in the afternoon, and was made in the afternoon.

did. They showed considerable judgment by keeping away from the coast line, which would have meant constant climbing of mountains, and sticking to the level ground. Apart from extreme hunger they had not other trouble.

We reached Cairns about 4 P.M., having seen bush fires grow greater and more numerous the further down we travelled; everything is bone dry here and the Barron River, whose fall supplies Cairns with electric power, is so low that electricity is to be rationed.

Len met us in with two news items, the first that B-P wants to charge us fifty guineas agency fee and the other that practically all the evenings remaining in Cairns have been filled with invitations. On the latter I shall back out as I have made friends of my own, to whom I want to say goodbye, and on the first it simply confirms the fact that B-P has lost all moral and business sense; to me it is an unheard of thing to charge such a fee to a scientific expedition, and it implies that ~~that~~ their work has been a lot more efficient than it has.

Hides Hotel has changed ownership but its personnel seems just the same as it was.

Marie Brass returned from a three day bus trip and Gil Bates and Mrs. were our guests for dinner; after that Marie brought over five other girls that she had picked up in her wanderings. I pleaded business to do and left the party to write this.

Our freight has to be ready for shipment south on the 5th, which does not allow much time, and I think that I shall travel down by train as the Wandana will not get to Brisbane until the 11th or 12th, which would not give me time to get down to Sydney to do the things I want to do there. Now I shall take a stroll around town and then turn in - the bed looks mighty enticing.

Friday, 1 October 1948. Work has been at such high pressure and there have been so many invitations that for the first time during the trip I failed to make the usual entry here yesterday. The reason for that was that we were invited to the Bates' place for a last drink together and on our return opened one of the bottles of rum left over and stayed up late.

Our freight sent from Coen via Annie River reached Cairns last night; we knew it had not arrived in before and were worried about it but I found it being unladed from a craft bearing the pleasant name of Lady Jocelyn and took it up to the warehouse. The amount of the collection is surprising; we had shipped from various points during the trip, of course, and none of us realized the quantity of stuff there was altogether. Now it has been packed into crates and will be picked up and put aboard the Wandana on Monday for carriage to Brisbane, where it will be transhipped to the Pioneer Star. Len and Marie leave on Sunday, George on Monday, Van on Tuesday and I on Wednesday. I am going by train, Van on the Wandana and the others flying. I would like to have made the Wandana trip but it would not allow me enough time to get to Sydney and do the things I want to do there. A plane would give me too much time since I plan to stay with Charles Wilmot, so train is the only thing. I have not yet been on an Australian train and am led to believe that it is something of an experience.

Tonight we dined with the Stevens' and Brooks families and I think our festivities are over. I have been quite friendly with the refugees, who return to Cooktown on Monday, so shall see them tomorrow.

side. They moved considerably further by keeping away from the coast line, which would have meant constant climbing of mountains, and sticking to the level ground. Apart from extreme hunger they had no other troubles.

We reached Cairns about 4 P.M., having seen fresh fish grow greater and more numerous the further down we travelled; everything is done dry here and the barren river, whose fall supplies Cairns with electric power, is so low that electricity is to be rationed.

So met we in with two new items, the first that B-F wants to charge us fifty pounds agency fee and the other that practically all the evening remaining in Cairns have been filled with invitations. On the latter I shall back out as I have made friends of my own, to whom I want to say goodbye, and on the first it simply confirms the fact that B-F has left all moral and business sense; to me it is a reminder of going to college such a fee for a scientific expedition, and it implies that their work has been a lot more efficient than it was.

Misses Hovel has changed ownership but its personnel seems just the same as it was.

Miss Grace returned from a three day trip and Bill Bates and Mrs. were our guests for dinner; after that Marie brought over five other girls that she had picked up in her wanderings. I planned business to do and left the party to write this.

Our freight has to be ready for shipment about on the 25th, which does not allow much time, and I think that I shall travel down by mail as the Hendersons will not get to Cairns until the 15th or 16th, which would not give me time to get down to Sydney to do the things I want to do there. Now I shall take a stroll around town and then turn in - the bed looks mighty enticing.

Friday, 1 October 1948. Work has been at such high pressure and there have been so many invitations that for the first time during the trip I failed to make the usual early start yesterday. The reason for that was that we were invited to the Bates' place for a last drink together and on our return opened one of the bottles of rum left over and stayed up late.

Our freight sent from Coen via Annie River reached Cairns last night; we knew it had not arrived in Cairns and were worried about it but I found it being unloaded from a craft bearing the pleasant name of Lady Jocelyn and took it up to the warehouse. The receipt of the collection is surprising; we had shipped from various points during the trip, of course, and none of us realized the quantity of stuff there and Miss Henderson. Now it has been packed into crates and will be packed up and sent to the Hendersons on Monday for carriage to Brisbane, where it will be transferred to the Rigger Star. Ben and Marie leave on Sunday. George on Monday. Van on Tuesday and I on Wednesday. I am going by train, Van on the Henderson and the others flying. I would like to have made the Henderson trip but it would not allow us enough time to get to Sydney and do the things I want to do there. A plane would give me too much time since I plan to stay with Charles until so fresh is the only thing. I have not yet been on an Australian train and am led to believe that it is something of an experience.

Tonight we dined with the Stevens, and Brooks, Halliday and I think our festivities are over. I have been quite friendly with the Stevens, who return to Cooktown on Monday, so shall see them tomorrow.

Sunday, 3 October 1948. The daily entry in this journal is now a thing of the past and I can find other methods of learning what day it may be. It seems to me that a detailed recital of my packing and evacuation from Cooktown would be most heartily boring to all readers and to me in particular. I shall simply state the final disposal of us all and say no more about the job. George has been struck off out strength and will be doing ~~Museum~~ Museum work for a couple of weeks before flying back; he leaves from Sydney about November 1st, I think. Len has gone down to Brisbane, left this morning and will spend the rest of the time with his people. Van leaves on Tuesday by the Wandana and will take the freight along with him and I go by train to Brisbane on Wednesday, catch a train to Sydney an hour or so after reaching Brisbane, and shall return from Sydney on the 13th. After that all we have to do is get our tax clearances, load ourselves on board the ship and wait until we reach Boston or wherever we are going.

It seems that quite unwittingly I caused something of a sensation a couple of days ago. I was deep in packing and had about all my specimens wrapped and away when Ernie Stevens brought in a large fat snake, of a kind which I had not previously had and could not identify. There was just space enough in one of my containers for his skin, and as he was about seven feet long and had already been twenty-four hours dead, he had to be skinned. I was wearing trousers only and quite unthinkingly I spread out my snake along the sidewalk and began to remove the skin. Soon Ernie told me that I had an audience and looking around I saw that all the people walking along had circled around me to the other side of the street and stood there watching me drag the grey and brown skin away from the pallid insides. One just does not skin snakes on a Cairns main street.

Last night I was with our refugee friends again and have developed a fondness for them; they are busy making all sorts of optimistic plans for running a cattle station, combined with kangaroo and dingo hunting and mineral operating on the side. They are also considering taking educational movies and have mapped an almost impossible future for themselves. The mother of the girl, Mrs. Puddicomb, has just bought herself a houseboat which is moored in front of the Strand Hotel. She said she was tired of paying hotel bills ~~and~~ but usually finds herself cut off from the houseboat by a stretch of deep mud when she comes home at night, and goes and takes a room at the Strand anyway. The mud really is deep too; there is a story of a man who offered to carry her out to the boat - he went in waist deep at the first step under their combined weight and I am not sure if he was ever recovered after he took the second step. Alex Frodsham, the boy who is engaged to Joan Puddicomb, (the party having consisted of Joan, Alex and his brother, Peter) managed to get himself into some trouble by swiping ten gallons of 80 octane gas somewhere. It was the use of that gasoline that blew the gasket on their boat and caused all the trouble. Anyway Alex was picked up by a Cairns detective, ~~fingerprint~~ fingerprinted, had his teeth measured and was charged 30/-. He and the detective are going fishing together this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Dupain were also in last night and Willie D. went down to Brisbane by the same plane as Len. Most of our social obligations have been consummated now, we get the freight to the dock tomorrow, pay the bills on Tuesday, and that is that.

Monday, October 4, 1948. That isn't that. A telegram came in from Len this afternoon saying that the sailing from Brisbane had been changed from the 15th to the 20th, which gives me another four or five days to kill somehow - at the moment I don't know where or how I shall spend them.

[illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were also in last night and Willie L. went down to Belmont by the same train as I did. Most of our social obligations have been commuted now, we got the freight to the dock tomorrow, pay the bills of today, and that is that.

Monday, October 4, 1943. This isn't true. A telephone call from Sam this afternoon saying that the sailing from Singapore had been changed from the 15th to the 20th, which gives me another four or five days to kill someone - at the moment I don't know where or how I shall spend them.

Last night I was taken to a movie and orchestra performance conducted in aid of "Legacy", an organization formed among ex-servicemen under which the comfort and existence of the children of those killed is guaranteed. I consider it an excellent thing and think it might be expanded considerably with profit to all. The orchestra sounded good to me though the movie was nothing much, and I was taken by Joan and Alex and Peter, who left for Cooktown last night and will bring back their boat from where she is stuck at Point Barrow. They plan to sell her and the proceeds will supply the capital for their next venture, which comprises taking up many square miles of land, rounding up all the clean-skins (unbranded cattle), whose number is considerable, driving them to the south and selling them. That is to be done with the aid of an eight-horse wagon, four riding horses, two pig dogs and a few other things. They plan also to do some prospecting, grow crops, and other things, some of which I listed yesterday. They are nice kids and make me feel my age.

I called to see them off on the Merinda and bumped into Fergie, the engineer, who was coming ashore to say good-bye to me so we both went over to the Puddicomb houseboat to make my farewells.

The freight got away from the warehouse before noon today, so there should be no doubt about it getting on board the Wandana, which is due about 7 A.M. tomorrow and sails about 5 P.M. Everything is in order, I think, the only uncertain quantity being my own departure, which I shall straighten out tomorrow or Wednesday. Now I have to pack the box which Van will take along on the Wandana for me.

Wednesday, 6 October 1948. This must sooner or later come to a close and as Van left yesterday on the Wandana and I merely have to await the receipt of some cabled funds, Hides Hotel, where we really started the Cape trip, seems a good place.

One or two loose ends were tied off yesterday. Captain Paulson told me that he had called at Portland Roads on his way down and poor old Joe had been given such a party by the miners on his return there that he was still rocking from it. A couple of minutes before Van and I left the hotel to catch the steamer, Terry McLeod, the cook of the Lochiel, turned up; somebody had been giving him a party too. He has further complicated his Canadian-Philippine nationality by taking on a half-caste wife. He has several boxes of shells which he has collected for Van. Bob Fletcher, the bar-man at the Royal Sovereign in Cooktown, called to tell me the latest news of that land of the lotus and of pleasant memories. I had a couple of drinks in the evening with Jerry Taylor, Atherton Hospital, and Dawn Huddy, librarian of the Cairns Public Library, both of whom were members of the Cooktown parties; the spirit of revelry had gone and reminiscence had taken its place, as Bob also said, in other words. The Merinda is due this afternoon and I shall meet her in, I think, since I have nothing else to do. Fergie Runcie, her engineer, will give me a welcome, I feel sure.

Some day I hope to rewrite this journal, placing it in a narrative form, and when that is done I can record my pleasure at meeting the many, many people who have aided, welcomed and, I trust, remembered us. To me, at any rate, there will be memories of friendships made which I am indeed proud to possess.

...and I was taken to a movie and orchestra performance conducted in his "theater", an organization formed among ex-convicts under which the concert and exhibition of the children of those killed is guaranteed. I consider it an excellent thing, and think it right to be organized and carried out to all. The orchestra consisted of good to be heard the whole was notable, and I was taken by John and Miss and Peter, who had in the morning, and I will bring back from some of the orchestra at about 10:30. They plan to sell for the proceeds of the orchestra a capital for their next venture, which consists of selling to some of the orchestra, and all the orchestra (unmarried couples), whose number is considerable, giving them to the orchestra and selling them. That is to be done with the aid of an eight-horse wagon, four riding horses, two big dogs, and a few other things. They plan also to do some prospecting, grow crops, and other things, some of which I liked yesterday. They are not rich and make me feel my age.

I called to see them off as the Maranda and ranched into the en- gineer, who was coming ashore to say goodbye to us so we both went over to the Pundicherry hospital to make my farewells.

The last night but one before the departure before noon today, so there should be no doubt about it getting on board the Maranda, which is due about 7 A.M. tomorrow and sails about 8 P.M. Everything is in order, I think, the only uncertainty being my own departure, which I shall arrange out for tomorrow or Wednesday. Now I have to pack the box which Van will take along on the Maranda for me.

Wednesday, 6 October 1914. This was a most interesting day to a close friend as Van left yesterday on the Maranda and I met him. He was waiting for me at the hotel, where he really started the day trip, seems a good place.

One or two loose ends were tied off yesterday. Captain Rankin told me that he had called at Portland House on his way down and poor old Joe had been given such a party by the miners on his return that he was still rocking from it. A couple of minutes before Van and I left the hotel to meet the steamer, Terry McLeod, the coach of the hotel, turned up, some body had been giving him a party too. He has further congratulated his Canadian-British friendship by taking on a half-caste wife. He has several boxes of shells which he has collected for Van. Bob Fletcher, the bar-keep, the royal sovereign in Cochrane, called to tell me the latest news of the land of the loose end of his own memories. I had a couple of minutes in the evening with Terry Taylor, librarian of the Cochrane library, and some of the revelry had gone and reminiscence had taken its place, as Bob also said, in other words. The Maranda is due this afternoon and I shall meet her in a tank, since I have nothing else to do. Terry Rankin, her engineer, will give me a welcome, I feel sure.

Some day I hope to revise this journal, placing it in a narrative form and when that is done I can record my pleasure at meeting the many, many people who have aided, welcomed and I trust, remembered me. To me, at any rate, there will be memories of friendships made which I am indeed proud to possess.